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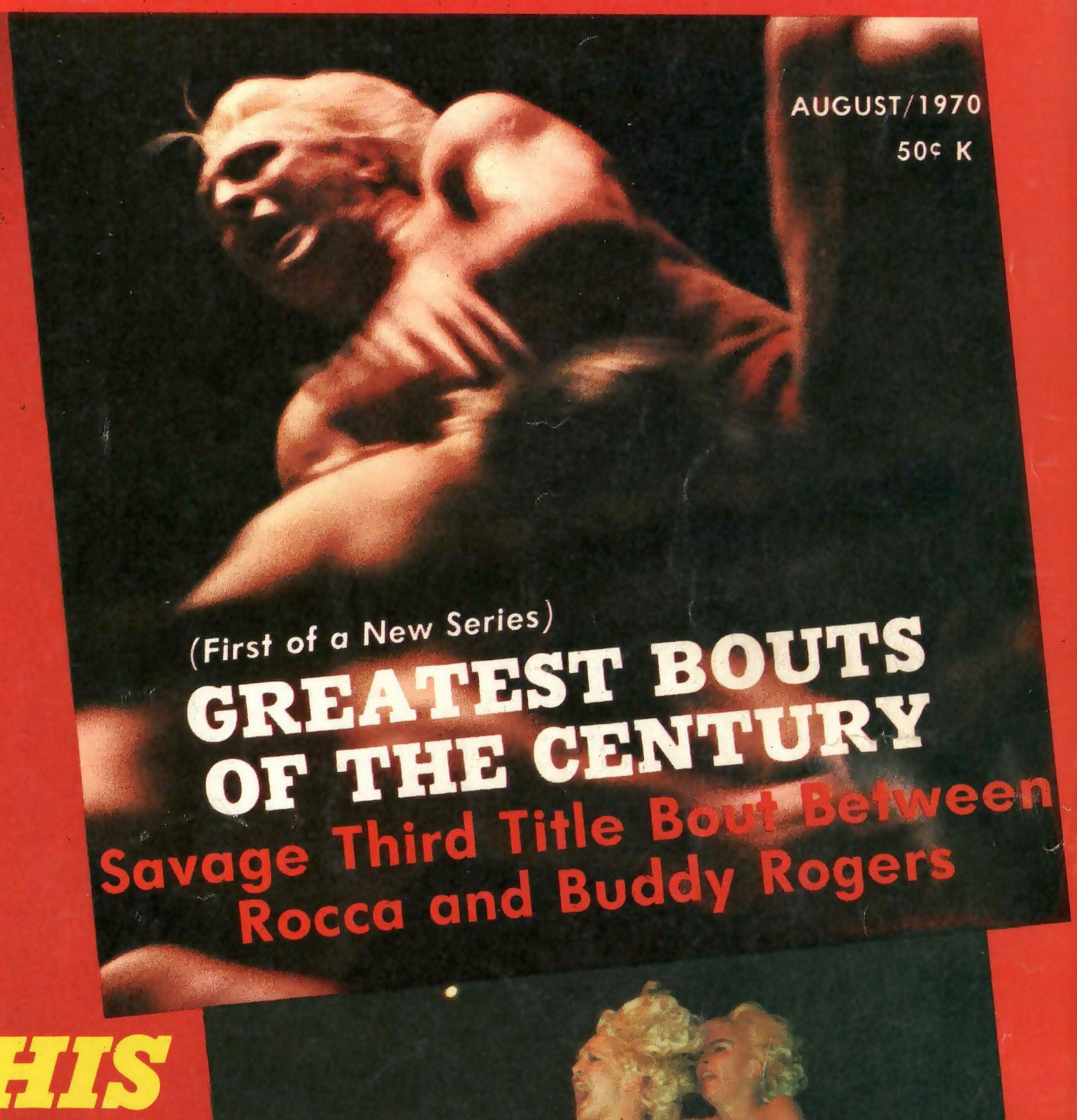
WRESTLING



AUGUST/1970

50¢ K

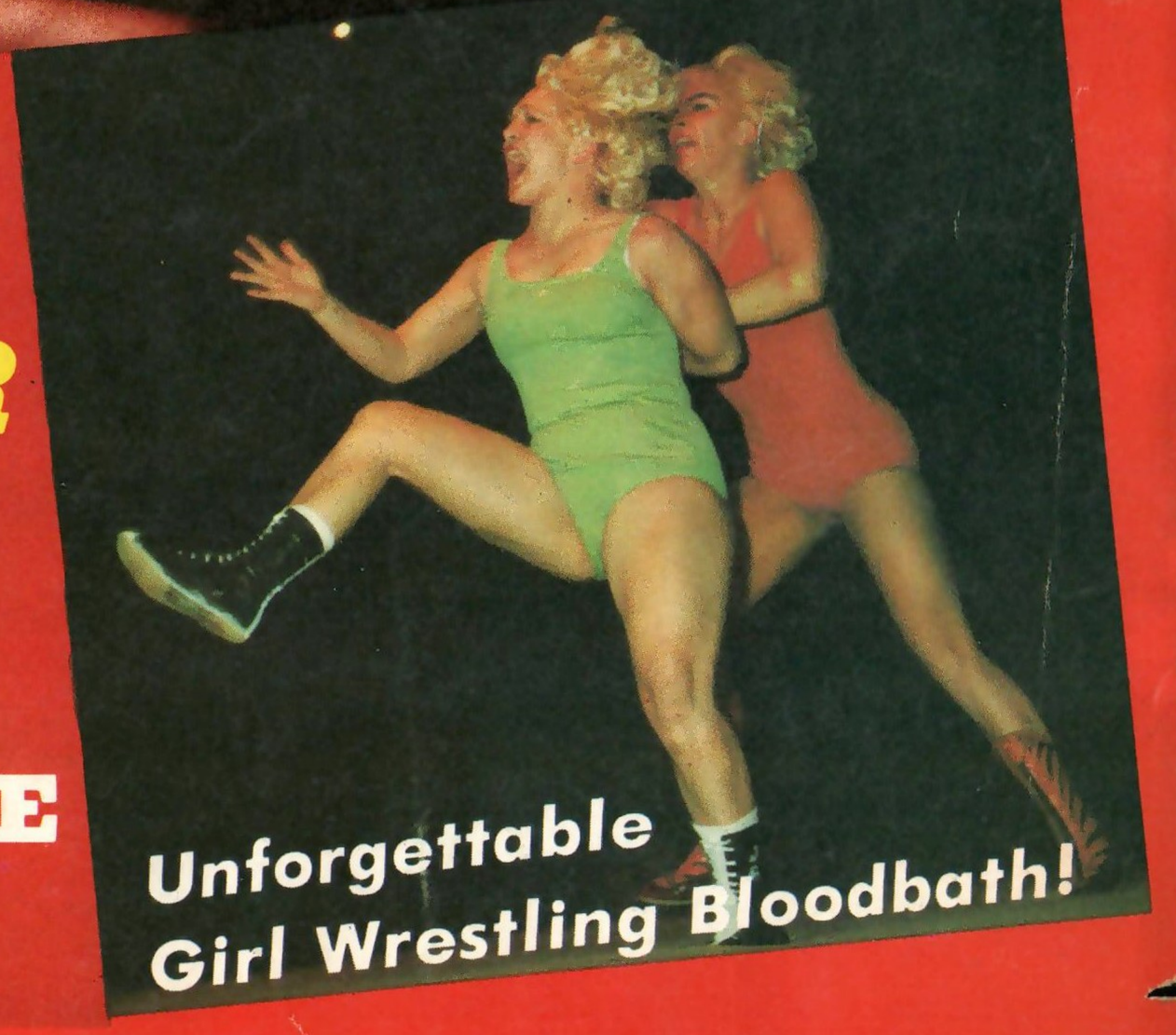
(First of a New Series)

GREATEST BOUTS OF THE CENTURY

Savage Third Title Bout Between Rocca and Buddy Rogers

THIS IS YOUR LIFE

JOHNNY VALENTINE



Unforgettable Girl Wrestling Bloodbath!

The Pro tells why: "I DON'T WEAR A MASK ANYMORE"

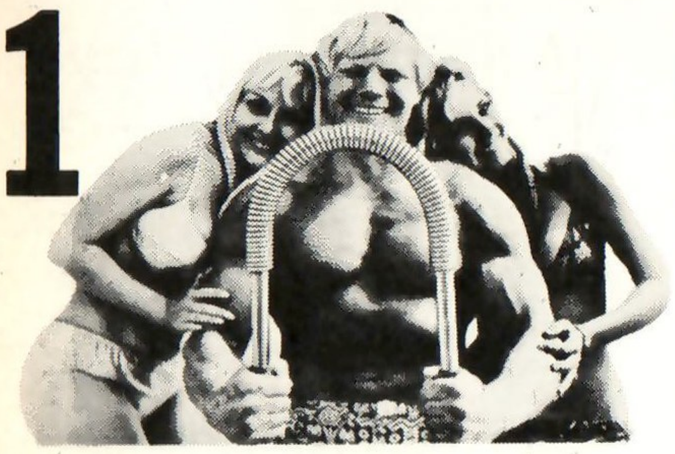
Exclusive—WHY LUIS MARTINEZ BECAME APACHE LOU

ANOTHER JOE WEIDER SPECIAL!

SHAPE-UP! MUSCLE-UP! SHOP

BUILD MUSCLES. GAIN WEIGHT. LOSE WEIGHT. EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO

1

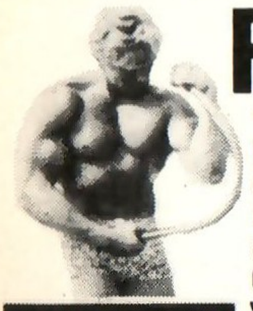


MUSCLE UP & MAKE OUT!

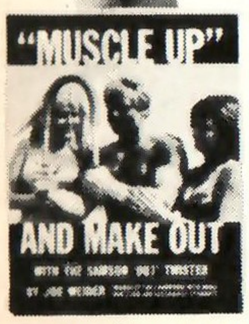
PUT MUSCLE IN YOUR MUSCLES WITH ONE TWIST!

Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build rippling back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a supercharged tiger with the girls! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough . . . durable . . . like *you'll* be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only **$9.98**

GUARANTEE: If after using the TWISTER 3 days you're not convinced you can quickly twist it for cobra-like muscles in your arms . . . more muscles on your chest . . . broader shoulders . . . wider back . . . a he-man grip and dynamic power—then return it after 5 days for a full refund. Fair? So order the "007" TWISTER **Now,** while the limited supply lasts! This unusual offer may not be repeated again this year.



FREE! Complete, illustrated "007" POWER TWISTER Manual. Also, illustrated conditioning course, dealing with the new aerobics training that muscularizes your body with athletic vigor, speed and agility. Written by Joe Weider, Trainer of Champions. Yours FREE with your TWISTER. ORDER NOW!

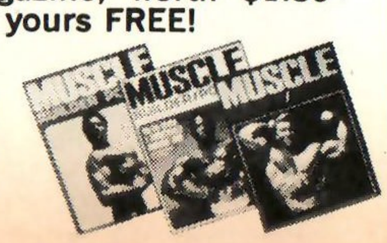


EXTRA BONUS GIFT: 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine, worth $1.80 . . . yours FREE!

PRICED AT ONLY

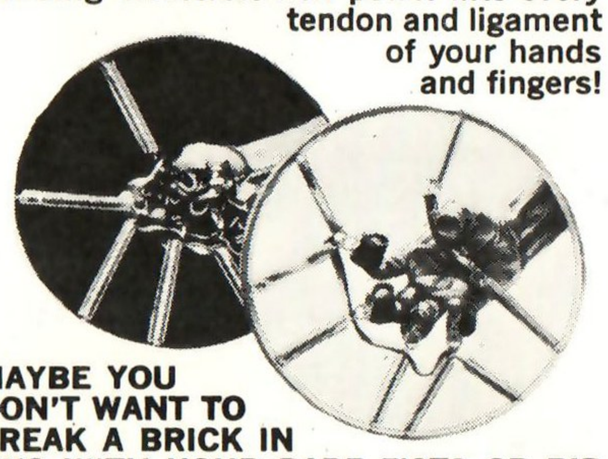
$9.98

WITH COURSE



2 This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

Just 5 minutes a day for 30 days builds your hands into granite-hard battering-rams of power! Simply fit your fingers into the leather grippers, and with your very first squeeze, you'll instantly start building invincible new power into every tendon and ligament of your hands and fingers!



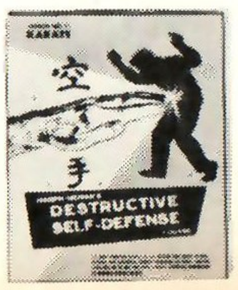
MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO BREAK A BRICK IN TWO WITH YOUR BARE FISTS OR RIP A PHONE BOOK IN HALF — BUT WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU COULD?

Here's a brand new way . . . a fantastically successful system that turns your hands into fearsome, devastating arsenals of power! Based on centuries-old secrets of Japanese Killer Cults and a Space Age hand-building principle, my KILLER KARATE KRUSHER can make you into a two-fisted tank of power . . . able to take care of yourself . . . anytime . . . anywhere . . . in all situations! You'll never again fear any man or turn away from any challenge. ORDER IT TODAY! Only **$9.95** postpaid.

MY GUARANTEE TO YOU: You'll own fearsome, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation — IN 30 DAYS — or your money back!

GREAT FOR SPORTS, TOO! **FEAR NO MAN!**

FREE



My "Killer Karate" Course . . . "The Deadly Art of Hand Fighting." Shows dozens of ways to disarm and counter-attack any man, whatever his size! Yours FREE if you order the KILLER KARATE KRUSHER **Now!**

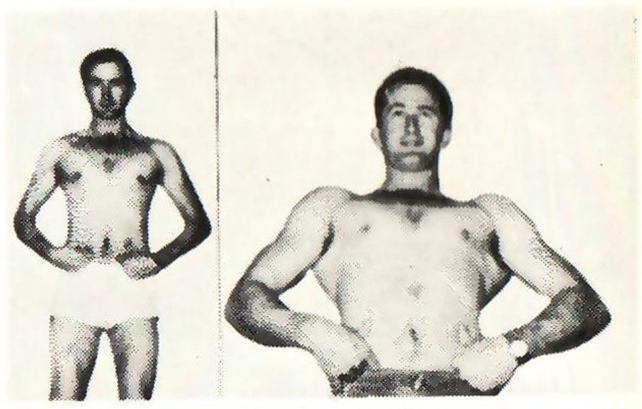
PRICED AT ONLY

$9.98

KARATE KRUSHER & COURSE

3 THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FUN way!



BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds.

AFTER 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 175 pounds.

GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

HEY YOU SKINNY GUYS! Thousands are doing it every day. WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your hungry-looking, muscle-poor body . . . through a new, scientifically-blended milkshake-tasting drink. **Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan** puts meat on your frame. Fleshes out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms and spindly legs. Nobody likes a bag of bones! With my proven **Crash-Weight** Plan you just drink 4 milk-shake-delicious glasses with your regular meals and take in an extra 3500 calories daily . . . to help you pile on the weight FAST! (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) The nice thing about my **weight-gain plan** is that it's so easy to take. No complicated exercises to do. No bloating, heavy-as-lead foods to force into your system. The **Formula #7 Plan** does all the work . . . you just sit around, take it easy, be as lazy as you want —and in a few days you'll see measurable weight gains pile up! Check the coupon for the Plan and flavor you want to use to put an end to your skinny body. **Guaranteed to put weight on you or your money back.**

To add up to 14 pounds in the next 14 days you need:

- 14-day supply of **Crash-Weight Formula #7**
- 14-day supply of Appetite-Stimulating tablets, and

FREE Weight-Gaining Course. A 48-page illustrated guide crammed with step-by-step instructions in weight-gaining basics. PLUS 3 copies of Mr. America magazine, worth $1.80 . . . yours FREE!

7-day supply: $8.00 • 14-day supply: $14.98

(Your choice of Chocolate or Vanilla flavor)

PRICED AT ONLY

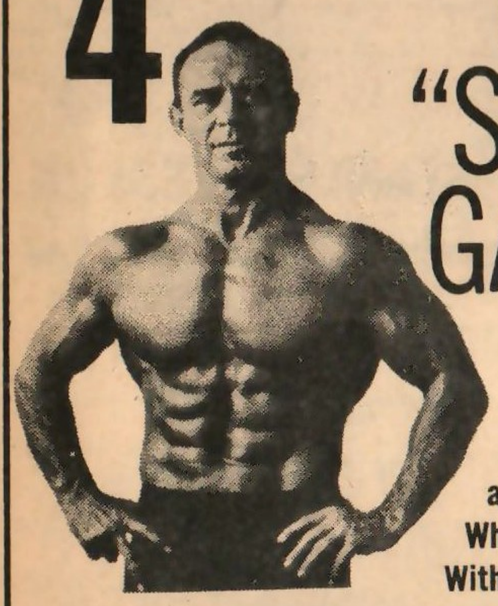
$8.00

FOR A WEEK'S SUPPLY & COURSE

HERE FOR MASCULINE VIRILITY!

CREATE A NEW, EXCITING AND FUN-GOING YOU IS SHOWN RIGHT HERE!

4 NEW "SLIM-GARD"



Trims Inches Off Your Middle, Waist, Hips and Lower Back While You Wear It Without Exercising!

Meet my pupil, Irvin Kozewski, age 46. He has a 48" chest, 30" waist, weighs 190 pounds. He's won more than 50 trophies for "Most Muscular Waist," in various "Mr. America" contests. Says Irving, **"You wouldn't think that a guy like me could wear the SLIM-GARD, but I do. Every day if possible. It keeps my waist and middle trim and muscular while I wear it. I swear by it. You chubby guys will, too!"**

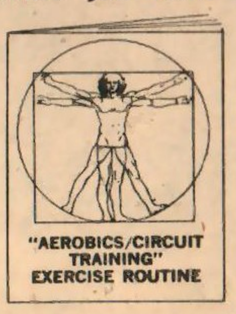
SLIM-GARD is the newest, space age way to tone up and trim down your torso. **All you do is wear it and it takes inches off your waist.** It's fantastic the way it works! SLIM-GARD acts like a waist supporter. It hugs your body, keeping warm air in, cold air out and inducing immediate perspiration. Wear it on the golf course, tennis court, at home, or when you jog. SLIM-GARD won't tear at hairs . . . you won't even know you're wearing it. Stretches to approximately 6". Made from the finest, most resistant neoprene rubber. Easy to slip on and off. Has heavy-duty zipper. SLIM-GARD won't tear, rip, or come apart. Available in Small (22-30 waist); Medium (30-35); Large (35-42). ORDER NOW! Only **$9.98.**

FREE!

NEW "AEROBICS/CIRCUIT TRAINING" EXERCISE ROUTINE

Combining a slimming, muscle-strengthening and heart-arteries-lung improvement routine to help create a more vigorous you . . . **inside and out!**

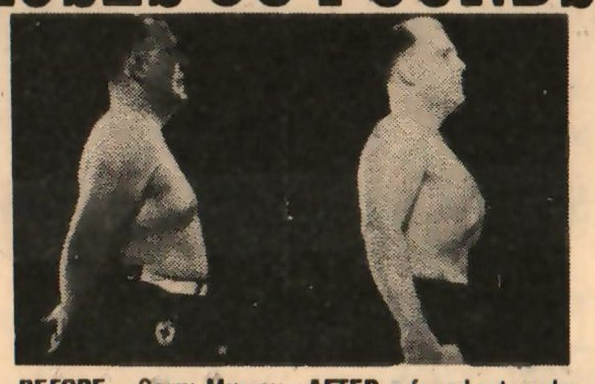
Follow this enjoyable, easy plan in the privacy of your own room. Slims and strengthens your body in just **15 minutes a day.** Stimulates your body to use and distribute your food intake more efficiently—to keep you from gaining weight. Helps you melt off fat where you want it. Reshapes your body to youthful lines. Stimulates your body to use and distribute more oxygen so that your heart, arteries and lungs are strengthened.



See results within 2 weeks! Tested by thousands with outstanding results! This program is guaranteed to improve your well-being, fitness and vigor in just weeks. And most important, it's an easy-to-follow program **you can-stick-to-for-the-rest-of-your-life!**

SLIM-GARD & COURSE ONLY **$9.98**

5 LOSES 35 POUNDS IN A FEW WEEKS!



BEFORE—Gerry Murray was overweight, sick and disgusted with life.

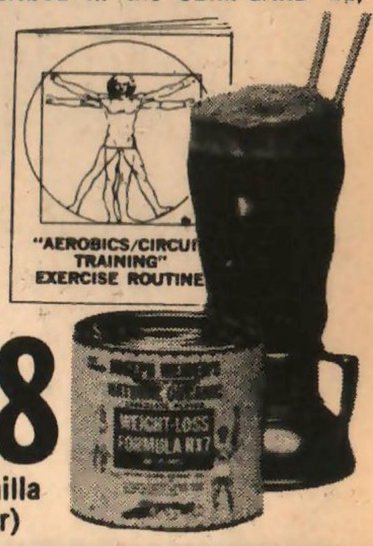
AFTER a few short weeks on the **Weight-Loss** Plan, he was 35 lbs. lighter and happier!

LOSE UP TO A-POUND-A-DAY . . . 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS Without Losing Strength & Vigor

The Only "Weight Loss" Plan that Really Does Something To Shape You Up . . . Keep You Vigorous And Athletic-Looking While Losing Weight!

Your skin won't collapse or sag or develop the deep and wavy lines and wrinkles that give you an aged appearance. This is the only plan that puts vigor, power, muscles and masculinity into your body while it slims you. You'll look and feel younger while losing weight **safely. Weight Loss RX7 SHAPE UP PLAN** is a revolutionary new protein-enriched weight-loss plan. Unlike other reducing plans that make you lose vigor, health and youthfulness, this remarkable drink provides you with a nutritional balance of natural-organic **proteins, vitamins, minerals . . . along** with controlled fats and carbohydrates. Follow the plan, drink nutritious, milkshake-flavored RX7, follow the **Carbo-Gram "Countdown" Diet** and the few simple exercises that come with it. You are **guaranteed** that within 30 days you'll look more vigorous, be more athletic-looking and more youthful than at any other time in your life. THOUSANDS ARE DOING IT DAILY . . . WHY NOT YOU . . . WHY NOT **NOW . . . TODAY?**

FREE New "Aerobics / Circuit-Training" Exercise Routine. Same course as described in the SLIM-GARD ad, with emphasis on waist, hips and small of the back reduction. PLUS FREE: 3 copies of **Mr. America** magazine . . . worth $1.80 . . . yours FREE!



12-Day Supply **$11.98**

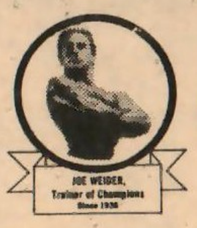
(Your choice of Vanilla or Chocolate flavor)

6 SPECIAL OFFER:

- **2-weeks' supply of "RX7" with course.**
- **Plus SLIM-GARD**
- **and 3 FREE issues of Mr. America.**

A $25 value Now only **$17.96**

USE THIS SHAPE-UP . . . MUSCLE-UP COUPON!



JOE WEIDER

Dept. 209-60P4

531-32nd Street
Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe:

Thanks for letting me know about your "Shape-Up"..."Muscle-Up" courses and products. Please send me the items checked below, along with my FREE gifts. I understand all your products carry a full money-back guarantee . . . no "ifs"..."ands"... or "buts."

I enclose check or money order for $ . . . . . .

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

1 ☐ **"007" TWISTER,** Free course & 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine only **$9.95**

2 ☐ **KILLER KARATE KRUSHER** & Free "Killer Karate" course only **$9.95**

3 **CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 PLAN** with Free course (check one):

☐ 7-Day Supply . . . . . only **$ 8.00**

☐ 14-Day Suppy . . . . . only **$14.98**

Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla

4 ☐ **SLIM-GARD** & Free "Circuit Training" course & 3 copies of Mr. America . . . . . only **$9.98**

Check waist size: ☐ Small (22-30) ☐ Medium (30-35) ☐ Large (35-42)

5 ☐ **WEIGHT-LOSS RX7 Plan** with Free "Shape-Up" course. 2 weeks' suuply only **$11.98**

Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla

6 ☐ **SPECIAL OFFER:** 2 weeks of RX7 Plan, Free "Shape-Up" course and Slim-Gard. $25.00 value only **$17.96**

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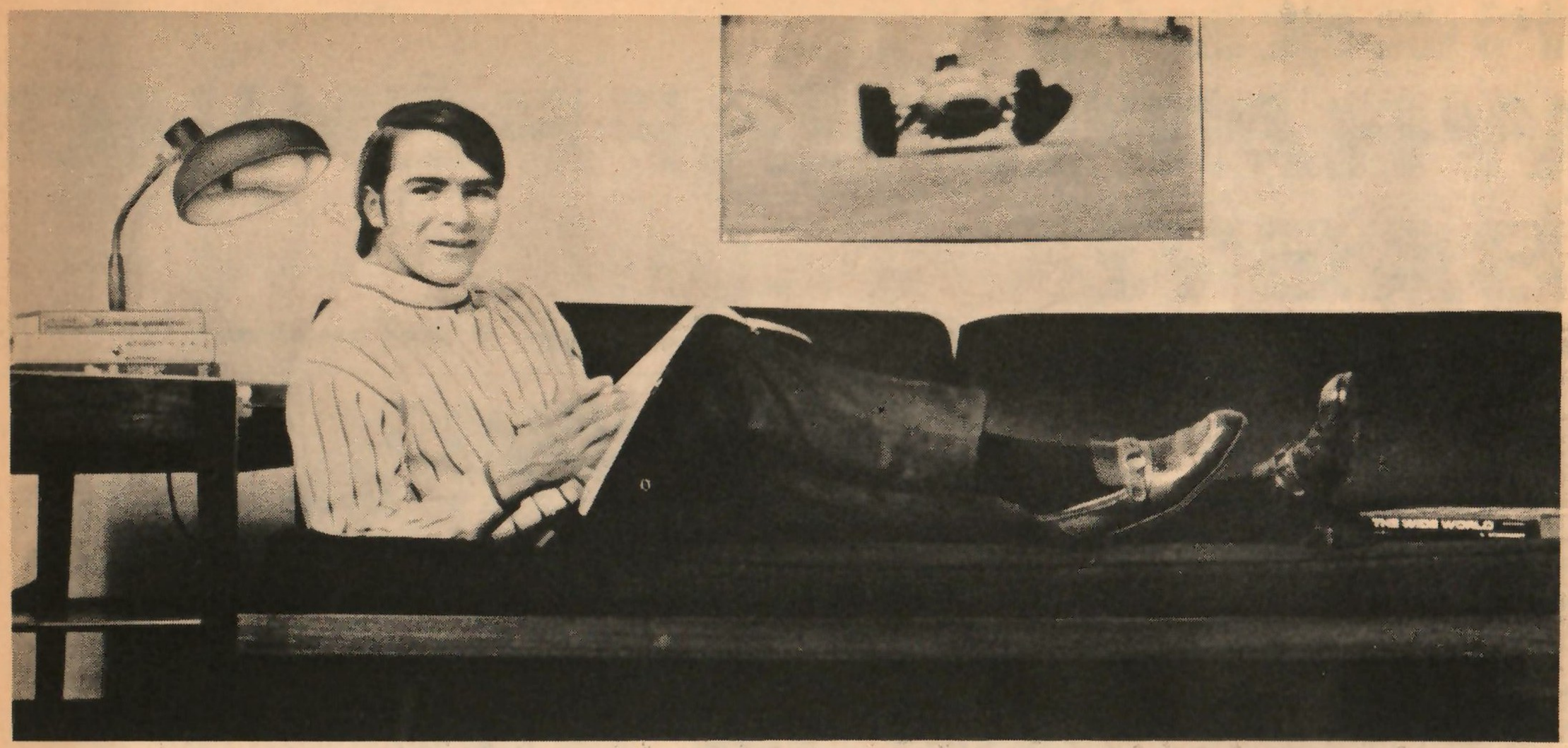


"I hated high school when I was a kid...and dropped out.

But I'm really enjoying finishing high school at home the Wayne way"

"The day I dropped out of high school, I would have bet my life that nothing could ever get me to crack a textbook again. I'd had it 'up to here' with being packed in stifling classrooms with dozens of other kids... trying to concentrate in the face of so many pressures.

"Even after I'd been out of school awhile, I felt pretty much the same. I was beginning to find out how tough it can be to get anywhere without a diploma. But I still couldn't bring myself to go back and get one.

"Then one day I ran across an ad for the Wayne School. It explained that there was now an *adult* way for me to finish high school. Right at home in my spare time, and at my own pace. And without giving up my job.

"So I enrolled with Wayne, and now I'm learning the Wayne School way. I get credit for subjects I've already completed ...even have a choice of helpful vocational subjects too.

"I do my reading in the relaxed atmosphere of my own home. And I turn in my completed assignments by mail.

"Wayne's sympathetic instructors take a personal interest in my progress. They send me friendly notes of suggestion and encouragement when they mail back my graded assignments. And Wayne's specially prepared lessons make even difficult subjects much easier to take. So I'm really enjoying finishing high school at home the Wayne way.

"Not only that, but it's already starting to pay off. When my boss heard I was studying with Wayne he was so impressed he gave me a $10 a week raise. And he said I'd be paid even more after I get my diploma."

This composite story describes the feelings of hundreds of men and women who are achieving success with the help of Wayne School. If you're over 17, not now in school, and would like to write yourself into a similar success story, mail the coupon for our free information booklet.

Send for free facts

Wayne School
417 S. Dearborn, Dept. 32-500
Chicago, Illinois 60605

Please send me your free illustrated booklet *"How to finish High School at home"* containing full information about your courses and teaching methods, and about opportunities for high school graduates.

Print
*Name*_____ *Age*_____

*Address*_____

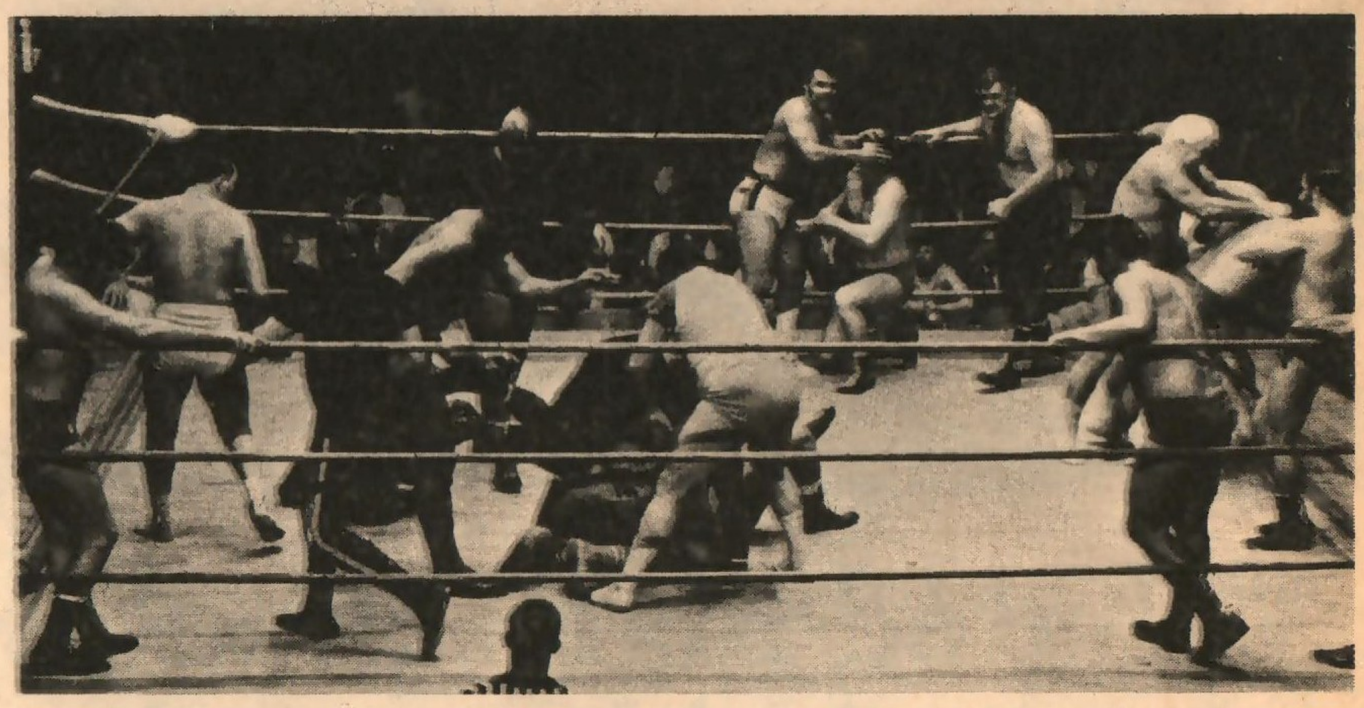
*City*_____

*State*_____ *Zip No.*_____

HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

DID YOU KNOW that....Big Lars Anderson's pet hobby is racing around in one of those sleek snowmobiles. "It's a lot more kicks than flying a plane," says the tough man from Minnesota. By the way, Lars' pretty wife enjoys whipping around on the snow as much as her husband....Jose Lothario received a royal welcome upon his return to Florida rings....Bruno Sammartino toying with the idea of buying a new home in the Boston area. Bruno is so popular in Beantown that we really believe he could be elected Mayor if he went after the job....That breakup of former team partners Fred Blassie and Don Carson has really hit the violent stage; they're at each other's throats even when they happen to pass on the street!

Gorilla Monsoon is determined to shed at least 50 pounds. He's already down to a mere 403....We are delighted to see Big Jim Grabmire back in action....Waldo Von Erich says he enjoyed rejoining his former tag team partner Ernie Ladd. "Ernie and I have always worked well together," tough Waldo called to tell us. "He's very big and very strong and he knows a helluva lot more about wrestling than most of the guys who call themselves 'Pros!' " Sounds like a mutual admiration society.



Record 22-Man Battle Royal in Los Angeles

Not long ago, a 12-Man Battle Royal in Minneapolis was billed as having its top prize of $10,000 an all-time record. Not so! In Los Angeles, a 22-Man Battle Royal had a grand prize of $11,000 (see Inside Wrestling, June/70). Too bad, Minneapolis, for a few bucks more, you could have had your record.

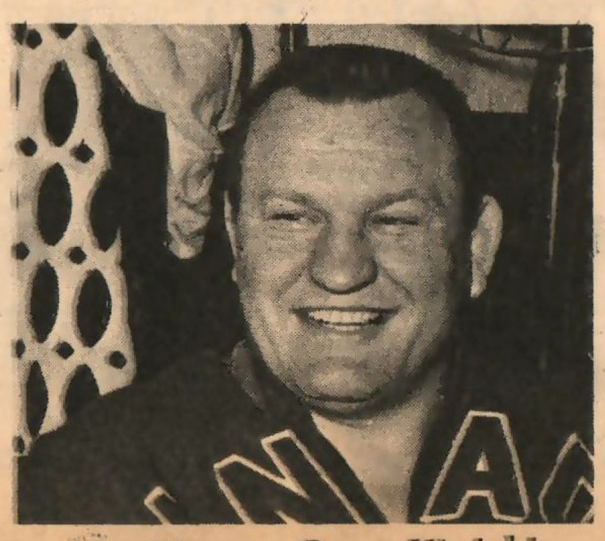
There's a youngster (he's only 19) named Don Morrow wrestling in the Northwest who bears close watching. This kid has a wealth of natural talent....Speaking of the Northwest, there's a man up there wrestling under the name Crusher Morowski. Sounds familiar, doesn't it?

Gene Kiniski, the man from whom Dory Funk, Jr. won the title, got still another chance to regain the title not long ago at Vancouver, Canada. And Gene did okay for himself. He held Dory to an hour draw....Since the untimely death of his longtime tag team partner Skull Murphy, Brute Bernard has been teaming regularly with veteran Bronco Lubich. Says Bronco: "I know that trying to fill Skull's shoes is a mighty big job. But I'm doing my best. I know Brute misses him very much."

Terry and Ronnie Garvin make a beautiful team to watch—smooth as butter....That little bundle of fire, Jean Antone, has a mighty big feud going with Betty Nicoli. Jean was so infuriated after being disqualified in one of their recent bouts that she broke down the door to Betty's motel room, yanked her out of bed before she had

(Continued on page 8)

Gorilla Monsoon



Ex-Champ Gene Kiniski

Jean Antone

Build stronger arms
the easy way with "lead--weighted"
power™ bracelets

Beautifully designed, ruggedly handsome, Lead 'N Leather gladiator bracelets. Wear at work or play and quietly pack muscle on your arms.

Athletes have always used wrist weights to tone and develop muscles . . . but these were "strictly-business gym-type affairs. Now they've been given a striking jewelry look . . . so you can wear them anywhere . . . work, play, exercise or just relaxing . . . with pride! It's remarkable how your muscles respond . . . growing stronger, firmer! Lead weights have antique gold-tone; straps are genuine leather.

$14.98 per pair 2 pair **$24.98**

please add $1.00 for postage and handling.

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235 Park Ave. South
New York, N.Y. 10003

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235 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003

Gentlemen:
Please send me _____ pair
Wrist Bracelets — $14.98 per pair 2 pair $24.98

(Please add $1.00 per shipment for postage and handling)

I enclose $_____ total.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax)

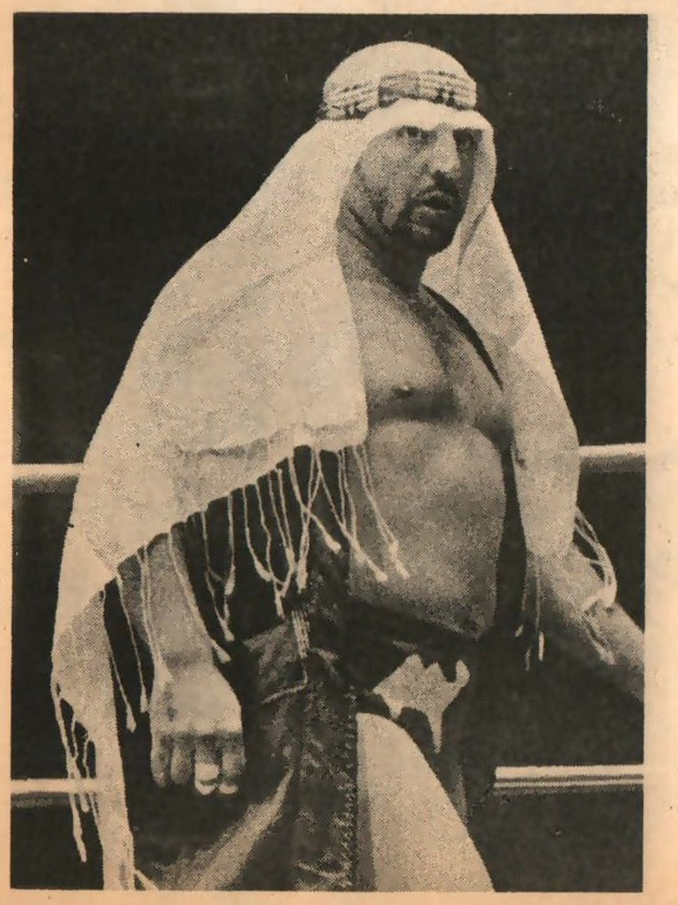
WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 6)

time to know what was happening, then proceeded to smack Nicoli around. It took the cops to tear them apart.

Dory Funk teamed with Wilbur Snyder in St. Louis recently to take on Blackjack Lanza and, you guessed it, Gene Kiniski! It turned into a bloody tag war, with Lanza and Gene coming out on top...Would you believe it: There's a tag team being billed as "The Love Brothers!"

The Sheik returned to Toronto recently, which is one of his favorite places. And why not? The wild Arab has reeled off a string of 33 consecutive victories in that Canadian city. The Sheik was in town to risk his victory streak against 640-pound Haystack Calhoun, which was a pretty big risk. Anyway, Calhoun was well on his way to putting the finish on The Sheik as he raised his huge body and was about to deliver his famous "Big Splash," which rarely fails to end a bout, when the referee, Tiger Tasker, suddenly and without warning, disqualified Haystack for failing to obey one of his orders. Calhoun exploded with rage, but accomplished nothing. The Sheik hustled off to the airport to catch the first plane out of town. His face was bruised and a trickle of blood seeped from under the bandage he wore on his forehead. But he still had his winning streak



The Sheik

Bruiser and Crusher. A team for all seasons.

Art (Sailor) Thomas

The Missouri Mauler

going, which, to him, is the most important thing.

As you swing around the country these days you hear more and more people predicting that flashy Jack Brisco will be the man to eventually knock Dory Funk off his throne. As for who will do the same to Bruno Sammartino, no one seems to fit the role. Not yet.

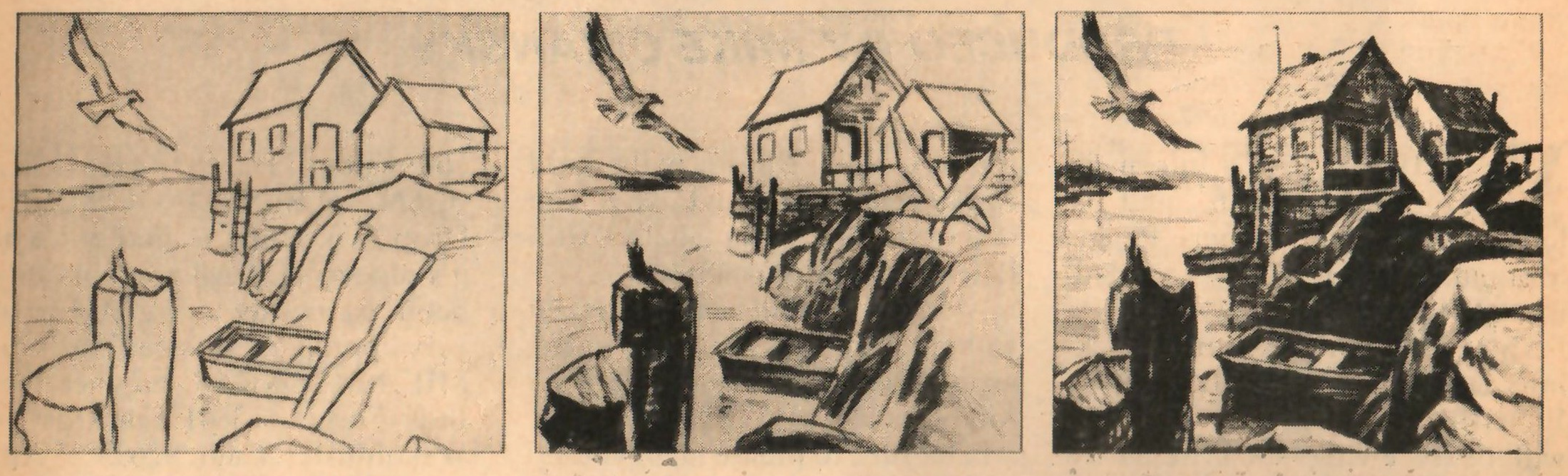
A great big thanks to our Florida correspondent, Richard Bull, for sending all those programs and clippings. They were invaluable to our staff and we hope you will continue to keep the material coming our way. By the way, you fans who keep writing angry letters to us protesting the fact that we never mention anything about the favorite wrestlers in your area, take a tip from Dick Bull and send us the news. We'll take it from there and you'll finally get what you have been asking for. Become a correspondent for the world's two swingingest magazines, INSIDE WRESTLING and THE WRESTLER. Do it today by sending us all the news. And if you know how to use a camera, take plenty of pictures and send them along too. You'll get a big thrill when you see your credit line published.

Popular Sailor Art Thomas says he has run into the toughest opponent of his long career. "I'm talking about the Missouri Mauler," Thomas reported. "He's a gorilla!" Thomas had good reason for complaining. The Mauler gave him a brain concussion recently in Tampa, Florida!

Bruiser and Crusher, working as a team, continue to pack 'em in the Midwest...Vittorio Apollo and Jose Lothario is another popular team, down Florida way ...Bobby Shane is married to one of the prettiest girls we've ever seen. Lucky Frankie.

See you in the next issue. □

Have you ever wished you could draw this well?



How do you know you couldn't?

If you like to draw, you've probably tried your hand more than once at sketching scenes like the one above. But, chances are, you've run into problems—like getting buildings to "recede" into the background, for example. Or making water glisten the way it should. And after trying unsuccessfully a number of times, you may have decided that you just "haven't got it"...that you'd never make it as an artist.

That decision could be a serious mistake. For all you may need to get on the right track is some expert help...a few pencil touches, a few words of advice from a skilled art instructor who can tell you exactly what you're doing wrong, and show you exactly what you should do to correct it.

Famous artists want to help you

Now a group of famous artists want to bring you this kind of help, no matter where you live or what your schedule. They've developed a way to teach you right at home the secrets of drawing and painting with real professional skill.

Among the famous artists are Norman Rockwell, Dong Kingman, Bob Peak, Fred Ludekens and a number of others. They've long known that there are talented people everywhere who could become, and should become, artists—but who don't do so because they can't overcome the drawing "roadblocks" in their path. Some of these people think it's a lack of talent that's holding them back. Others realize they have talent, but can't leave their homes or jobs to get the training they need to develop it.

A practical answer to this problem

To help such people, the famous artists formed the Famous Artists School. Taking time off from their own careers, they poured everything they knew about drawing and painting into a priceless series of home-study lessons. They illustrated the lessons with over 5,000 drawings. And they devised a method of constructive criticism that is almost as personal as private tutoring.

Each assignment you send to the Famous Artists School receives the individual attention of an instructor who is himself a working professional artist. He actually draws or paints his suggestions for improvement, and then writes you a friendly letter of specific advice and encouragement.

This method of personalized training has helped hundreds of people who were once awkward amateurs to become polished professional full-time and part-time artists.

They went from "dabblers" to successful professionals

Take Mrs. Nancy K. Houston, of Manchester, Ga., for example. A few years ago, she had "absolutely no knowledge of how to develop my small latent talent." Today Mrs. Houston sells portraits to people as far away as New York, Texas and California. Anthony Fotia, of New York City, was a mail clerk, "stuck" in a low-pay routine job. Today, he's an artist for an important printing firm doing exciting creative work. And Mrs. R. G. Des Ermia, of Escondido, Calif., changed from a "nameless, faceless dabbler in art to a recognized professional." Now she averages $1,500 a year from all the part-time art work she has time for.

Find out if you, too, have art talent. Send for our free test

To help you find out whether you, too, have the talent to develop professional skill in art, the famous artists have created the fascinating Art Talent Test shown at right. It is offered free, and will be graded without charge by a member of the School's staff. If you do well, or can offer other evidence of art talent, you may enroll for training. But there is no obligation to do so. For a free copy of the test, and a brochure describing the School, just fill out the coupon and mail it in an envelope today.

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I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test and information about your courses.

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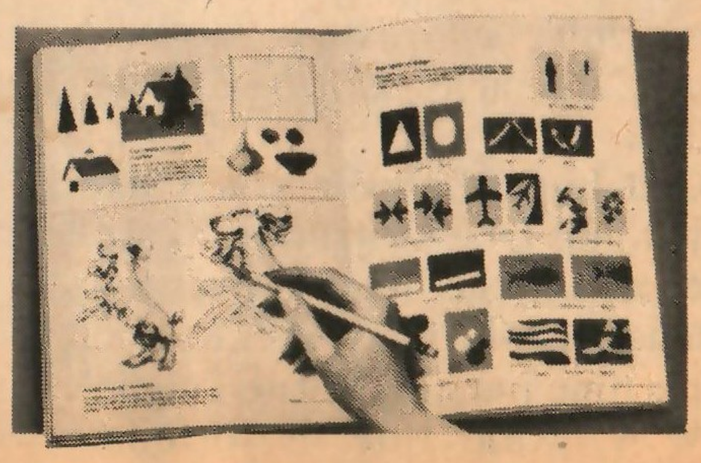

FAN CLUB CORNER

PRODUCED BY MIKE OMANSKY

WE HAVE BEEN informed of a new club, and it looks like a sure winner. Peggy Morgan, who formerly headed the JESS "BULL" ORTEGA FAN CLUB, has sprung back into action with THE NEW DILLINGERS FAN CLUB. Members will be receiving such items as photos, fact sheets and bulletins. The address is 650 Norman Street, Wilmington, Ohio 45177. Good luck Peggy... we know you'll do the job!

A club with one of the largest memberships that we know of (it runs into the thousands) is for one of the most popular grapplers in the world--it's THE INTERNATIONAL RAY STEVENS FAN CLUB. President is Joe Pottgieser Jr., 2878 Union Avenue, San Jose, California 95124. Members receive photos and excellent bulletins (entitled "Bombs Away") all about Ray. Drop a line to Joe today and get in on this one.

You'll receive the works when you join THE CAROLINA-VIRGINIA WRESTLING FAN CLUB--everything that you could possibly want--monthly bulletins, photos, pencils, etc. President is Sylvia B. Anderson, while Gail Barnes edits the bulletins and Sandra Barnes does the reporting. We've got another one in the winner's circle--don't miss out! The club's address is Box 72, R #1, Pinnacle, North Carolina 27043.

Call him whatever you'd like, but Mad Dog Vachone is still one of the tops in pro wrestling. Vachone, who has spent much of his time pursing Verne Gagne's A.W.A. world title, is fortunate enough to have a big club going for him. Vicki Moore is the hard working prexie, and you can reach her at 630 South 37th, Lincoln, Nebraska 68510.

Monthly bulletins packed with pictures, results and interesting grappling news come from Mike Tenay, 8952 Mills, Whittier, will be sure to please all of you.

The Shiek, the Kangaroos, Ernie Ladd, Bobo Brazil and Bull Curry are but a few of the many headliners you'll find in Detroit. Detroit is a major city for wrestling and offers fantastic cards. There's a new club located in Detroit called THE MICHIGAN SCENE. President is David Burzynski, 8294 Olympia, Detroit, Michigan, 48213. Members receive bi-monthly bulletins and photos, among other things. This club should fare well--it's got a lot to go on!

FROM THE MAIL BAG:

Kenneth Layer, 112-10 103rd Avenue, Richmond Hill, New York 11419, is searching for back issues of wrestling magazines and programs... Ditto for Ken Gyorgyak, 14640 Lorain Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44111

Jeff Bukantz, 77-15 13th Street, Forest Hills, Long Island, New York, wants programs from W.W.W.F. territory. Can anyone help Jeff out? Ron M. Farrar, 5 Turner Street, Farsely, PUDSEY, Yorks, LS28 5EP, England, writes that he is a keen wrestling photo collector and has a large number of pictures that he will trade. Ron is especially interested in obtaining any photos, but he is particularly interested in girl wrestlers.

More from that mail bag: Erik Berry, 1360 Cornell Way, Sacramento, Calif. 95831, has a new club called THE NORTH AMERICAN WRESTLING SCENE. Drop Erik a line to find out what it's all about... All you cats have been asking about a club for the very popular Mexican Adonia, MIL MASCARAS, contact Mrs. Judy Forget, 13841 Edwards St., Westminster, Calif. 92683... Amy Coates, 12 N. Common Terrace, Lynn, Mass. 01902, just received VICTOR RIVERA'S permission to start a club in his honor. We've had a lot of requests for information about a club for Victor, so Amy should be real busy as soon as this issue hits the newsstands... One of the young fans who asked about Victor is Bernadette Tallarita, whose Dad is a professional wrestling promoter. How lucky can you get?... Gar Sanders, 56106 Halison St., Torrance, Calif., has a club for ROCKY (SOULMAN) JOHNSON ...Brian Sangster, 105 Cabot St., Beverly, Mass has a highly effective club in honor of the most popular of all midget wrestlers, LITTLE BEAVER. We recommend this one, gang... One of the most exciting new clubs to be started in a long time is headed by Bruce Rauckman, 409-500 Dunsmuir, Vancouver, B.C., Canada. It is called the VANCOUVER SCENE and it is something special. We suggest to write Bruce for full details as soon as you get the chance.

That's it for this issue. Remember, anything pertaining to fan clubs should be sent to: FAN CLUB EDITOR, Box 58, Rockville Centre, New York 11571. And please, when writing to any club for information, be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. □

TOM McCAHILL SAYS:

"There's COLD CASH In Repairing These Things!"

Each time a buddy of mine moans about the lousy repair job he got on his refrigerator or toaster or washing machine, I'm reminded of the fact that a good Appliance repairman is a mighty rare breed these days.

This neighbor of mine had refrigerator trouble just last month, and needed some speedy repair service. After phoning half a dozen repairmen who were booked solid for days, he finally had to settle for a bum job from a guy who had no business calling himself an Appliance repairman. This brings me to an important point. No one who wants to earn money in Appliance repair needs to learn by trial and error. There's a great, low-cost home study plan on the market that covers every type of Appliance repair in detail. The course was prepared by the Appliance Division of the National Radio Institute, one of the biggest and best schools in the field. Thousands of guys like yourself have studied with NRI, and many of them have more than paid for the low tuition fee within their first couple months servicing Electric Appliances.

If you want to make money (and who doesn't) in a field that's crying for good talent, make certain you send for a free NRI catalog. Get the details on the well-illustrated lessons that teach you how to repair home, farm and commercial Appliances, and small gasoline engines. You'll be amazed at how little the training costs. And you'll even get a professional Appliance Tester without extra cost.

NRI has been in the home study field since 1914, and they have a staff of 150 experts in Washington, D.C., who guide you through the course with more personal attention than you'd fine in some classrooms. If you're really out to learn, they can furnish a special course in air-conditioning and refrigeration repair, too.

Even if you've never tried to put a toaster in working order, even if your schooling never went beyond the tenth grade, I'm as certain as my name is McCahill that you can make money in the Appliance repair field with the help of this NRI course.

Do yourself a favor right now. Send off the coupon below and NRI will send you a free catalog. If you don't like the looks of this material, you can forget the entire deal, and you'll be out only one postage stamp. But remember, the Appliance repair field needs qualified men *now*. And you can qualify with NRI training.

Tom McCahill

P. S. NRI won't send a representative to call on you. They've never needed any with this great course!

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Author Morganella and Bruno Sammartino.

"I FINALLY GOT TO MEET BRUNO"

By Romanina Morganella

The heart-warming story of how a young fan's dream came true.

I HAVE ALWAYS heard people say, "Your first impression of a person is a lasting one." If that is true, I can testify from experience that you'll love your first impression of Bruno Sammartino.

One of my great ambitions was to personally meet Bruno. I tried many, many times, but something always seemed to get in the way. Either I was too far away from him as he walked up the aisle, or I was standing in the wrong place when he left the arena. But I never gave up and my determination finally paid off.

I was in the right place at the right time one night recently at the Boston Garden and I had a talk with the great man. What a thrill it was. I found him to be quiet and reserved, but with an outgoing personality. He is extremely warm and sincere and he reflects understanding and respect for his fellow man.

I asked him about his toughest opponents. He mentioned Professor Tanaka, Waldo Von Erich and Ivan Koloff. Now we all know how brutal those three wild men can be in the ring, and we also know how vicious they were when they tried to take Bruno's championship. I expected Sammartino to say some nasty things about them. Well he didn't. He couldn't find it in his heart to say one unkind thing even about Tanaka, Von Erich or Koloff.

I asked him why he talked so gently about those three savages, and Bruno answered, "Well, they were just trying the best way they knew how to beat me. I can't hold any grudges against them for trying to win."

We chatted about this and that and finally it was time for him to leave.

"Would you please autograph this picture for me," I asked as I handed him a picture of himself and a pen.

He smiled warmly. "It would be my pleasure," Bruno said as he carefully wrote his name on the picture. Then he shook my hand, told me how pleased he was to have met me, and headed toward the ring to defend his title.

As I watched him climb into the ring to the roar of the crowd I couldn't help but think how fortunate we are here in the East to have Bruno Sammartino as our champion.

Another thing that impressed me was Bruno's agelessness. He has held the title for seven years, but he still looks so very young. In every way, this man is truly remarkable.

That was my first and lasting impression of the great Bruno Sammartino. □

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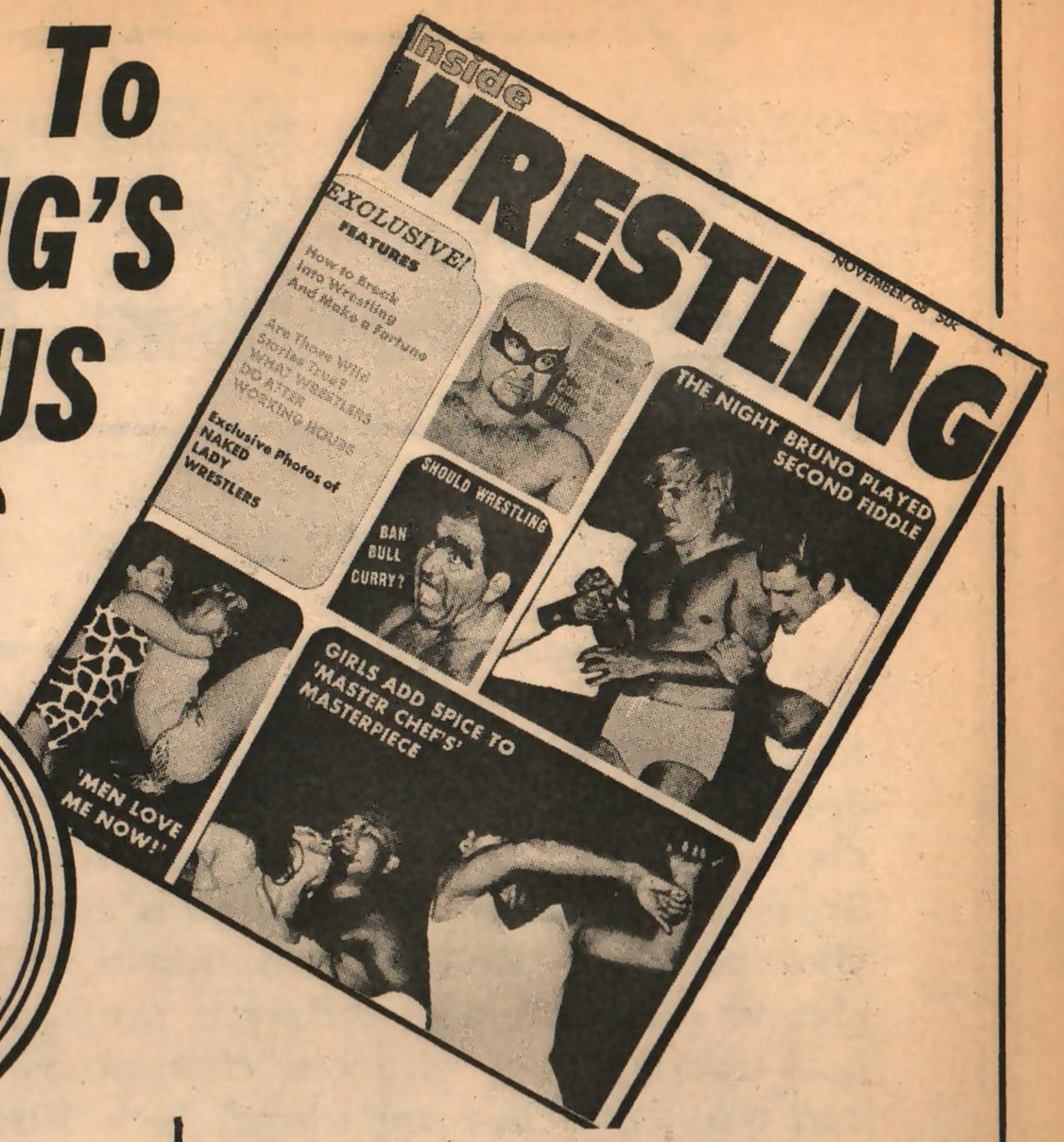
WHAT SHOULD MARLO DO? Here's What Our Readers Think (Page 36)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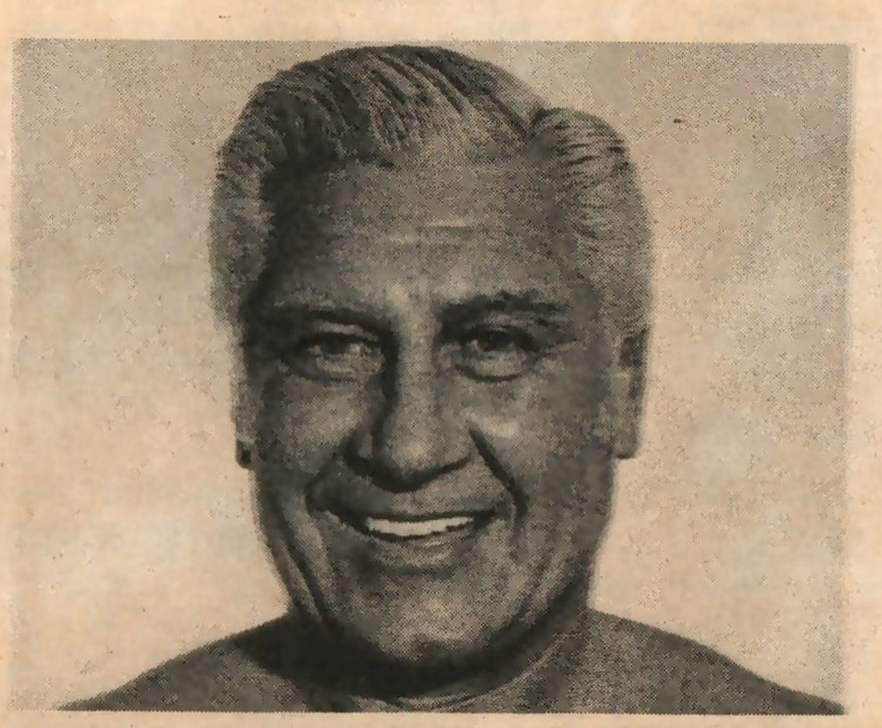
YOUR LETTERS

SOME WRESTLERS ARE CHICKEN!

Yes, you heard what I said. Some wrestlers are chicken! I say that because they are scared to death to get into the ring with the great Freddie Blassie, the Americas' Champion. Freddie has held just about every title in wrestling: Brass knuckles champ, Southern champ, U.S. champ, Texas death champ, World's tag team champ (with several different partners), and just about every regional championship you can think of. Like my friend, Rick Noel, said in the June/70 issue of Inside Wrestling (Your Letters), "Freddie Blassie is the King!" And all you pencil-neck fans better believe it!

I want to take this opportunity to speak in behalf of Wonderful Freddie and issue public challenges to Sammartino, Funk and Gagne to come out of hiding and meet their master. And when they do get their heads handed to them it really won't be such a disgrace because they got their lickings at the hands of The King!

JOHNNIE A. HART
Los Angeles, Calif.



MORE FLOWERS FOR FEARLESS FREDDIE

It appears to me that at least half of the fans who turn out to see wrestling matches in Los Angeles these days are under 25 years old. The reason: an increasing number of college kids are turning out to cheer for Freddie Blassie. The younger generation always turns out to cheer some one they can look up to—some one who has real class, man!

JERRY LISIECKI, Jr.
Los Angeles, Calif.

SHE LEARNED FROM HER BROTHERS

I am a girl of 19 who enjoys wrestling for the fun of it. But I am also very interested in the fine articles and pictures you publish about professional girl wrestlers. I particularly enjoyed the article on amateur girl wrestling (Inside Wrestling, Apr/70), and I'd like to read more about girls like Sherri Whitlow. I realize that most fans go for the Amazon-type girls, but I can assure you there are many more girls, like myself, who will always remain amatuers because we enjoy it that way.

I enjoyed reading the letter written by Ronny Press, who claimed she pinned her boyfriend. But Ronny didn't describe how she did it. I wonder what holds she used.

I learned how to wrestle from my brothers, who were on the high school wrestling team. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. Now my girlfriends ask me to teach them. We know boys are stronger than we are, but it's still fun to practice with them. And often we amaze boys with our knowledge of holds. I can pin any boy who is shorter than I am and who hasn't learned how to wrestle.

Here in upper New York State, where I live, they don't have girl wrestling matches, so the only way I have to keep informed is through your excellent magazines. Thank you very much for giving me that opportunity.

DIANA BRIGGS
Auburn, New York

MORE ON GIRLS!

Your magazines are really great. I especially enjoy your coverage of girl wrestling.

But please don't tease us! Reader Bob DeLouch talks about a beautiful girl wrestling down in Florida named Natasha. But all you published was a small picture of her. She looks really great, so let's see more of her.

When I go to matches, I like to see wrestlers wearing colorful robes and those gorgeous jackets. To some fans this is not necessary, but I insist that their marvelous jackets and robes helped make men like Gorgeous George and Sweet Daddy Siki so very popular.

Girl wrestlers are popular because of their beauty and for the knockdown-drag-out brawls they have. I won't pay ten-cents to see one of those scientific matches. I want to see a real fight!

JEAN HUDLEY
Montreal, Canada

A VERY SPECIAL FAN

Toppy Carter is a 13-year-old child who was born with Cerebral Palsy. Although crippled physically, Toppy is an alert, creative child. He is an avid sportsman and wrestling is his favorite sport. Toppy follows local wrestling closely through newspapers and magazines. I have worked with this child in the area of creative writing and it was Toppy who expressed a desire to write about his favorite sport. If you are unable to publish Toppy's little article, which I am enclosing, perhaps you could write a few words to him. We would both appreciate it very much. Thank you for your consideration.

MICHAEL D. WEINROTH
Head Teacher
Lovegrove Exceptional Child Center
Jacksonville, Fla.

(Editor's note: We think Toppy's article is so interesting and well written that we wanted to share it with all of you. We hope you enjoy reading it as much as we did.)

THE GREAT ART OF WRESTLING

If you have ever watched the Olympic games on TV, you've seen wrestling. It is one of the favorite events. Wrestling is perhaps man's oldest sport. As a matter of fact, it wasn't always a sport, but rather a way of protection.

Have you ever been to the Sportatorium in Tampa, Florida? There you can see wrestling almost every day of the week, and on Saturdays it is televised. You will see many great wrestlers; one, for instance, is The Great Eddie Graham.

When I was in first grade, my school invited Eddie Graham to visit us at our Christmas party. All the students in my class were shocked to see this big, husky fellow walk into our classroom. Their eyes nearly popped out when the teacher said, "This is Mr. Eddie Graham. He has helped crippled, blind and deaf people."

Before Eddie Graham became a wrestler, he had earned a college degree in medicine. But he decided doctoring wasn't for him and he later became a wrestler.

Some wrestlers show up for bouts still dressed in street clothes, saying their plane was delayed. Then they jump into the ring and start fighting. Others, such as the wild Russians, wear crazy outfits. One wears a costume with imitation diamonds and a skull on his chest—like Superman.

Man Mountain Mike wears overalls and weighs 490 pounds. When he is wrestling in a tag team match, his partner will take the opponent and ram his head into Man Mountain's stomach like a battering ram.

Bob Oorton uses a hold called the "Pile-Driver." He holds his opponent's legs, sticks the opponent's head between his own legs, then slams the victim into the canvas—head first!

Another kind of match is a "Texas Death Match." Two wrestlers are handcuffed together and the lights are turned out. This kind of match is outside the rules of the National Wrestling Alliance. No one—not even the referee—can interfere until the lights are turned back on. The winner is the man left standing.

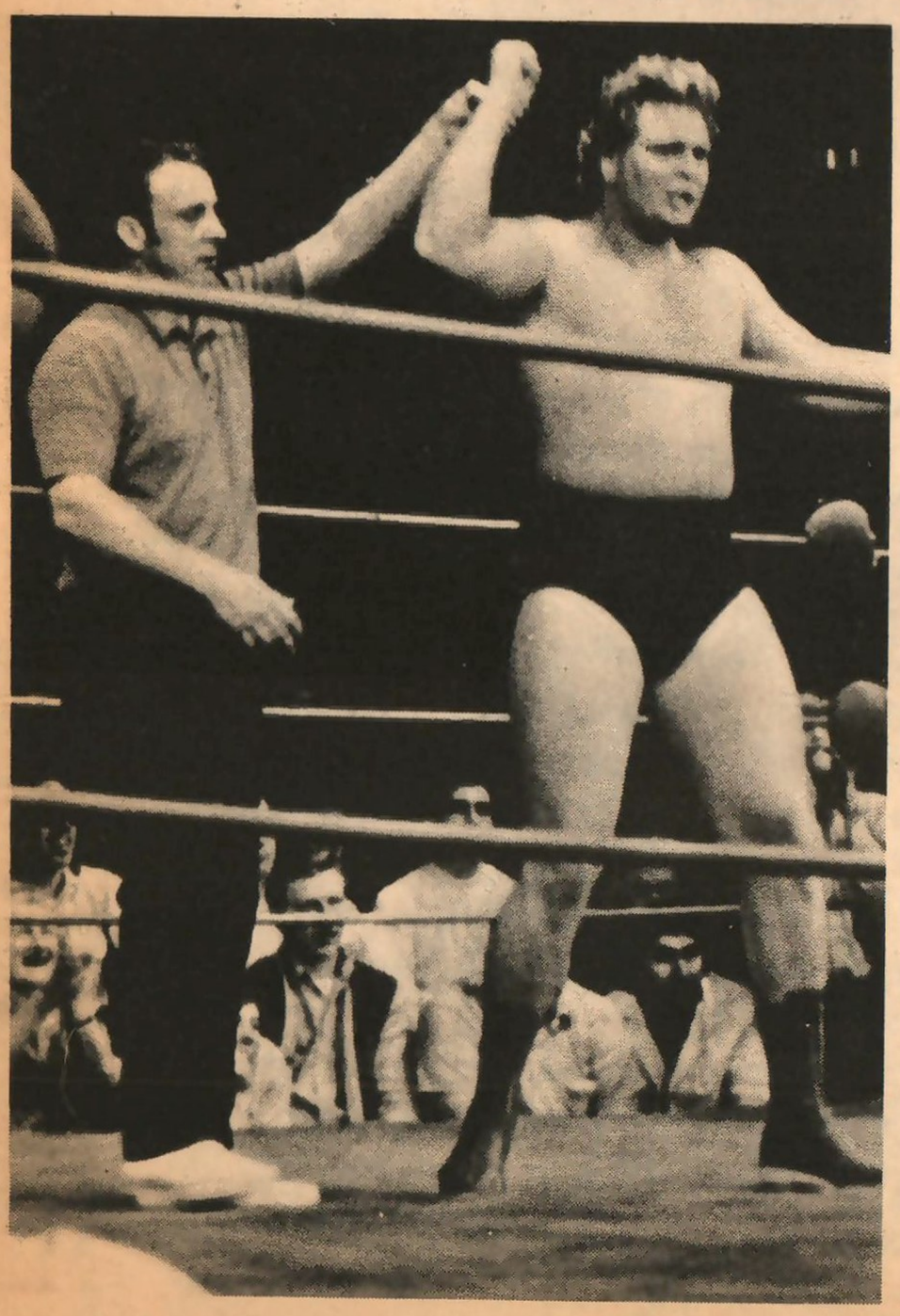
Wrestling takes skill and strength, and you have to outwit your opponent. You have to use every muscle in your body. Modern wrestling involves kicking, gouging and judo chops. Formerly, wrestlers put on a show, but today they are very serious about defeating their opponents.

Wrestling was once used for self-defense. Now it is done for money, and has grown into a major spectator sport all over the world.

Tappy L. Carter, III
Jacksonville, Fla.

The sport is undergoing radical changes as exciting young wrestlers keep popping up in increasing numbers. They introduce new techniques, generate new interest and, in general, give wrestling a whole new dimension. In order to give you an insight into what's behind this revolution, we are publishing this exclusive article about . . .

Big John Vallen KING OF WRESTLING'S NEW BREED



ARE YOU OLD enough to remember when the average professional wrestler was a school dropout from kindergarten? When he spat chewing tobacco at his opponents and the fans, and thought a knife was something to eat peas with? A large percentage of the wrestlers of that era were foreigners, but even those for whom English was a native tongue had a hard time reading it without moving their lips.

Then the sport was suddenly infiltrated by college boys—most of them ex-football players. Most of them had gone to college on football scholarships—that is, they majored in such subjects as hog-calling. Their idea of mental exercise was to read the labels on the bar whiskey. For recreation, they threw each other over the bar at the bottles.

Those days are a memory of the carefree past. And maybe it's a good thing. Today's wrestlers are not only smarter and better educated than the old-timers, they take their careers and futures as seriously as any doctor, lawyer, or other professional man. And because today's wrestler knows he can't wrestle until he reaches the average retirement age of most professional men, he works twice as hard to make as much money as he can while he can. He also makes long-range plans for his future.

An outstanding example of this new breed of educated, thinking-type wrestler is Big John Vallen, who many knowledgeable wrestling people predict will win the heavyweight title some day.

"I'd rather wrestle than eat," Big John says, "and that's saying

Vallen beats Jack Murray

Big, powerful and highly educated, Vallen believes wrestling has entered a new phase that will put it on a par with professional football.

something. But make no mistake about it—first and foremost, I'm in wrestling to make money. And when I'm too old to wrestle, I'll have enough dough laid by to make still more money!"

Big John is 6 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 260 pounds. He has a 60-inch chest, 21-inch arms, and he can support a sedan car on his chest. "I was never exactly a 90-pound weakling," Big John admits, "but my present size and physical strength is no accident. I deliberately built myself up from just an average, husky guy so that I could go into wrestling and make a ton of money."

But that's only part of Big John Vallen's story. He also got himself a first-rate university education so that he would know what to do with the money he earned.

"My long-range plans really started way back when I was in junior high school, in Springfield, Illinois, and saw my first wrestling match," Big John recalled. "It was the great Buddy Rogers against some guy whose name I can't remember. Oh how impressed I was by Rogers. What a man! What a wrestler! What a champion! Watching him in ac-

tion made up my mind on the spot. I was going to be a champion just like Buddy Rogers.

"To begin with, I had to build up my body. And I worked at it until I was so exhausted that I couldn't fall asleep at night because of the aches and pains all over my body. But I kept going because I had that goal. That relentless urge to become a champion.

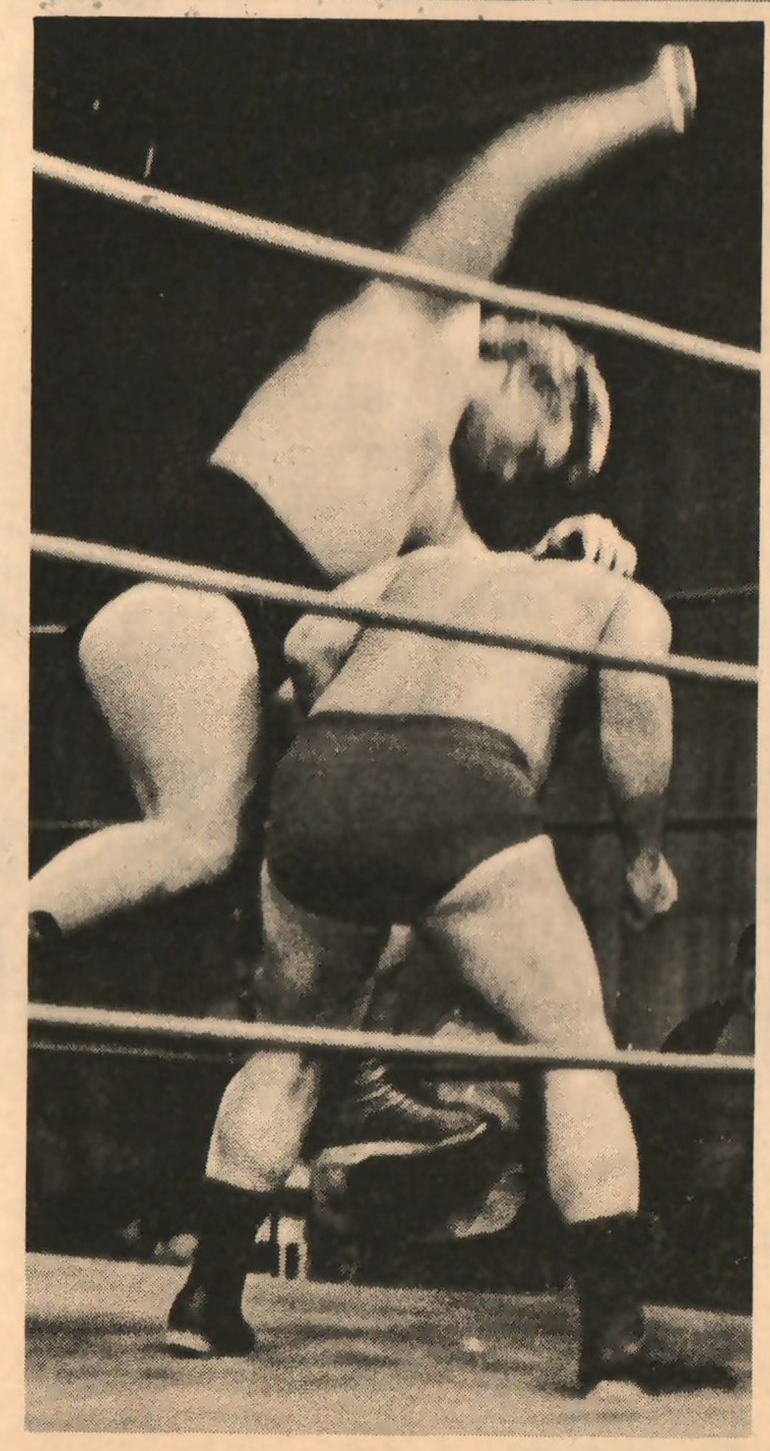
"I lifted weights, ran ten to 15 miles every day with a heavy sweat suit covering my body, and I trained and played on the school football team. I also wrestled on the school team and did quite well in tournaments. But I never forget my studies. Every spare minute was spent pouring over books and working in the labs."

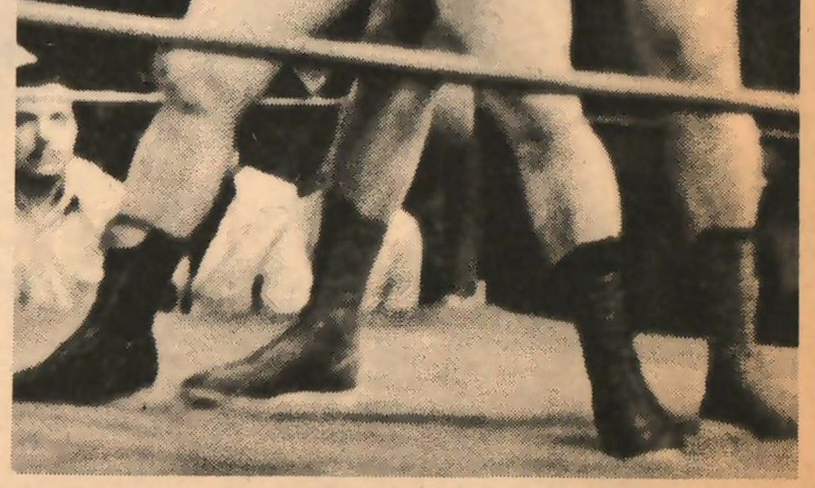
For Big John, it paid off in many ways. He had the best marks in his high school graduating class and was chosen Class Valedictorian. He was also class president and captain of the football team.

John Vallen could have entered college on an athletic scholarship. Instead, he chose to attend the University of Illinois on a fully paid scholarship based on his high school grades.

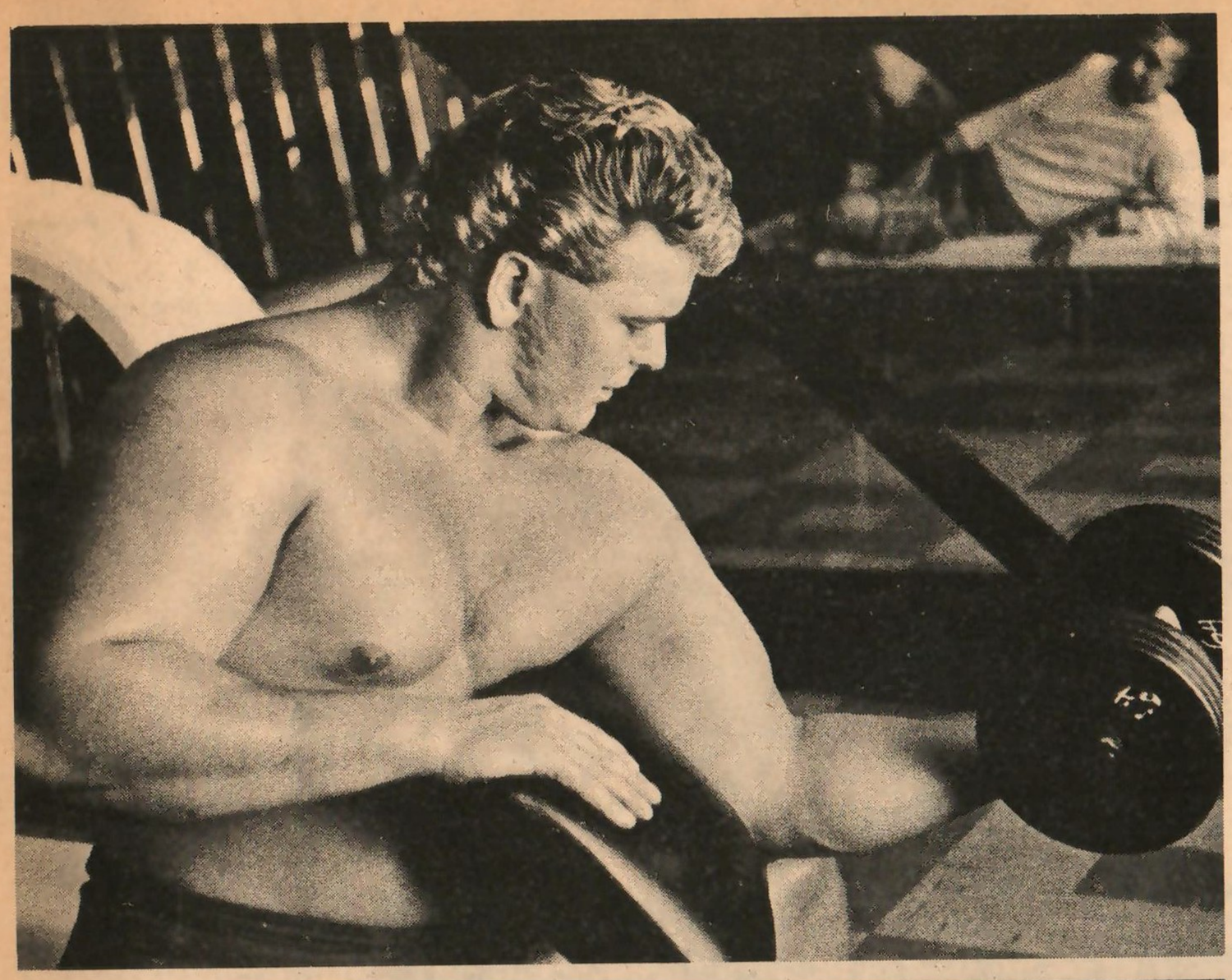
"It was a matter of pride," he says. "I didn't want to be known in college as another dumb athlete.

The scholarship meant that he had to keep his grades in the top





The three pictures on this page illustrate Vallen's aggressive tactics. His opponent is the much more experienced Jack Murray (dark hair). "I think," says Vallen, "referees must be told off when they make mistakes."



Big John working with weights to increase his arm power (top). He calls the headlock "the most effective hold there is. But you need tremendous strength to apply it properly." TV interview with Lord Layton (above).

fifth of his class, which he did. All the while he continued to play football, to wrestle, and to maintain his Spartan program of developing his body.

Big John was so confident that he would eventually make a lot of money by wrestling that he majored in banking and finance. After four years, he went on to graduate school where he earned a Master's degree in Business Administration. Only then did he feel fully qualified to follow his chosen profession as a wrestler. He used the money he earned in his first professional match to buy a common stock that he felt would grow in value. He has been buying and selling stock and investing in real estate ever since.

Vallen is only 24 now. He has wrestled the top mat stars in the Midwest—such men as The Sheik, Tokyo Joe, Jack Murray, Ali Baba and Pancho Vampiro—and he has taken his share of hard knocks.

"So far it's been a tough battle," he says. "Sometimes it seems as if I win more than I lose. But I have never come out of a match without learning something new. Then I go back to the gym, try it out and practice it until I get it down pat. Then I try out the new hold or strategy on my next opponent.

"I know that one of these days I'll reach the top. But there will come a time when I go over the hill and start downward. When that day comes I won't have to hang around and get my brains knocked out. I'll be able to retire from wrestling because I'll have reached another kind of top—a financial one. I'll be rich!"

The world of high finance would do well to keep an eye on Big John Vallen—and other modern-day wrestlers. For who knows? Under the huge muscles and gaudy costumes could very well be another J.P. Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Andrew Mellon or Henry Ford. □

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO KAREN KELLOGG?

AS IT DOES to all of us, there comes a time when every wrestler has to quit. And girl wrestlers are no exception, although some seem to go on forever.

But most girl wrestlers don't wait that long—they don't have to, for Cupid's arrow finds a way to their heart. Romance and wrestling don't mix, especially for girls. Love softens their will to win. They bow out gracefully, never regretting their experiences in the ring, but glad to begin the life for which Nature truly designed them. Nevertheless, they still keep up their contacts with the promoters and the other wrestlers, proudly sending them the latest baby pictures and snapshots of the Prince Charming who made it possible.

There is one notable exception among the dropouts—Karen Kellogg. When the beautiful little blue-eyed blonde dropped out, she stayed out. She took her championship belt into retirement and nobody has heard from her since.

Oh, Karen Kellogg, where are you?

Karen's sudden retirement is all the more surprising in view of her tremendous dedication to wrestling. No girl ever trained or worked harder to perfect her skills than the petite beauty from Charles City, Iowa.

Oh, Karen, what happened?

Karen was deeply affected by the death, in 1964, of her manag-

Besides being the loveliest girl wrestler in the world, she was skillful enough to win a championship, and promoters bid feverishly for her services. Then, suddenly, and while at the height of her career, she seemed to vanish from the face of the earth. Why?

er, Billy Wolfe. "Billy taught me everything I know about wrestling," she said. "Losing him was like losing my own father." Still, for a time, Karen kept to her Spartan routine, training as hard as ever, going all out to win every match. And she always came out on top whenever her title was on the line. Karen Kellogg was that kind of girl, which is why her disappearance is so mystifying.

"I was born and raised on a farm," Karen once said, "but my folks thought farm life was too rough for me. They wanted me to be a secretary."

Karen stayed around Charles City long enough to graduate high school. But for almost all of her childhood she had nourished an ambition that her parents knew nothing about. She dreamed of becoming a wrestler.

"They though I was going to Sioux City to secretarial school," she later recalled. "But the money they gave me for bus fare and board took me all the way to Columbus, Ohio. That's where Billy Wolfe ran his wrestling school for girls."

Billy saw Karen's potential box-office appeal the minute he laid eyes on her lovely face and beautiful figure. "Even if you can't wrestle worth beans, you'll pull 'em in at the gate," he told her.

But while Karen couldn't wrestle—yet, she had the speed of a track star, the grace of a ballet dancer and the strength of a... well, of a farm girl. All she needed to learn was the technique of wrestling, and no one could teach her that better than former mat great Billy Wolfe.

After four months of arduous training, learning to apply and break holds, along with Beverly Long, Fuzzy Robinson and others who were also Wolfe's pupils at that time, Karen was ready for Battle Royals. There, she learned to defend herself against the unexpected, to offset every dirty tactic, and to win with clean, scientific wrestling. When she was ready for her first singles match, Billy put her in with Sherri Lee in Cleveland, Ohio.

There, Kellogg dazzled the crowd with her skill. Sherri Lee was bigger and stronger, but Karen easily broke her holds and wore Sherri down with relentless counter attacks. Under Billy's tu-

Kellogg's leg is bent back at a dangerous angle by sparring partner during sizzling training session at a Columbus, Ohio, gymnasium a few years ago. Karen was acknowledged to be the best schooled and best conditioned girl wrestler in the world when she debuted in 1960.

Above: Kellogg with Billy Wolfe, the man who guided her career. Above, right: Karen works to perfect her great headlock during training session. But Kellogg's most effective weapon was her enormously strong legs. In photo (right) she squeezes pillows between her legs on floor of her apartment.

telage, Karen had perfected a bend-over toe-hold and wristlock which she used with such telling effect that she soon had Sherri shaking her head in bewilderment. Karen wasn't strong enough to lift Sherri for an airplane spin, but it didn't matter. A couple of well applied body slams and she had her first victory.

Soon Karen was wrestling four and five nights a week—wherever the promoters and fans wanted her. And wherever she wrestled, they wanted her back again. She came to grips with May Goodner, of Boston, her former schoolmates, Beverly Long and Fuzzy Robinson, and countless others—and she beat them all.

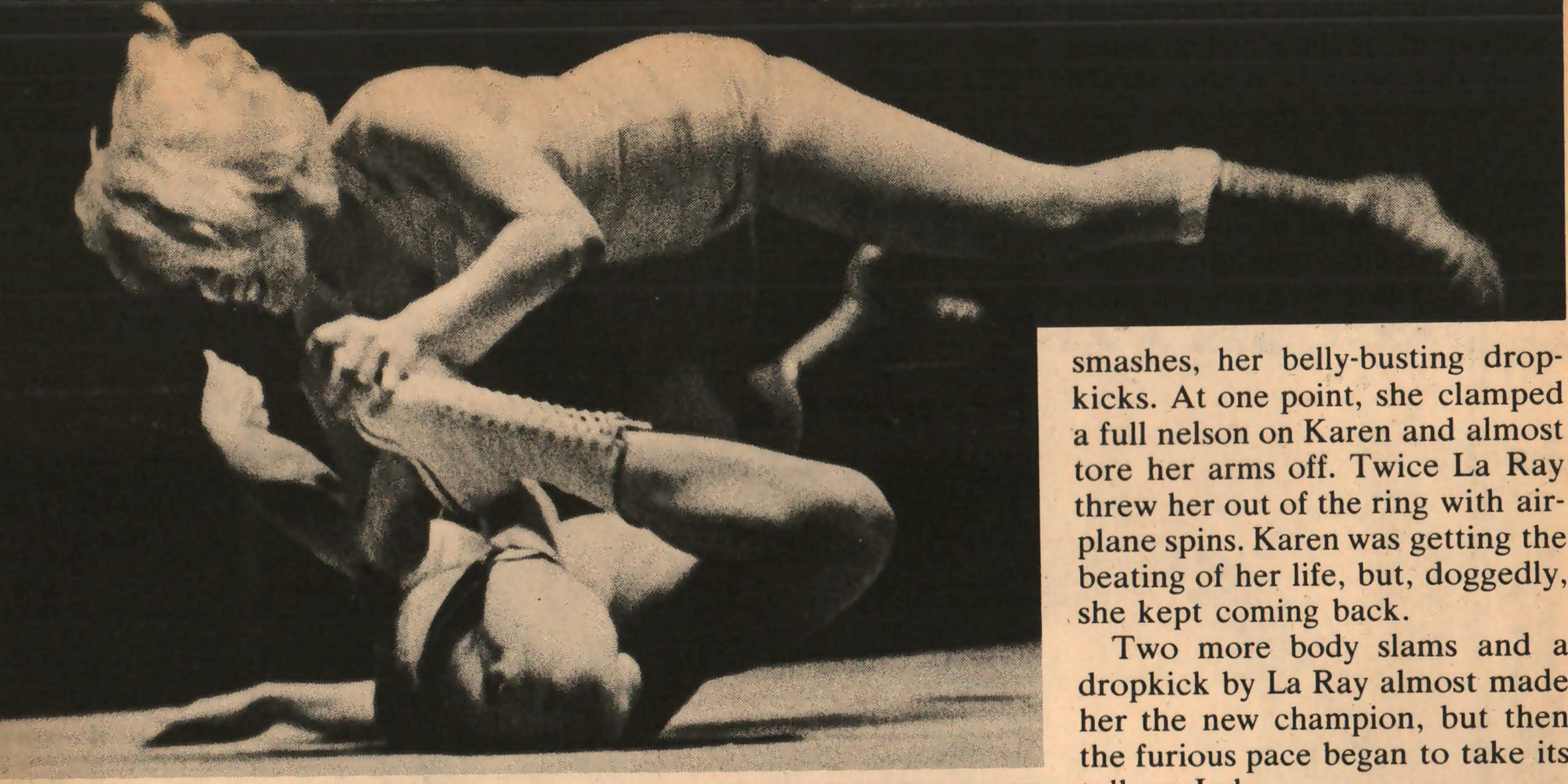
Because Karen and enough other girl wrestlers were small— she was 5' 1" tall and weighed 125 pounds—Billy Wolfe decided to establish a lightweight division. A tournament was arranged to take place at the Municipal Auditorium in Bluefield, West Virginia, on November 3, 1962. The best of the smaller girl wrestlers were entered and it was announced that the winner would receive a gold championship belt.

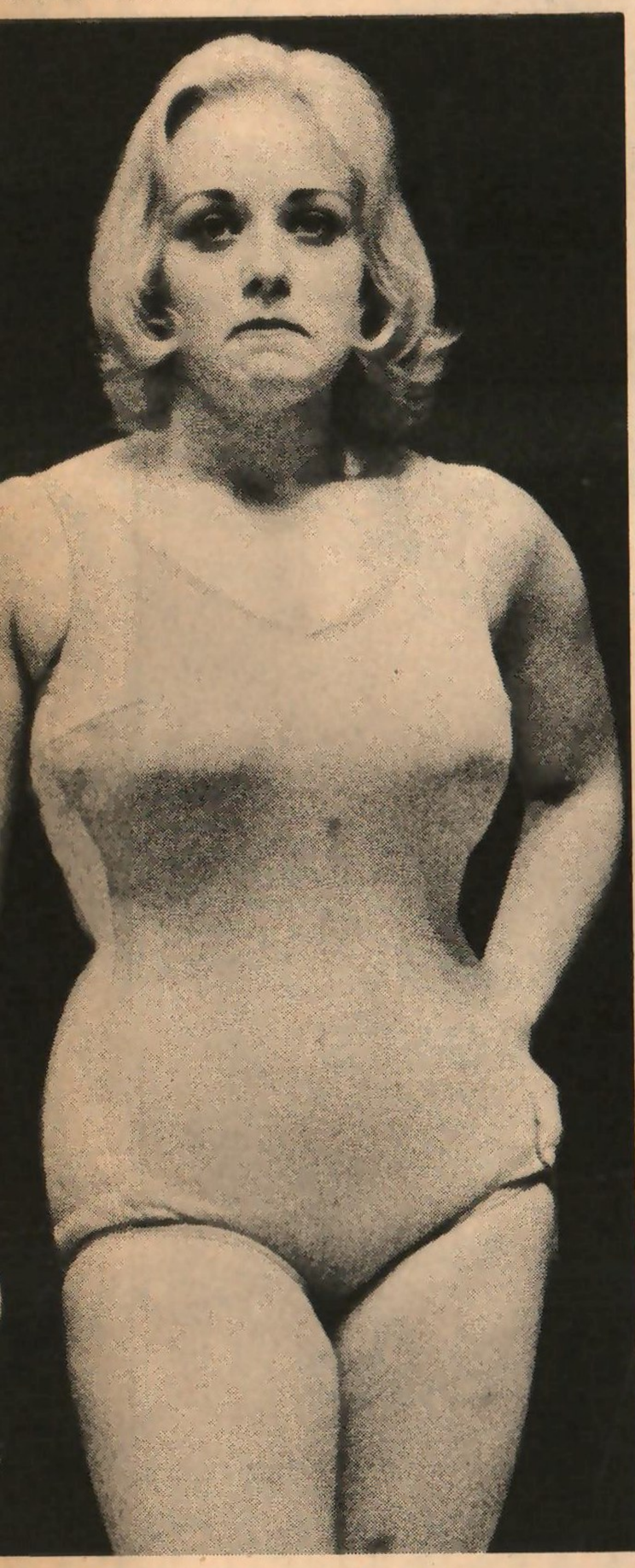
Four girls competed for the title that night, drawing lots for their opponents. Karen drew Jane Conrad as her first opponent.

Conrad was far more experienced, bigger and stronger, but Karen was the speediest thing on two feet that night. Utilizing her instinctive know-how and vast repertoire of holds, she outmaneuvered Jane Conrad to gain a quick win.

Later that evening, Lola La Ray, a tough, battle-hardened veteran, won her match. Then Lola and Karen met for the championship.

The thought of facing a terror like La Ray would have unnerved a lesser girl. But young Karen kept her characteristic cool. La Ray was famed for her body





Top: Karen beats Lola LaRay to win title in 1962. Right: Karen wearing championship belt after beating LaRay. Above: Her powerful, perfectly proportioned body is captured in this photo study.

smashes, her belly-busting dropkicks. At one point, she clamped a full nelson on Karen and almost tore her arms off. Twice La Ray threw her out of the ring with airplane spins. Karen was getting the beating of her life, but, doggedly, she kept coming back.

Two more body slams and a dropkick by La Ray almost made her the new champion, but then the furious pace began to take its toll on Lola.

Karen got her second wind and snapped back like a tigress. In quick succession, she applied a hammerlock, a bendover toe-hold, a headlock and a couple of body slams. Lola didn't get up from that last body slam because Karen was pressing both her shoulders to the mat. Karen Kellogg was the new lightweight champion of the world.

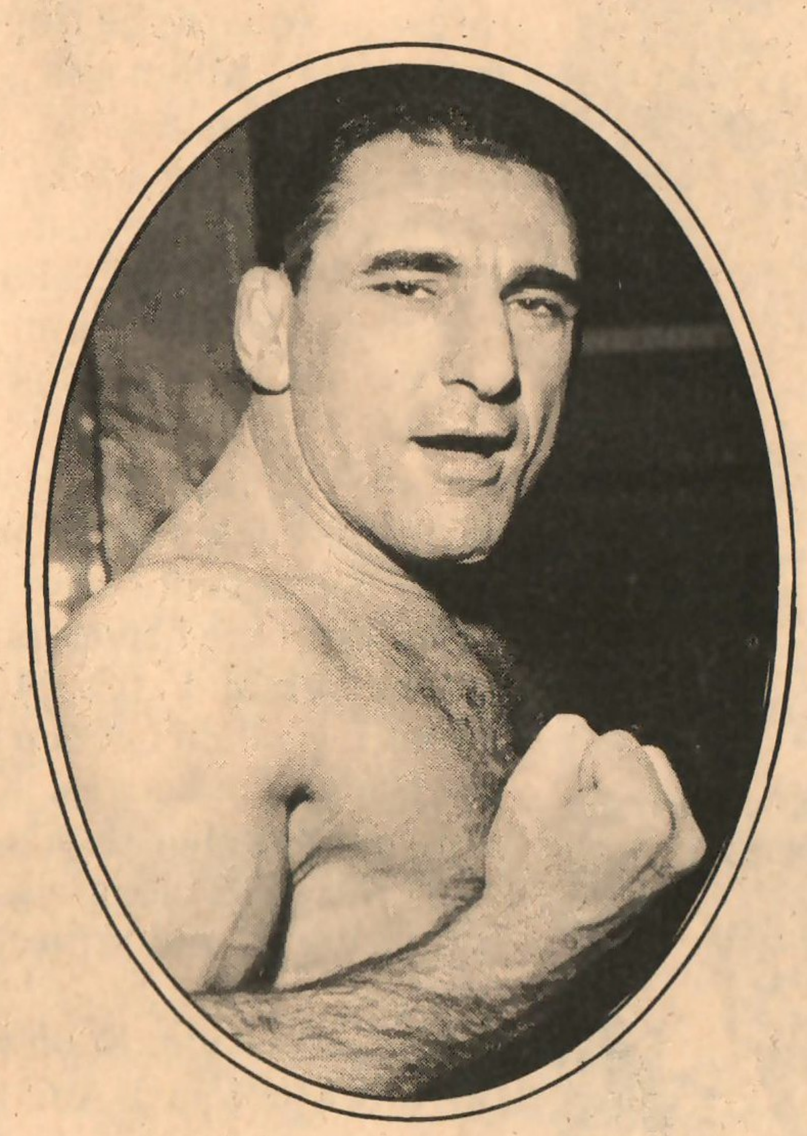
The crowd almost blew the roof off the Municipal Auditorium as they cheered the pretty little blonde who had won their hearts.

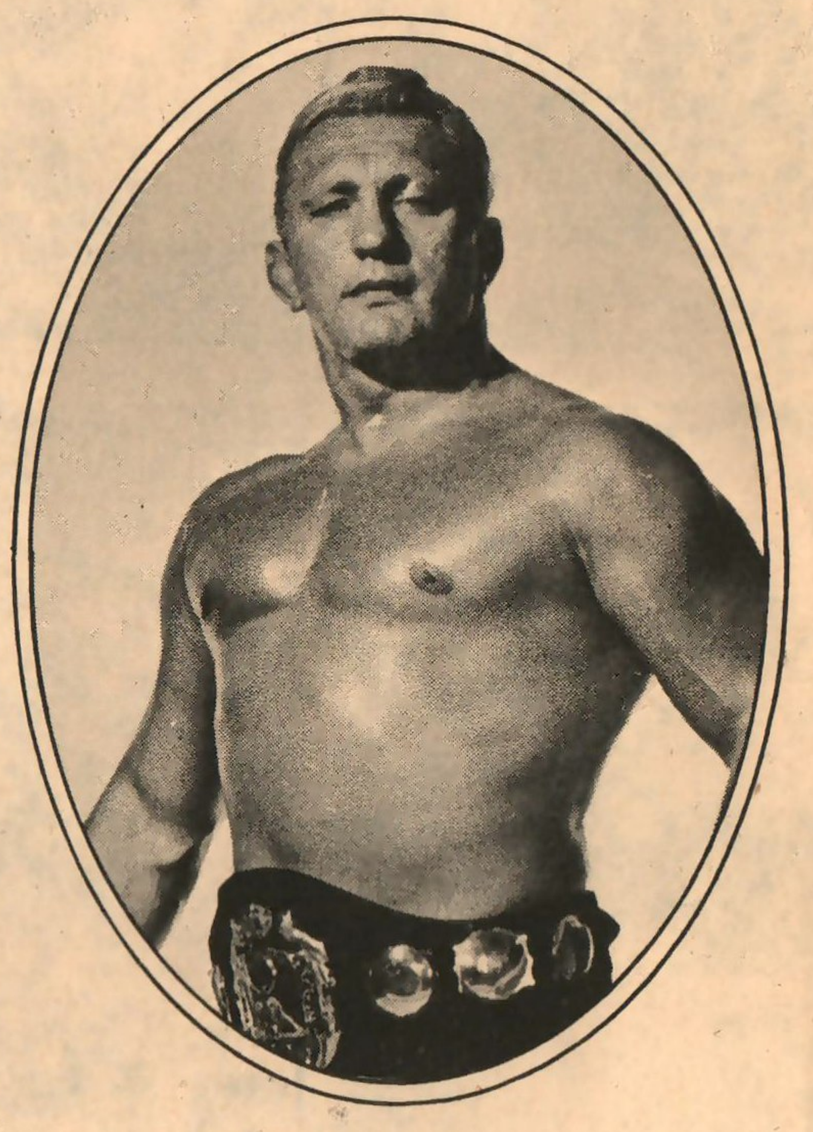
Karen's enthusiasm for wrestling became greater than ever. Her daughterly affection for Billy Wolfe knew no bounds. She bought him presents, saw to it that he took care of himself and showed her gratitude in a thousand other ways to the man who was her teacher and friend.

Maybe that's the answer to the mystery of Karen's sudden disappearance after Billy's death. That great heart of hers which had catapulted her to a championship, just couldn't carry on without the man who had made it all possible. Maybe that is why she quit wrestling and seemed to vanish into thin air.

But wherever you are, Karen, we hope you've found a new love, a new enthusiasm to carry in that great big heart of yours. □

GREATEST BOUTS OF THE CENTURY





THE THIRD TITLE BOUT

Between

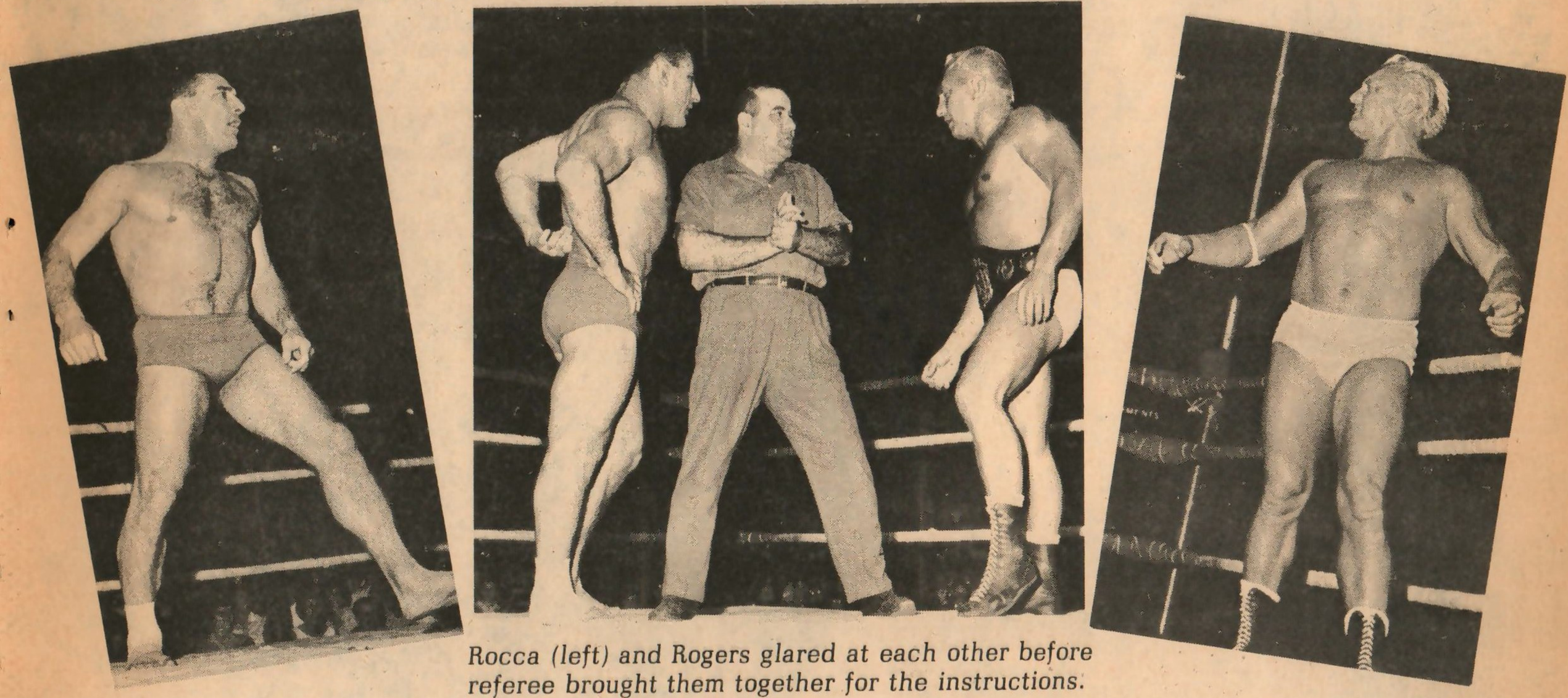
Antonino ROCCA ***and*** ***Buddy ROGERS***

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS ***AUGUST 18, 1961***

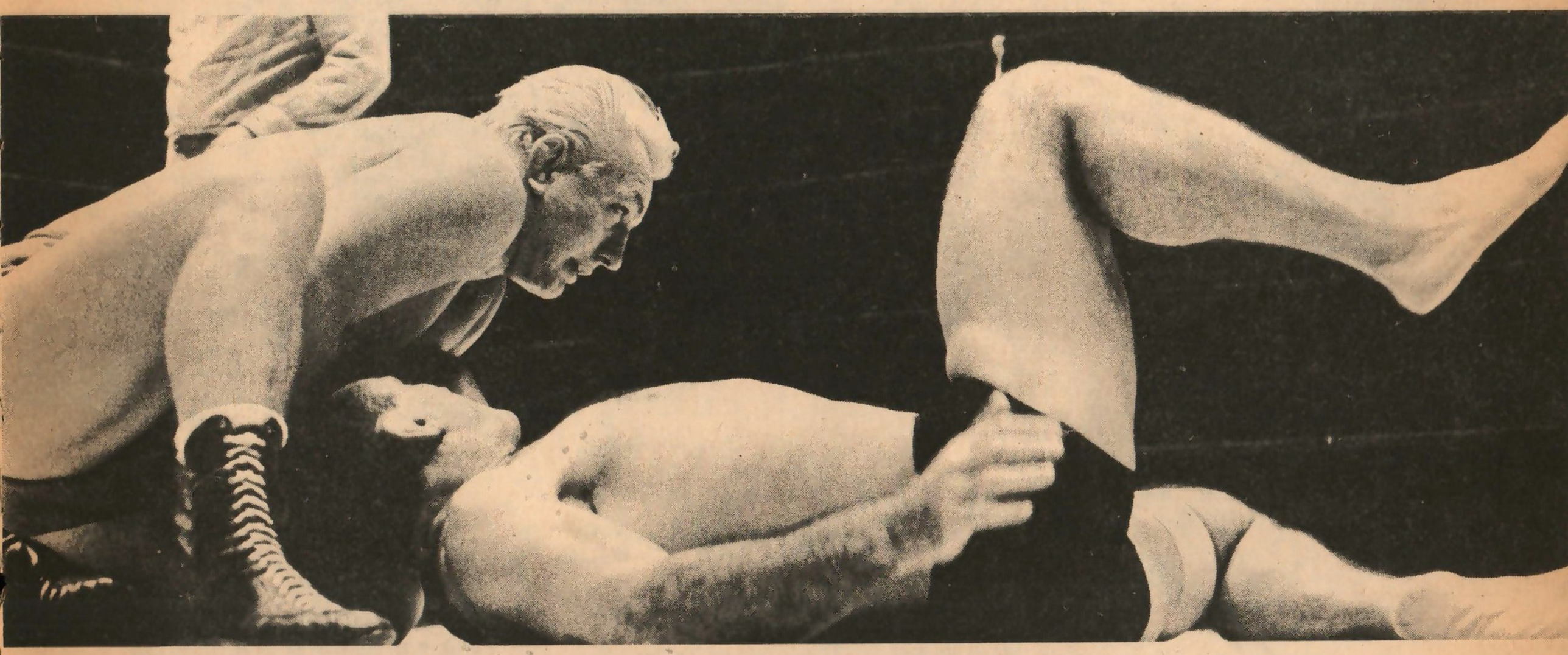
SOUVENIR PROGRAM

(First of a New Series)

THEY WRESTLED A TOTAL OF SEVEN TIMES, AND THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD HUNG IN THE BALANCE EACH TIME. BUT IT WAS THEIR MATCH IN CHICAGO THAT WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS ONE OF THE GREATEST WRESTLING BOUTS OF ALL TIME



Rocca (left) and Rogers glared at each other before referee brought them together for the instructions.

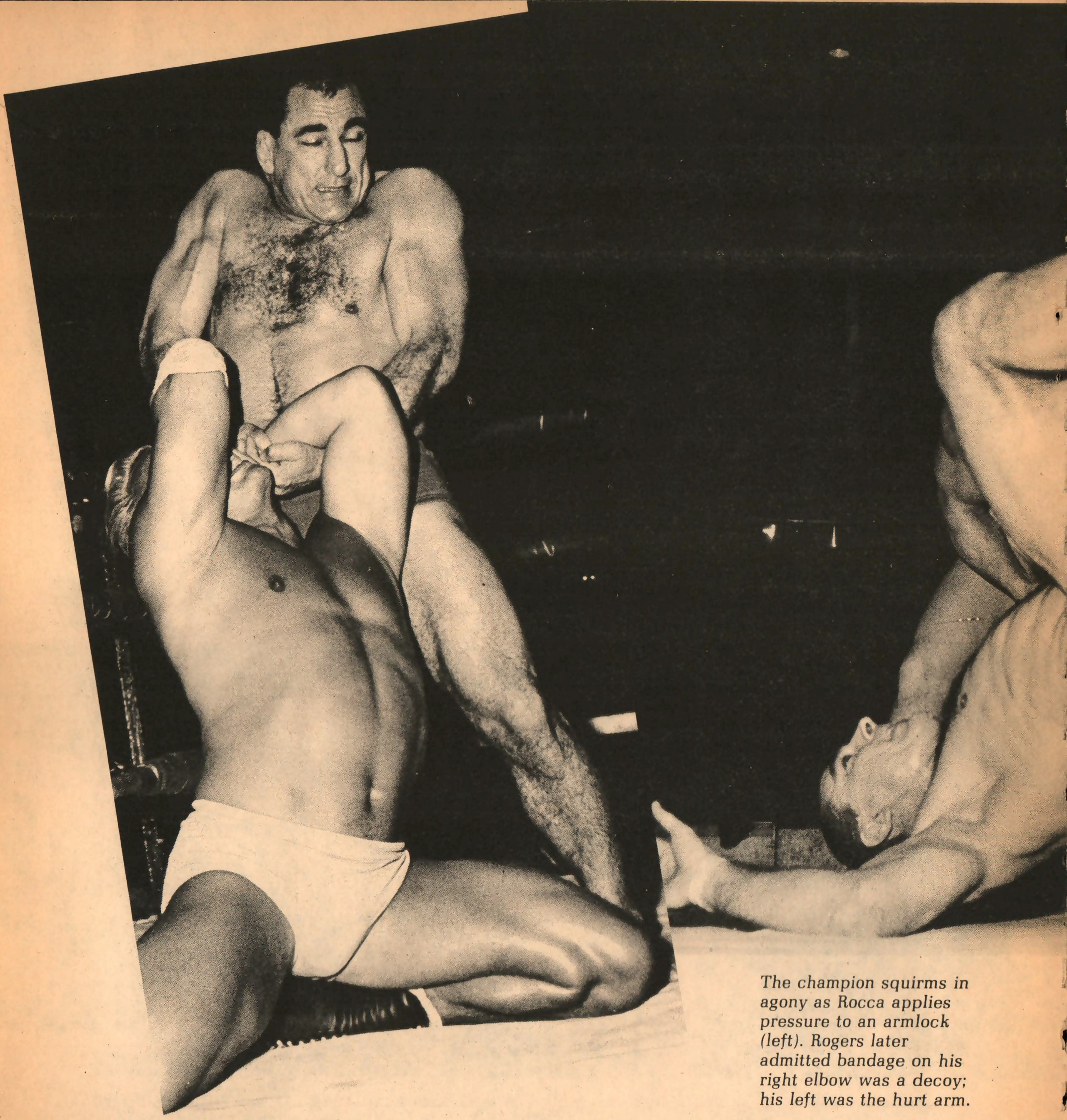


Seconds after the opening bell, Rogers brought Rocca to the mat with an armlock. But Buddy didn't retain his hold long as Rocca, with a series of leg bursts, easily broke free to crowd's delight.

THERE WAS ALWAYS bitterness between Buddy Rogers and Antonino Rocca. In fact, it can be traced as far back as 1946, when Rocca first came to the United States. Rogers was the big gun around New York at the time, but when Rocca unloosed his dazzling flying circus, Buddy was quickly shoved into the background.

Now Rocca was the big gun, because he was the only wrestler who attracted turnaway crowds and he was the only wrestler whose picture they put in the papers. Never before had a professional wrestler taken over the business so completely — or so quickly.

Rogers was a better wrestler than Rocca, and he had abundant color, that undefinable quality which makes a star. But Rocca

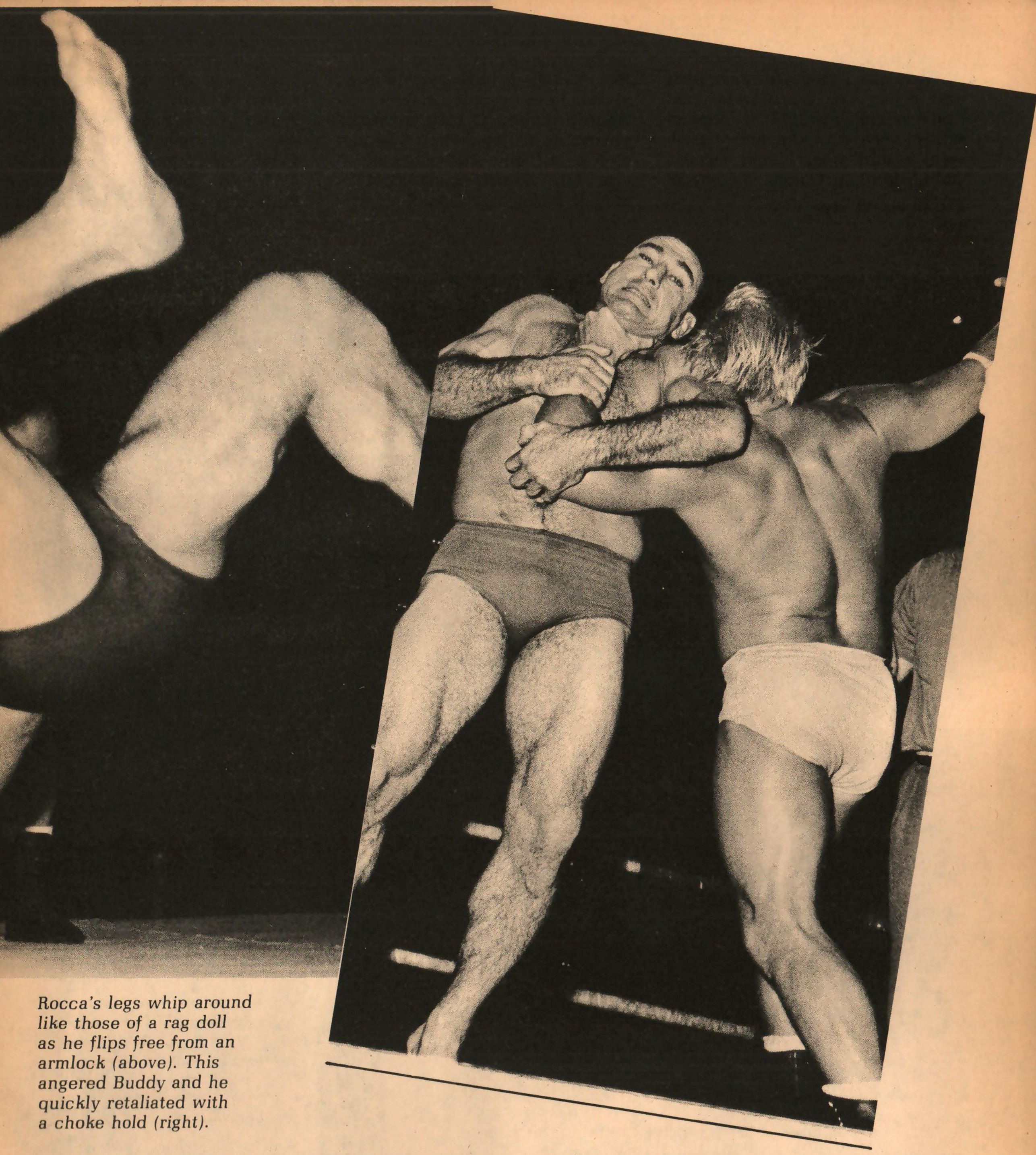


The champion squirms in agony as Rocca applies pressure to an armlock (left). Rogers later admitted bandage on his right elbow was a decoy; his left was the hurt arm.

was so completely different from anything the American public had ever seen that he hypnotized them with his astonishing agility.

Rogers tried to counter by adding new holds to his already vast repertoire, and he spent a small fortune on a complete new wardrobe full of gaudy, sequined jackets. But nothing Buddy did could slow the Rocca steamroller. Finally Rogers, in disgust, left the New York area for the mid-west. But the day he flew out of La-Guardia Airport for Chicago, Buddy told his closest friend, who had come to see him off, "Rocca is just a showboat. He won't last because he is not a wrestler. He is an acrobat, and people will pay only just so long to see an acrobat."

There was no bitterness in Rogers' voice, but the friend who had come to see him off knew how much Buddy's pride had been hurt by his forced departure from



Rocca's legs whip around like those of a rag doll as he flips free from an armlock (above). This angered Buddy and he quickly retaliated with a choke hold (right).

the scene of his brightest glory.

So Rocca and Rogers went their separate ways. Buddy was wrong in his prediction that Antonino wouldn't last long as a wrestler. Today, almost 20 years later, people are still paying to see Rocca wind his famous feet around an opponent's head and send him catapulting through the air.

The world championship somehow always eluded Rocca, but not Rogers. Buddy went on to become a great champion who defended his title against all comers —including Antonino Rocca.

"How many times did you wrestle Rocca?" we asked Rogers recently.

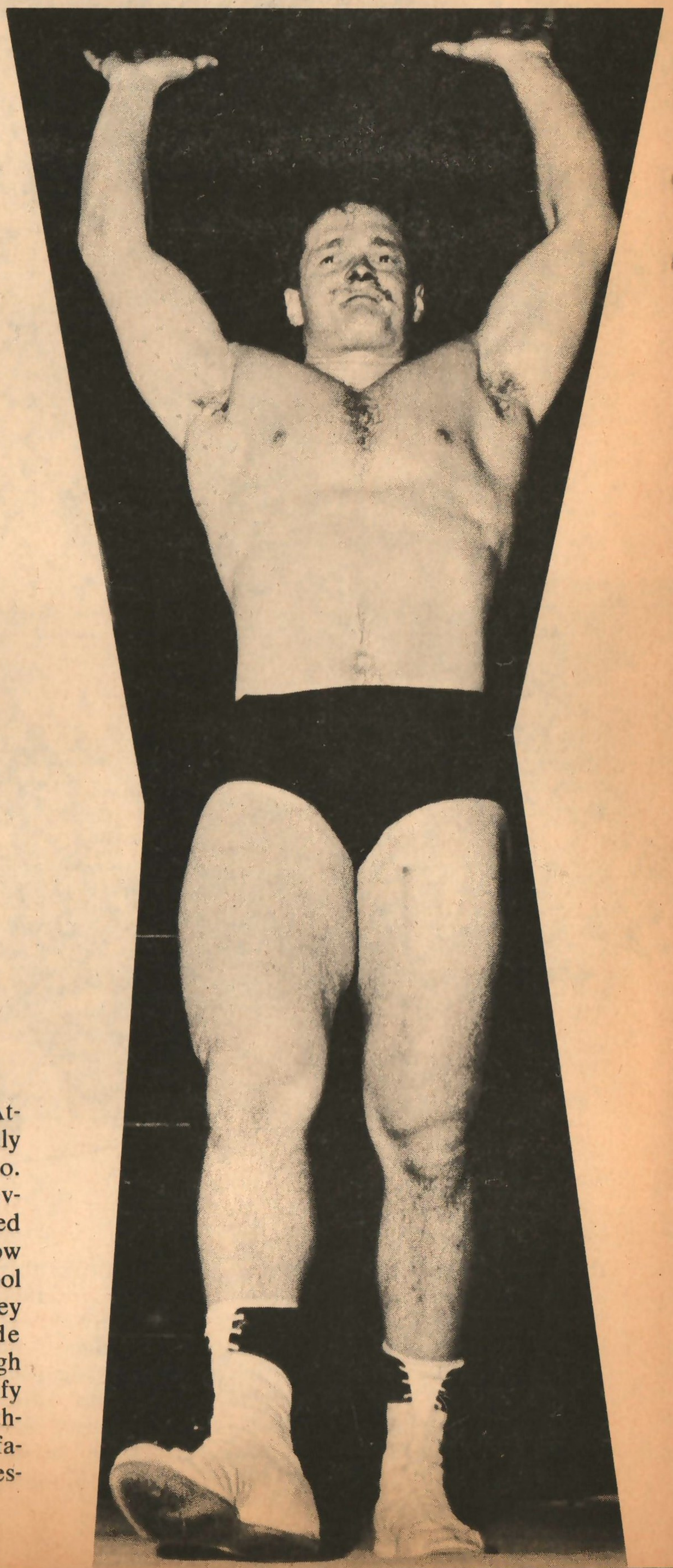
Buddy thought a few moments, then said, "As best I can remember, seven times. We had a few matches in Madison Square Garden. I remember it was in the Garden that I gave him a piledriver. I thought I had killed him.

(Continued on page 57)

The one thing every wrestler who wears a mask fears most is being unmasked. And for good reason—once his identity is revealed, he loses his mystic and with it his box office appeal. The only case on record in which a man was stripped of his mask but still retained his appeal happened to an extraordinary wrestler who called himself The Professional. Here is his intriguing story . . .

"I'M GLAD I DON'T NEED A MASK ANYMORE"

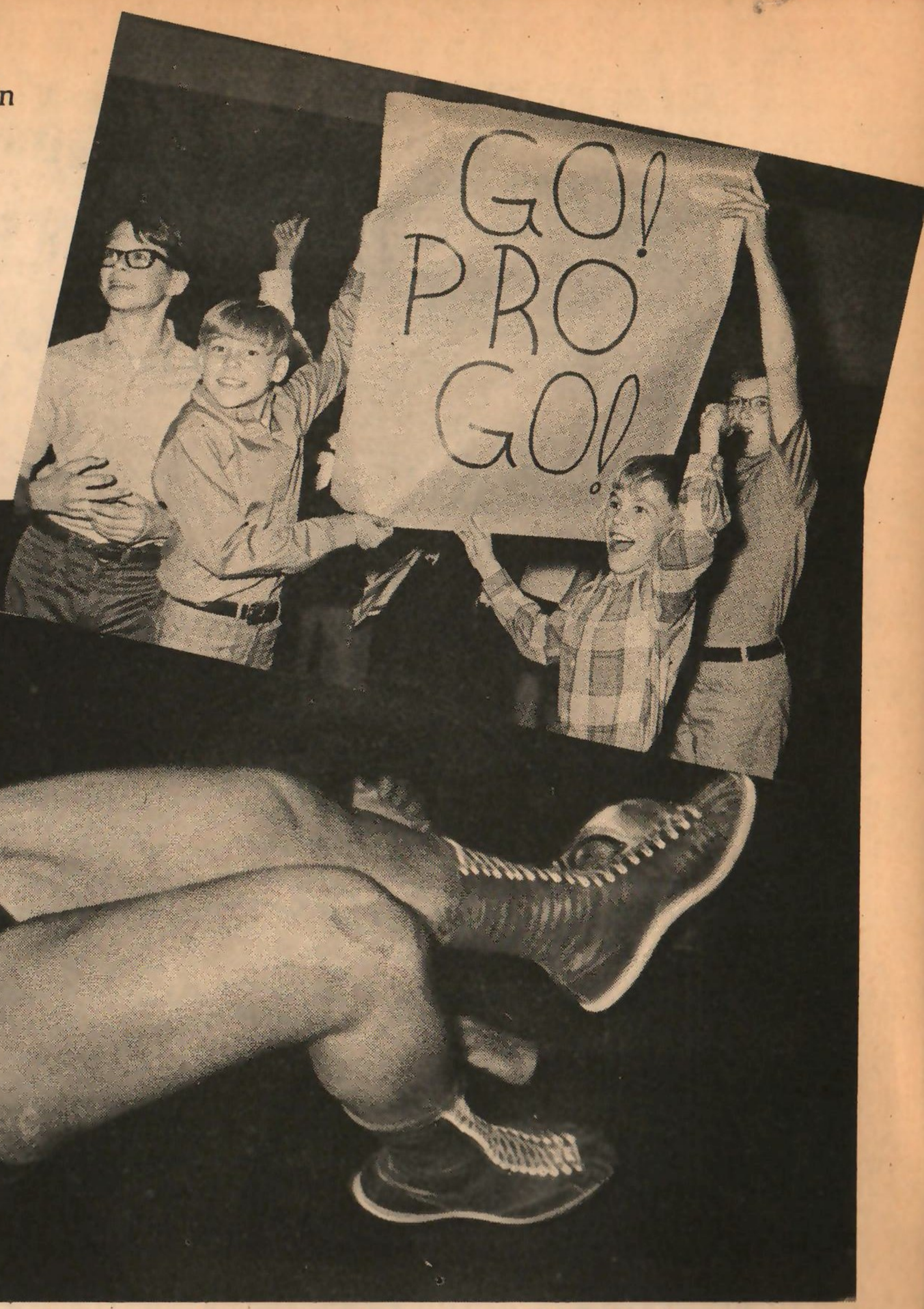
Says Doug (The Pro) Gilbert



WRESTLING FANS IN Atlanta, Georgia, were truly puzzled. Although pleasantly so. They don't claim to have seen every top professional in the United States, but they feel they know all of them. Like dyed-in-the-wool wrestling fans everywhere, they read The Wrestler and Inside Wrestling. They know enough about every top pro to identify him solely by his style, his methods of attack and defense, his favorite holds, his facial expres-

sions, and what he looks like. And if he wears a mask, they can identify him by his physique.

But they didn't recognize The Professional. One of the speediest, most scientific and strongest wrestlers ever to appear in Atlanta, he was obviously a seasoned pro. His dazzling aerial attack reminded fans of a young Argentina Rocca. But he wasn't Rocca.



When Gilbert, again displaying his remarkable agility by delivering this high dropkick at The Assassin, his army of young fans went wild. The group of boys (right) hoisted a sign which read: "Go! Pro, Go!"

His knowledge of holds matched Verne Gagne's. But he was too young to be Gagne. He had the magnificent physique of Dick Steinborn, the strength of Bill Miller. But he was obviously neither of these either.

He had burst upon the Atlanta wrestling scene like a shooting star, putting together a series of dazzling wins over Atlanta's top stars and winning the Georgia heavyweight championship from Paul De Marco.

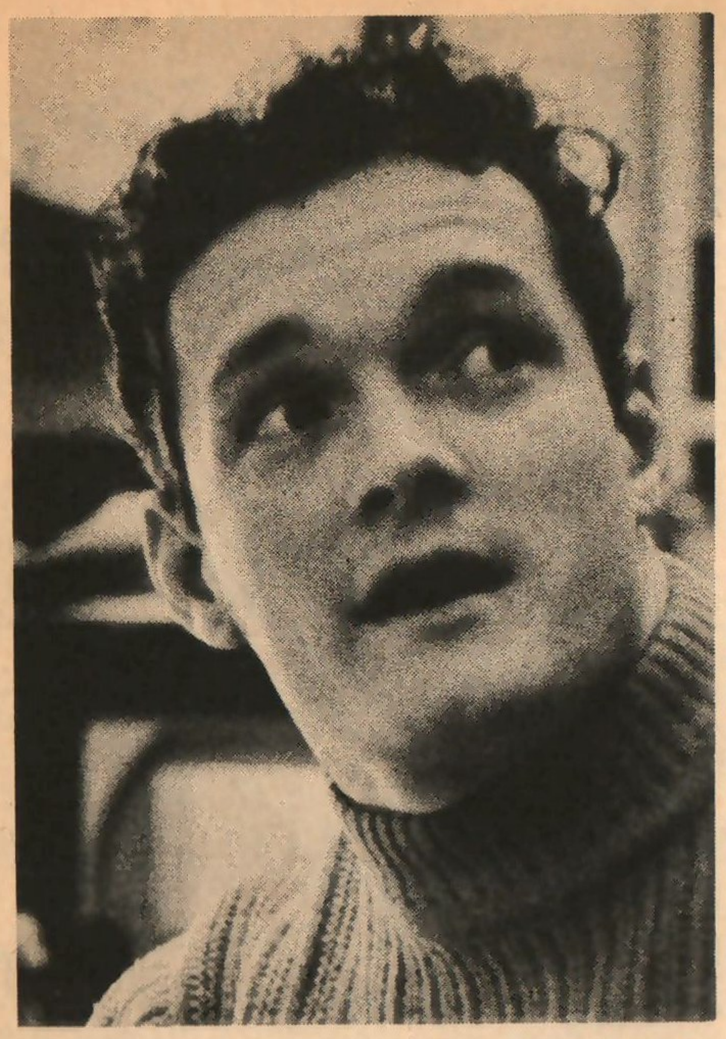
The fans loved The Professional and turned out in droves whenever he wrestled. They held private contests and made bets among themselves as to who he was. But he remained a man of mystery.

One of the truths which governs a good box office attraction is that a masked wrestler never reveal his identity. The record proves that once a man who wears a mask is unmasked, his mystique—and hence his drawing power—goes down the drain. He becomes just another face lost in the crowd. Thus everytime a masked wrestler steps into the ring he has a lot more to lose than a wrestler who wears no mask.

For this reason, Atlanta fans were startled when promoter Paul Jones announced a handicap match between The Professional and a pair of masked maniacs called The Assassins. Think of it, *all* of them would be masked, and their main objective would be to unmask the other! Something would have to give in a match like this. And it did!

The Assassins had with them their protege, Paul De Marco. The Professional was backed up by the Torres Brothers. But, despite everything The Professional and the Torres Brothers could do, and even though the match ended in a draw, Assassin Number 1, finally succeeded in tearing off The Professional's mask!

Few at ringside could instantly identify him, for he had never wrestled without a mask in Atlanta. But the more knowledgeable fans, recognized him at once. They had seen his photographs many times. He was Doug Gilbert, a fine young star who had



earned his original reputation in the Middle West. Doug had mysteriously disappeared from his favorite Midwestern haunts some months before, causing much speculation there as to his whereabouts.

Gilbert had not been the top drawing card in Midwest wrestling, but he wasn't very far down the line. With Dick Steinborn, he had held the World's tag-team championship. Why then did he go South? Curious ourselves, we followed Doug to his dressing room after the match and asked him.

"Why the big disguise, Doug? What made you come here and start a whole new career under a different name? Is the sheriff after you?"

Doug Gilbert smiled his boyish grin. "No big mystery," he said. "Just something commonplace as Green Power. Money, to you!"

"But you were making a good buck back home." we said. "Down here you could get lynched, now that they know you're a Yankee."

Doug grinned again, "Maybe. But I'm betting they won't. As you say, I was doing okay in the Midwest. But I figured I could do much better someplace else. So I came here, put on a mask and took a new name. I've made more money than I ever made before."

"Wrestling as the masked Professional, I had no real identity"

"Until The Assassins spoiled it for you," we said. "Now what kind of drawing card will you be?"

For the first time, Doug looked worried. "This will be the big test," he said. "I couldn't make it really big back home without being different. Now, we'll see whether I can do it here. I'm betting I can!"

Another who was betting Doug could do it was promoter Paul Jones. "I believe Doug can make good here in Atlanta without a mask," Jones said. "And to show my confidence in his drawing power, I'm putting Doug and the Torres Brothers back in a return match next week against the Assassins and Paul De Marco. If a truly great athlete like Doug Gilbert can't make it on his own as a straight wrestler, without any gimmicks, then there's something seriously wrong with wrestling. In that case, I'll give up promoting!"

The Assassins agreed to the rematch, although reluctantly. And soon after the opening bell, before a capacity crowd, it became apparent why. The knew Gilbert would try his hardest to unmask them, so they refused to face him, tagging Paul De Marco whenever Doug climbed into the ring to relieve the Torres Brothers.

To counteract that cowardly strategy, Doug and the Torres boys took turns giving the exhausted De Marco a vicious battering in hopes of forcing The Assassins into action. But everytime poor De Marco looked pleading at his partners, who were standing safely on the ring apron, they turned away their heads.

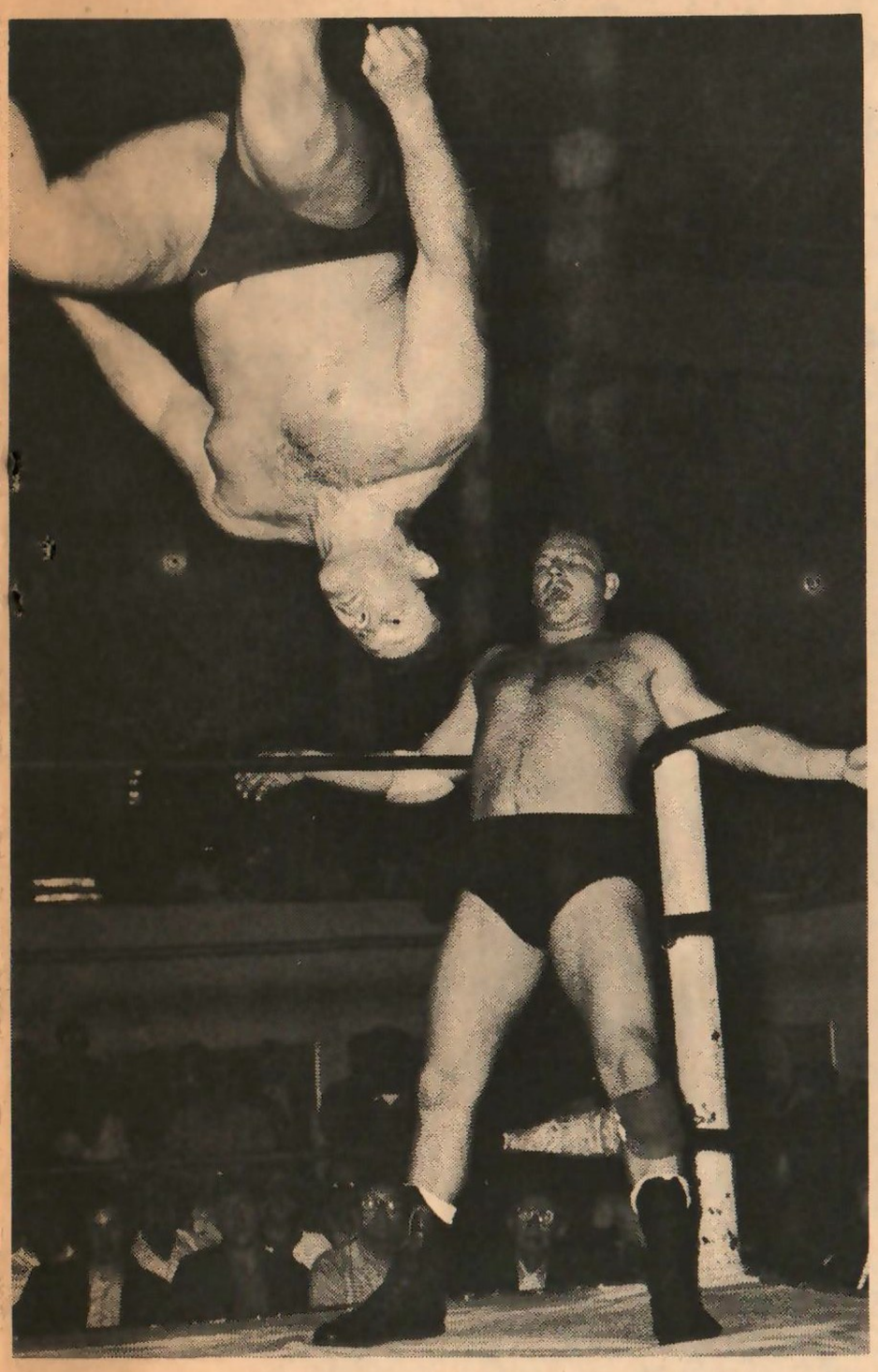
At one point, Gilbert released De Marco from a headlock, walked over to the ring ropes and

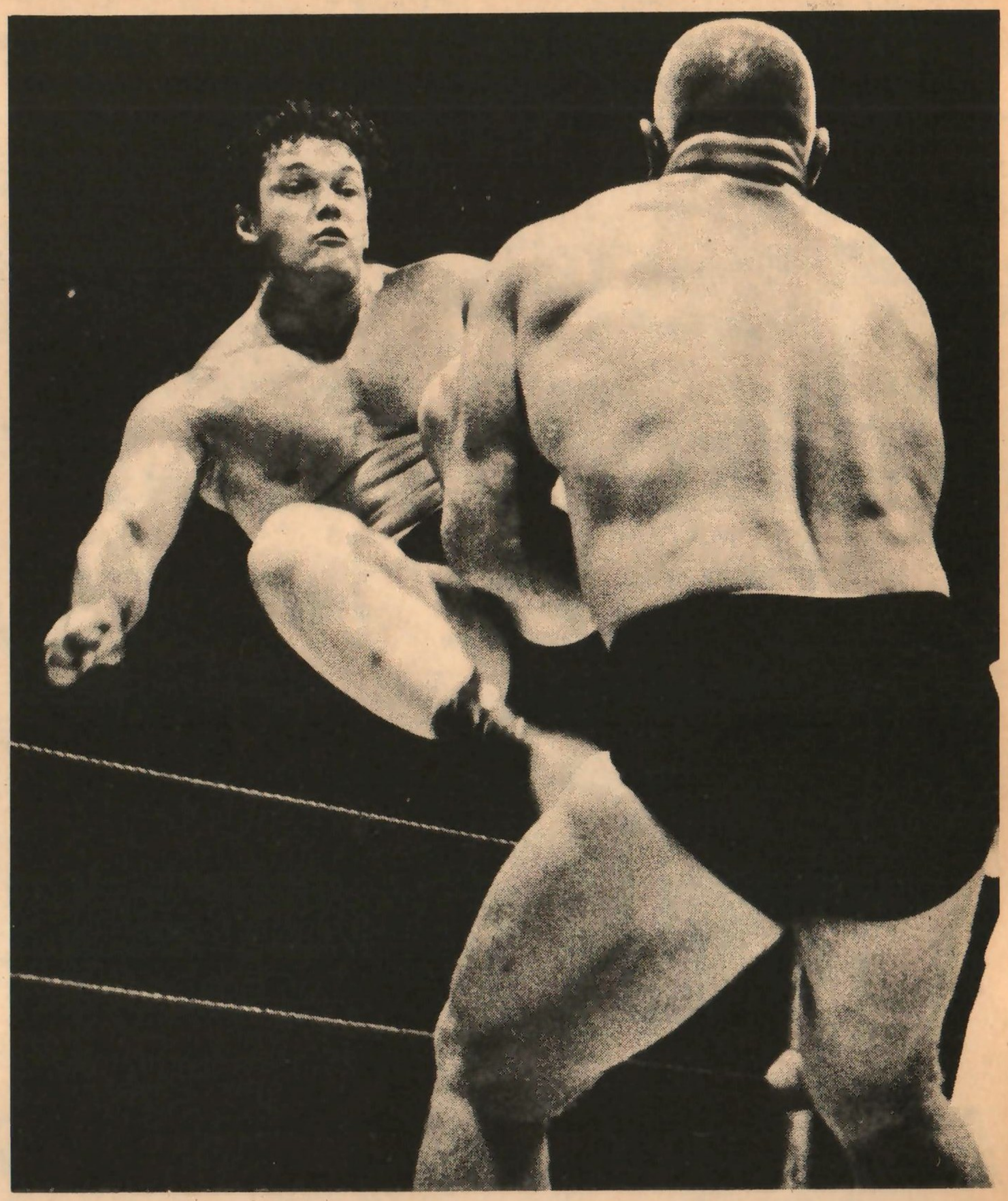
After winning his first bout in Atlanta without a mask, Doug said, "It felt good to be rid of that damned thing on my face."

slapped Assassin Number 1 in the face. "You're yellow!" Gilbert yelled. "And contemptible for letting DeMarco take this kind of beating. To hell with what you think about me, at least show a little loyalty to your own partner!"

The crowd cheered Gilbert madly and hissed The Assassins. At this point, it was later revealed, Assassin Number 1 realized that their refusal to battle it out with Gilbert, while at the same time not lifting a finger to help their own partner, could damage their reputation even more than being unmasked. So, with great reluctance, Assassin Number 1 climbed slowly into the ring to meet Gilbert's attack.

That attack exploded even before the masked man could get





Above: Gilbert executes full somersult in mid-air before attacking Paul DeMarco. Right: Doug's deadly dropkick explodes.

Doug's wife, a wrestler herself (Kay Noble), was delighted when Doug stopped wearing a mask.

both feet into the ring. Doug abandoned his usual clean tactics to rip and tear The Assassin until his mask hung in shreds. But his face remained unidentified because Doug had transformed it into a mask of blood so thick that it completely hid his features.

At this point, Assassin Number 2 came to his partner's rescue. Alberto Torres wanted to relieve Gilbert, but Doug waved him out of the ring. "Let me have this one, too," he said.

Within a few minutes, Assassin Two was just as bloodied as Assassin One. It would have been a snap for Gilbert to take the fall, but instead, and as a public gesture of appreciation to his partners, he called for Alberto to come into the ring and deliver the pin. Doug (The Professional) Gilbert had his revenge, and it tasted so sweet.

Better still, the Atlanta faithful roared their approval. They hoisted the smiling Gilbert up on their shoulders and carried him up the aisle with the same enthusiasm they would have carried the first man to walk on the moon.

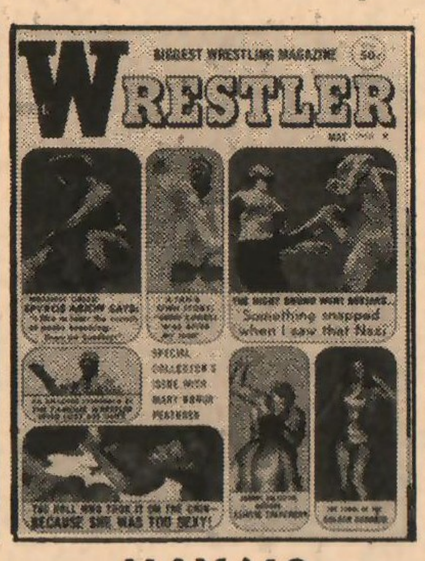
If Doug or promoter Paul Jones ever had any doubts about whether Atlanta fans would really appreciate the work of a brilliant wrestler, it was disproved in the weeks ahead. Whenever "The Professional" wrestles these days, he leaves his mask at home. And the gates keep getting bigger .

Said the happy Gilbert during a recent interview with our reporter, "Who needs a mask?" □

BACK ISSUES

THE WRESTLER

FEB/68



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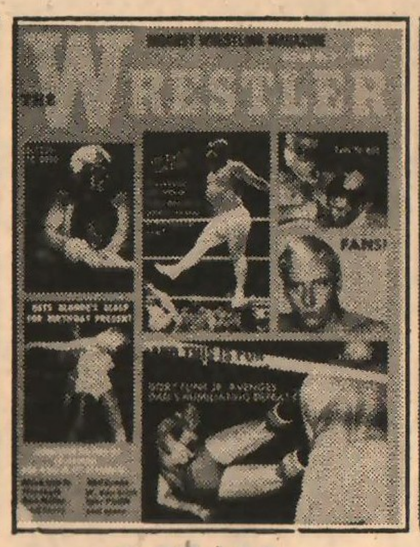

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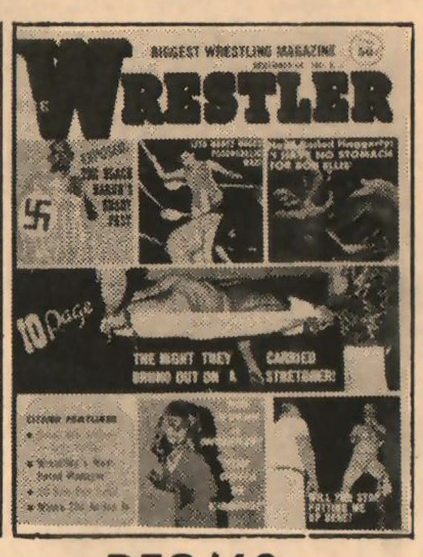

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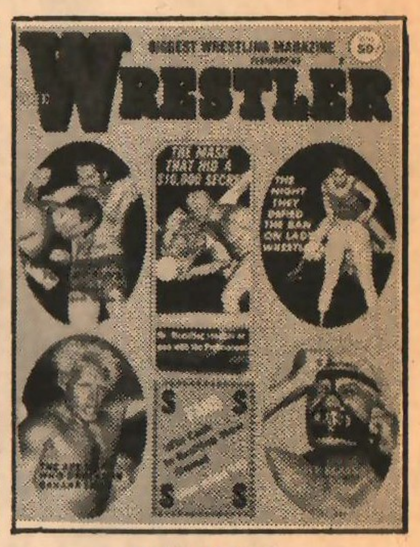

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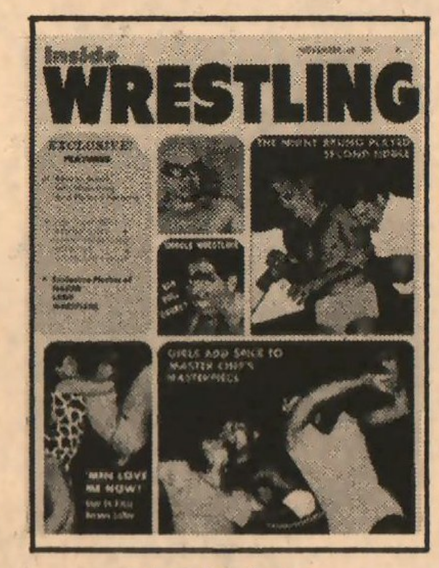

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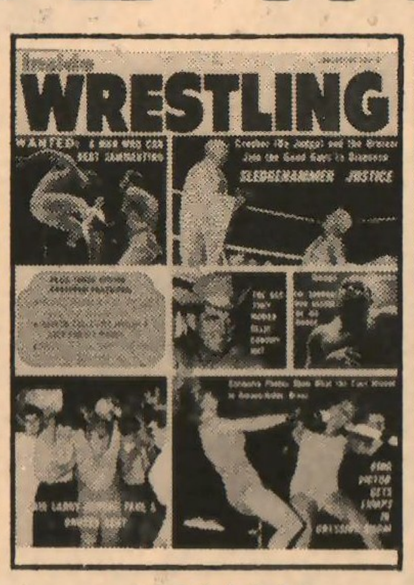

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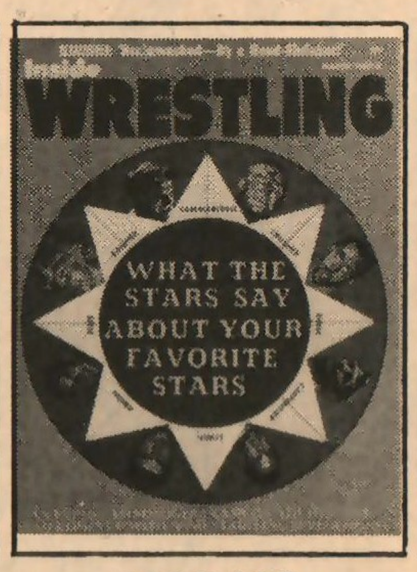

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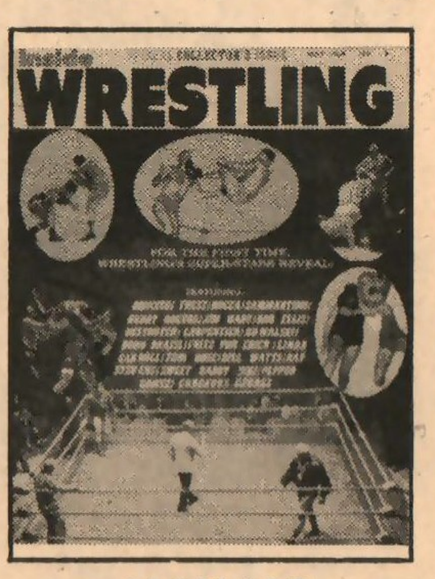

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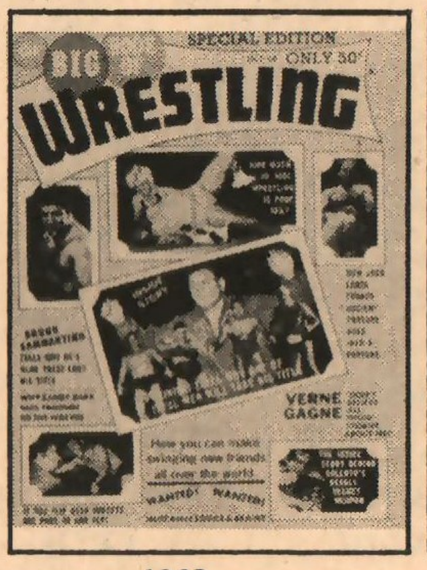

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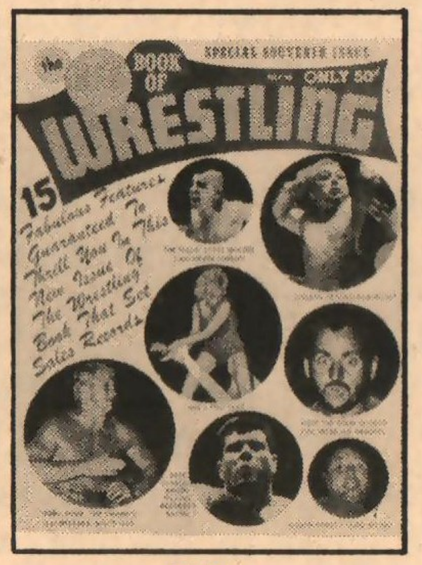

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* *

JOHNNY VALENTINE:

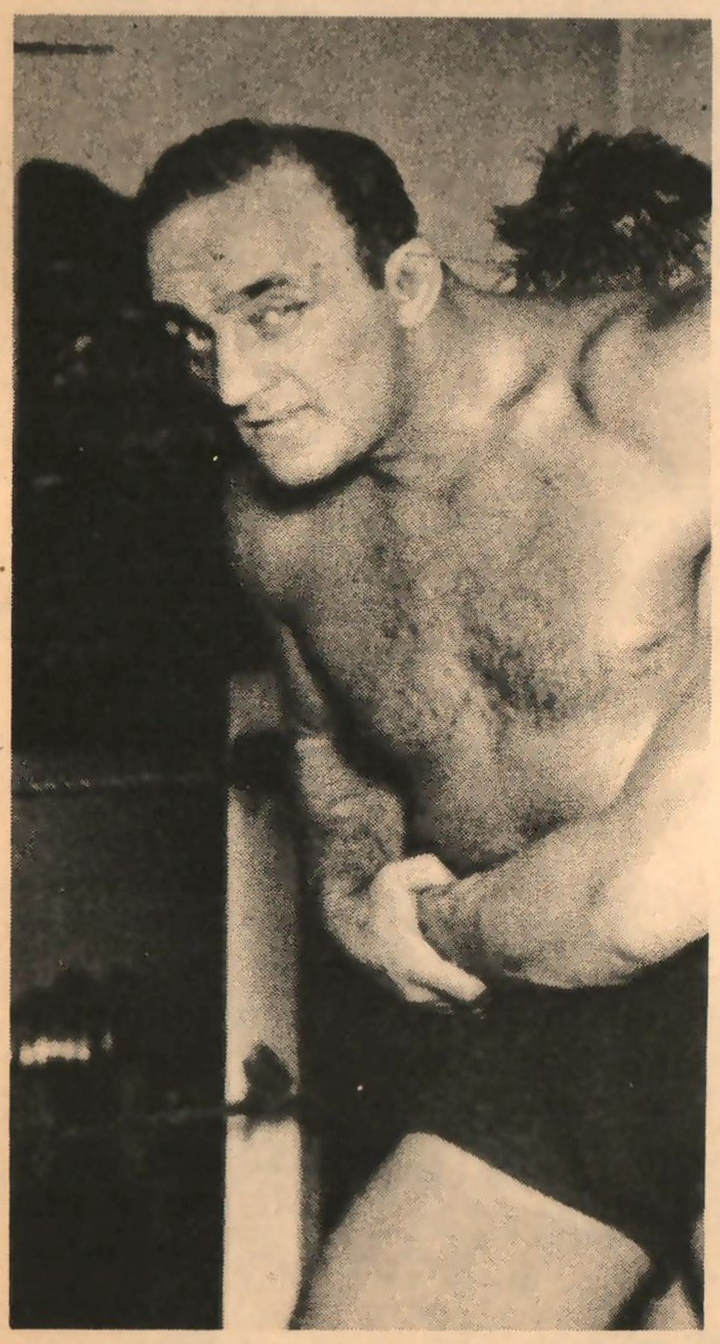
THIS IS YOUR LIFE!

The Heart Warming Story of a Great Career

JOHNNY VALENTINE, this is your life:

"You were born John Theodore Wisniski, on September 19, 1929, in Hobart, Washington, to Ida and Theodore Wisniski. Your parents were of Polish origin, and your father was a building contractor. It was not until you had been wrestling professionally for several years that you legally changed your name to Johnny Valentine.

"When you were still in diapers, your family moved to Renton, Washington, where you grew up in the shadow of the booming metropolis of Seattle. You, your father and mother and three sisters —Virginia, Frances and Gladys— were very devoted to each other. As the only son in the family, you were naturally protective towards your sisters, and you were prone to beating up any boy who used foul language in their presence. As a teenager, you often went so far as to go along on their dates with your sisters, as chaperon. Because you were always so big and so strong, nobody dared get fresh with the Valentine girls.



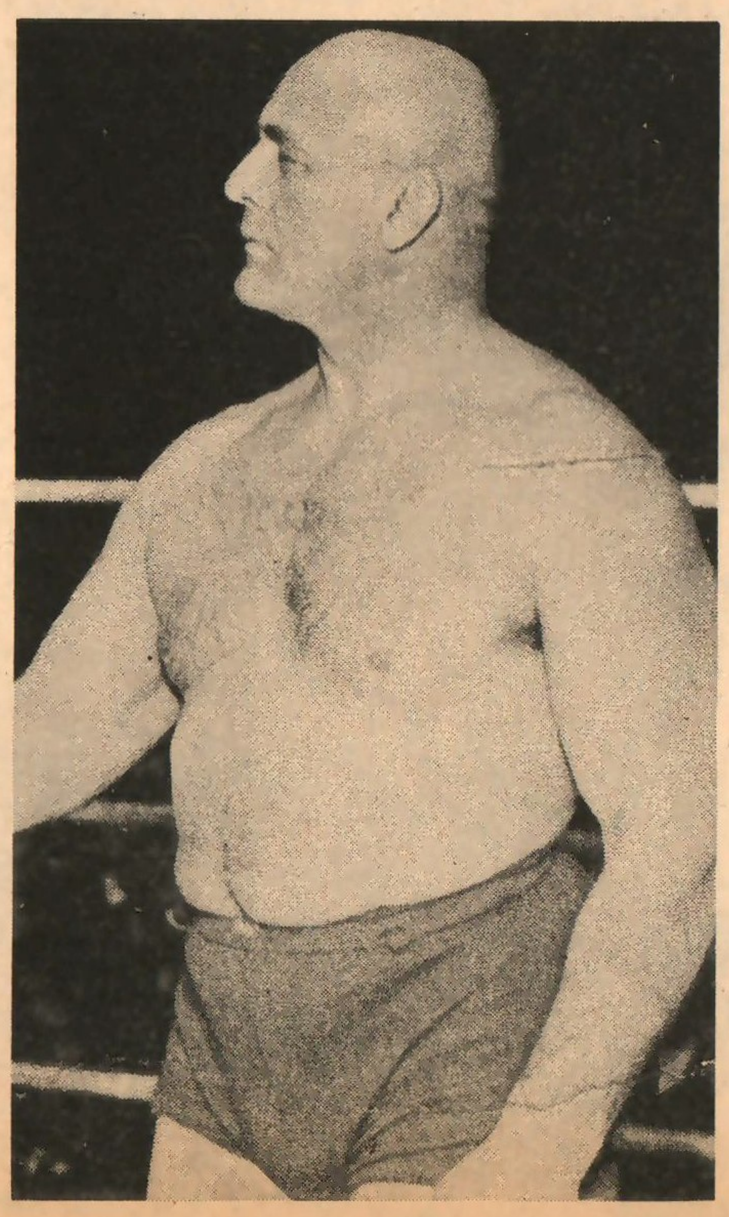
The famous Zbyszko brothers, Wladek (above) and Stanislaus (right), are responsible for recognizing Valentine's talent and molding him into a star.

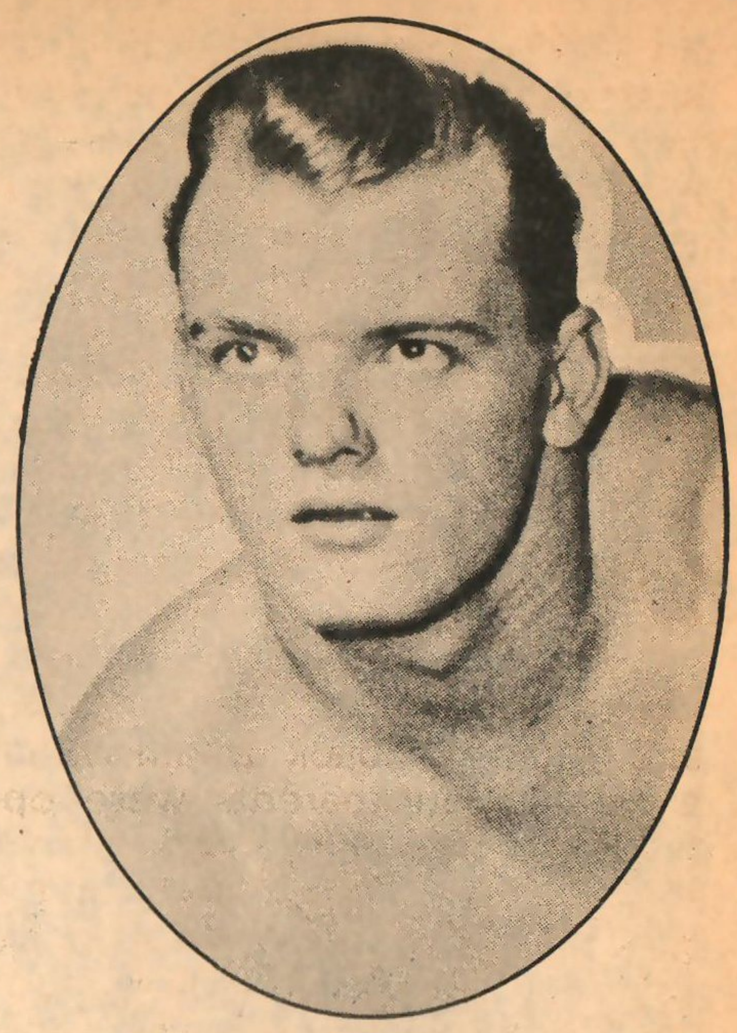
"You played fullback on the Renton High School football team. You also broke records throwing the discus and putting the shot. In the classroom, you were especially good at mathematics and science, and you planned to go on to college and study electrical engineering. Because of your unusual size and strength, you were certain to receive an athletic scholarship.

"You had started to workout regularly in the Seattle YMCA gym. It was there you became interested in boxing. Remember how good you were with your fists, Johnny? Remember how your friends even persuaded you to become a boxer?

"You proved them right, Johnny. As an amateur, you won eight straight fights, all by knockouts! You were so impressive that some of the country's leading boxing managers wooed you and tried to get you to sign professional contracts. They said you had the ability to become heavyweight boxing champion of the world, and that you would be a millionaire before you were 25 years old. You liked what you heard. It was very flattering to be told you would become another Jack Dempsey or Joe Louis or Rocky Marciano.

"But you weren't sure, Johnny.





Valentine as he looked soon after making his pro debut.

Were you? You weren't sure boxing was the sport you liked best.

"While you were trying to make up your mind, something happened that snapped your thoughts into sharp focus. That was the day you were working out at the YMCA when you noticed a big man with a tremendous chest and cauliflower ears watching you. He watched you for more than an hour, then he lumbered over to you and introduced himself.

"He told you his name was Wladek Zbyszko, and that he was the brother of the greatest wrestler who ever lived, former world's heavyweight champion Stanislaus Zbyszko. He spoke with a heavy Polish accent, and he told you he was the promoter of professional wrestling in Seattle.

"Wladek Zbyszko told you that your body was very impressive, that you looked like you had great strength and that you moved 'with the grace of a killer she-lion.'

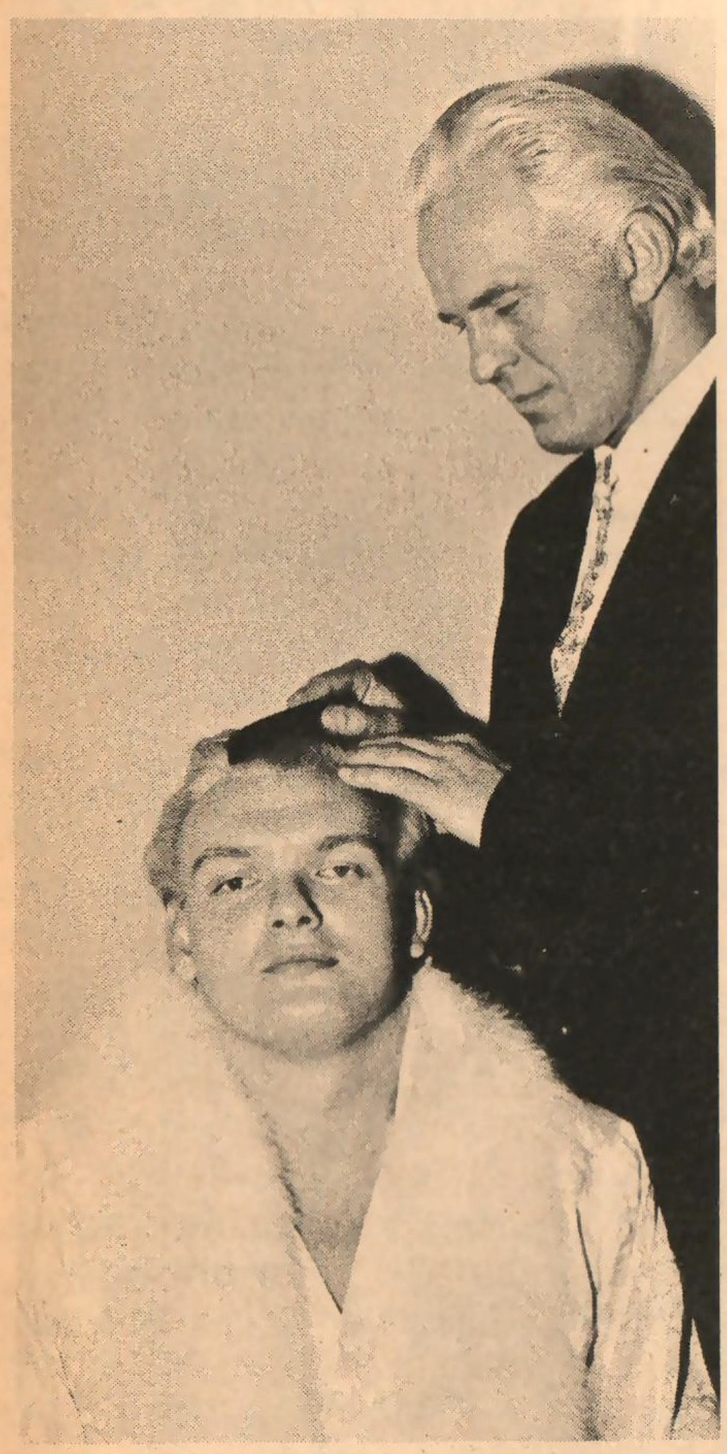
"Mr. Zbyszko didn't pull any words with you, Johnny. He told it to you like it was—straight! He told you he wanted to mold you into a professional wrestler—into a champion professional wrestler! He also warned you that the work would be back-breaking long before you ever had your first match, and that you would have to dedicate your life to the sport.

"The threat of back-breaking work didn't scare you, Johnny,

did it? You had fooled around a little on the wrestling mat, but you had thought of wrestling merely as good exercise, never as a career. Your first instinct was to tell Mr. Zbyszko, 'Thanks, but I'm not interested, sir.' But you didn't. You didn't because he had made a tremendous impression on you. You were awed by the way he looked and the way he talked. 'This,' you thought to yourself, 'is a Man!'

"You told Zbyszko you wanted to talk it over with your parents, and you'd get back to him within a week. Your parents were opposed to the idea. Understandably, they wanted you to go on to college and become an electrical engineer. But your father, who never tried to exert his will on his children, said, 'You're a big boy.

Valentine's golden hair stands straight up after he is jolted by Jack Pesek's knee-lift during 1960 bout at Omaha, Neb., which Johnny won.



In the late 1950's Valentine was managed by Chet Wallick. Above: Wallick combs Johnny's hair before a match. Right: Chet tells Johnny to ignore the boos after he was introduced to crowd in Chicago. When Valentine was shown these pictures he grinned and said, "What a horror that was."

You know what you want and I'm not going to stand in your way. It's your life, Johnny.'

"You phoned Mr. Zbyszko to tell him you have accepted his offer. You were surprised when he told you to pack your bag because you were going on a trip. You thought you would receive your training in Seattle, but Zbyszko said you were going to do your learning in St. Joseph, Missouri! 'I have a 600-acre farm in St. Joseph,' he said. 'It is the perfect place to live, to train and to learn. You are going to St. Joseph!'

"And you went. You not only went, Johnny, you stayed on that farm for over a year. There you were pushed out of bed at five o'clock every morning to start the day's back-breaking grind. You ran for miles before dawn, lifted weights, rode horses, plowed fields, fed the stock and loaded wagons. But every afternoon, from three until five, you were in a ring with either Wladek Zbyszko or his world famous brother, the great Stanislaus.

"Boy, did they teach you how to wrestle! They taught you in one year what it took them long lifetimes to learn. Because of their efforts, you have to be the best taught wrestler who ever lived, Johnny. And you owe it all to the Zbyszko brothers. Yes, we know you never forgot and that to this day you still give them full credit

for your success.

"When they thought you were ready for your first match, you were startled when they told you to pack your bags for another trip. You figured you would be going home to the State of Washington. Instead they said you were going to Buenos Aires, Argentina! And you went.

"On the night of October 14, 1947, at famous Luna Park Stadium in Buenos Aires, you made your professional wrestling debut by defeating the veteran Ed "Strangler" White with three booming body slams in less than ten minutes.

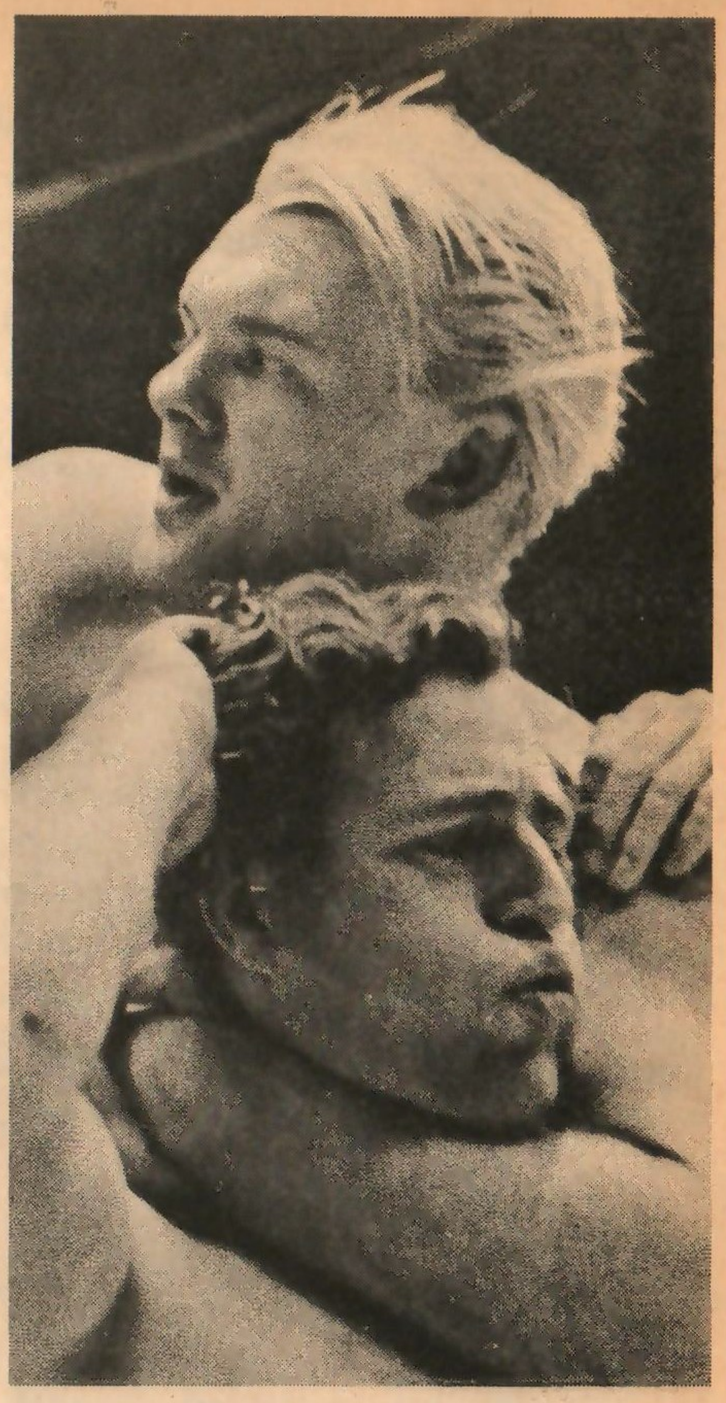
"You were on your way to fame and glory now, Johnny, although there were still many years ahead of hard work and disappointments before you blossomed into international stardom. But that is getting ahead of our story.

"While you were in Buenos Aires you broke your right leg during a match and a bad infection set in. You spent weeks in the hospital, and you thought you would be crippled for life when you got out. You were still on crutches when you pleaded with Wladek Zbyszko to get you another match. Wladek looked you squarely in the eye and said, 'Now I know you have what it takes, Johnny. Now I can tell you at last, you will be champion of the world someday.'

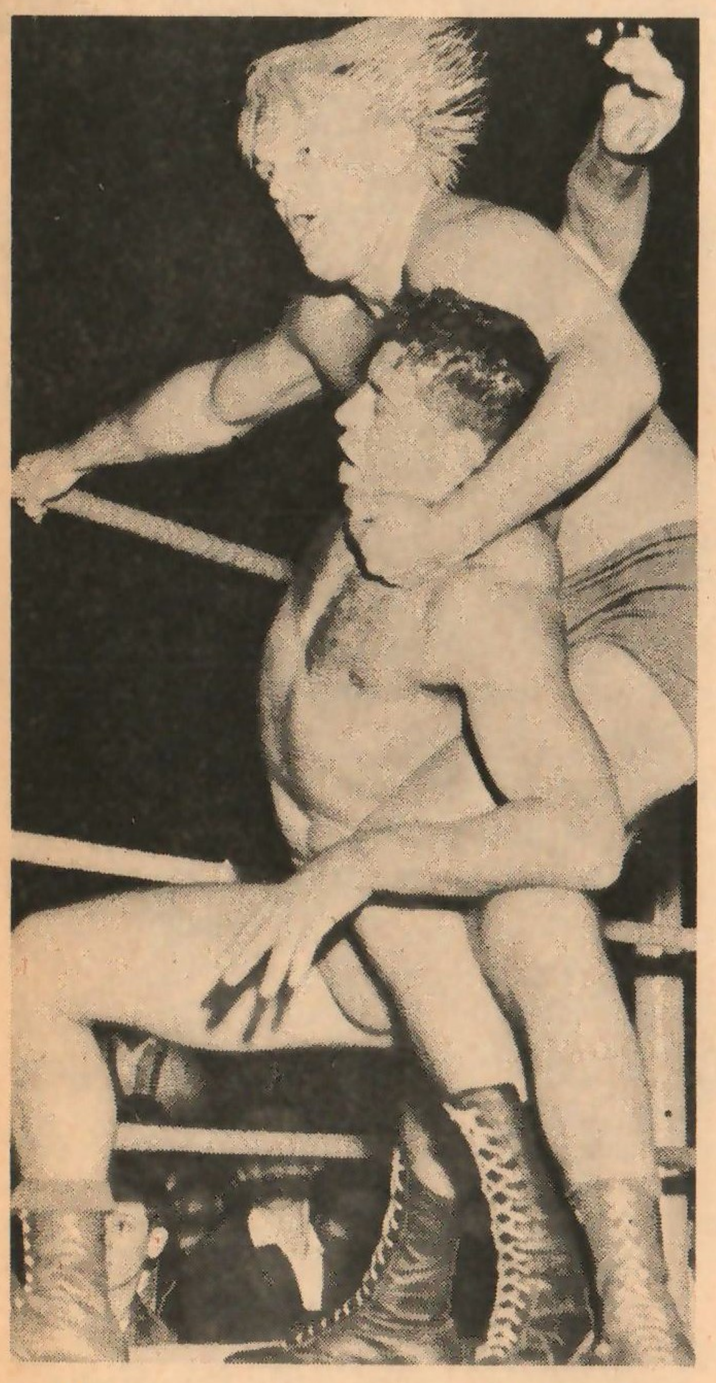
"Neither of the Zbyszko brothers, to whom you owe so much, Johnny, lived to see you achieve that ultimate goal, but their memory is still with you.

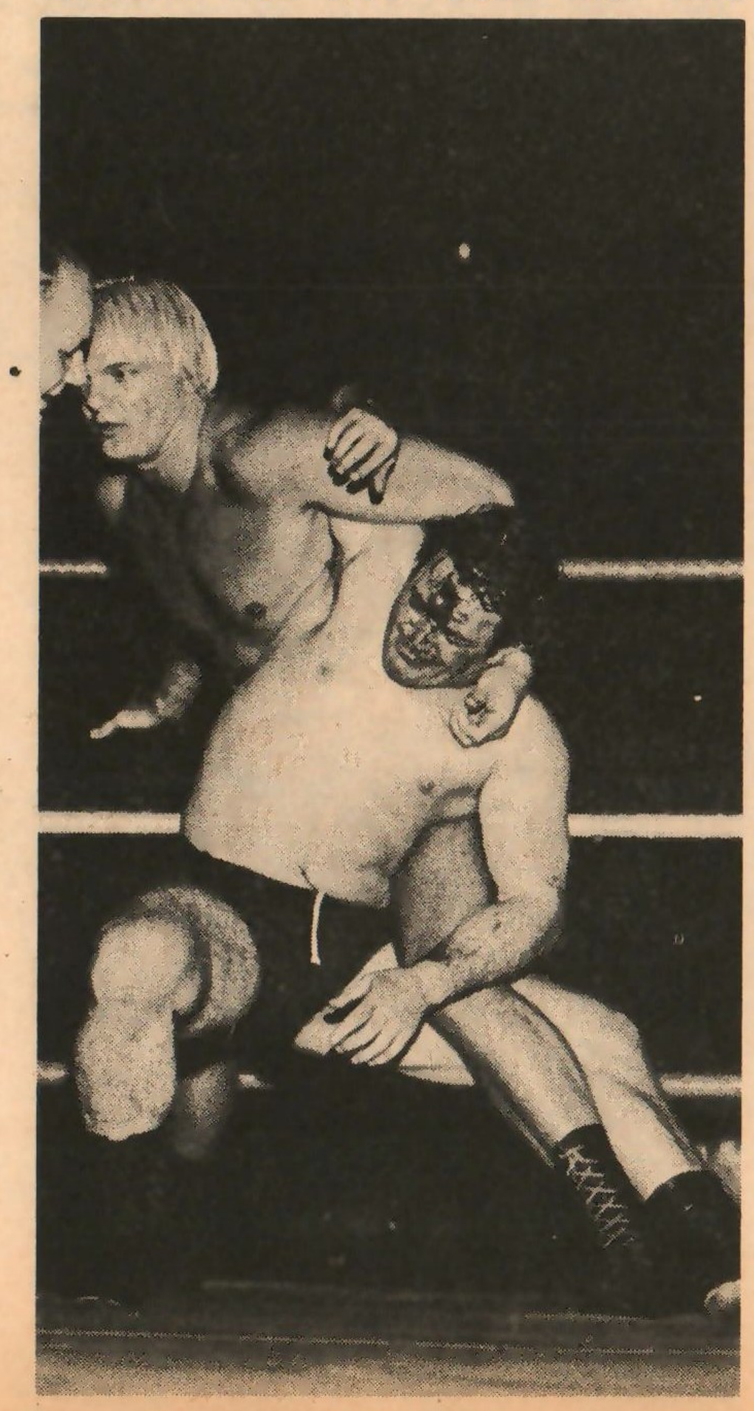
"Although you have not yet won the world's heavyweight championship, Johnny, you have held an assortment of other titles, among them the Americas' Championship, the United States TV Championship, the United States Crown, and several regional titles.

"Oh yes, Johnny, you have had more than your share of opportunities to annex the world's crown, but something always seemed to go wrong. As a matter of fact, you have wrestled for the world's title 15 times. You can recall every detail of all those bouts. You remember how close you came to dethroning Buddy Rogers, Bruno Sammartino and Gene Kiniski. You also recall that title bloodbath with Pat O'Connor, whom you call 'the most underrated champion of all time.'



Jack Donovan fights to breathe as Valentine's stranglehold takes toll, Wash., D.C., 1959.





Valentine punishes Bob Nandor in 1962 Montreal bout (above). Right: Sandor Kovacs, his face a mask of blood, is about to submit to Johnny at Toronto.

"Can anybody ever forget your title match with Kiniski at Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto? You had him beaten. He had surrendered under the terrible pain of your famous abdominal stretch. But when he left the ring that night, Kiniski was still champion of the world.

"If ever a man looked like a loser, it was Gene Kiniski on that fateful night in Toronto. He was bleeding from all parts of his body and he seemed barely conscious. You had him locked in the abdominal stretch so tight he didn't have a chance to break loose. The referee, Tiger Tasker, bent over him and asked, 'Want to quit, Kiniski?'

"Kiniski knew it was a matter of life or death, so he said 'Yes. I quit.'

"Unfortunately for you, Johnny, the referee didn't hear those words. Then it happened. Then you got the worst break of your

career. A young fan, his face flushed with anger, appeared from nowhere and leaped into the ring. He lunged at referee Tasker, whose back was turned, and slugged him in the back of his neck. Tasker slumped to the floor, out cold.

"You didn't know what to do, Johnny. Kiniski had surrendered his title to you. But you were the only person in the arena who heard him surrender. Sure, you could have continued to apply pressure to the deadly hold you had on him, but without a referee to hear him give up, you could easily kill him. You decided to release Kiniski anyway and take your case to the officials.

"The officials turned down your plea, insisting they did not have the authority to take a man's title away under those circumstances.

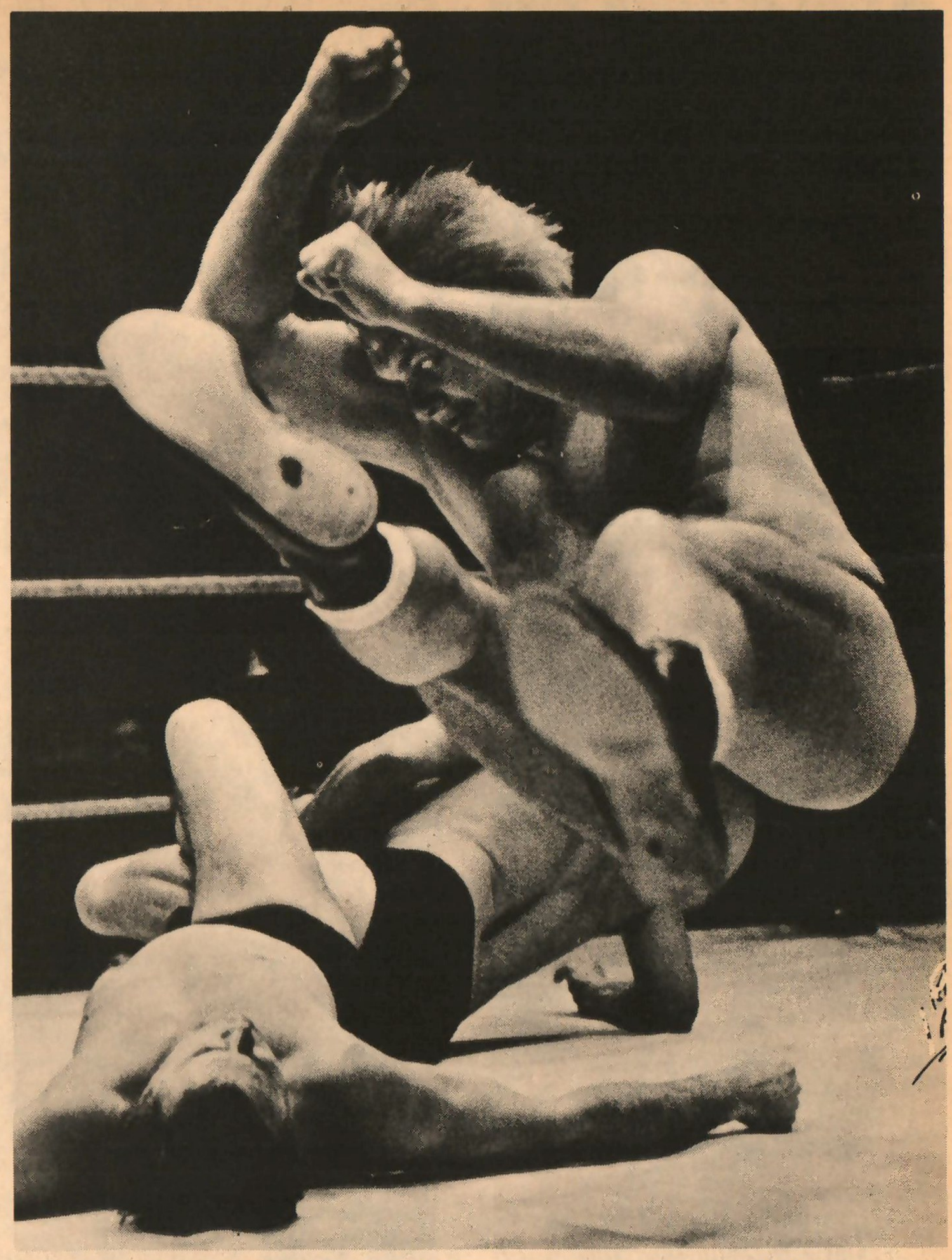
"You have had several other tough breaks in your life, Johnny. You can recall that you came just as close to being world's champion on other occasions, only to have the final success yanked away by some technicality. The fans know it, too. The hundreds of thousands of fans who can't be convinced that there is a greater wrestler in the world than Johnny Valentine.

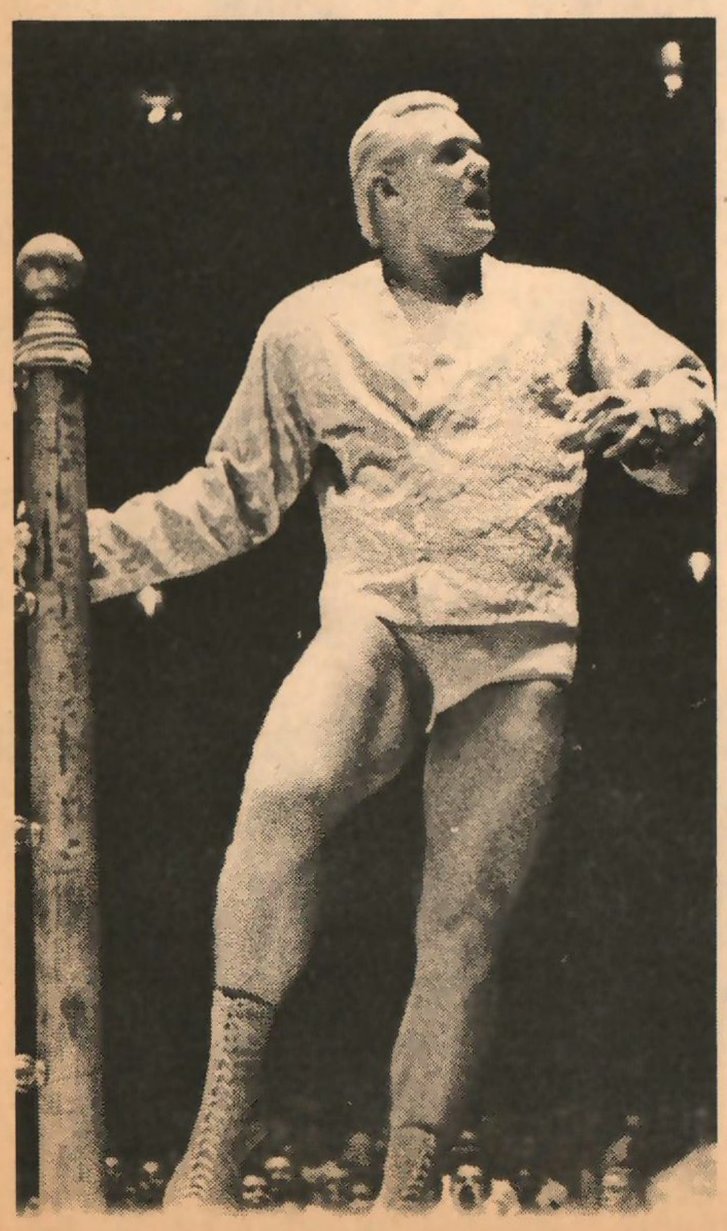
"We remember the night you licked Crusher Lisowski. And when the bout was over and you reached out to shake Crusher's big paw, he grabbed your hand, slammed it over his knee and busted four of your fingers!

"We recall, too, your historic title match with the immortal Verne Gagne in Detroit. For 90 minutes you held him on equal terms (many fans insisted you were ahead on points), but the bout ended in a draw. It is a tribute to your ability that the great Gagne refused to face you again.

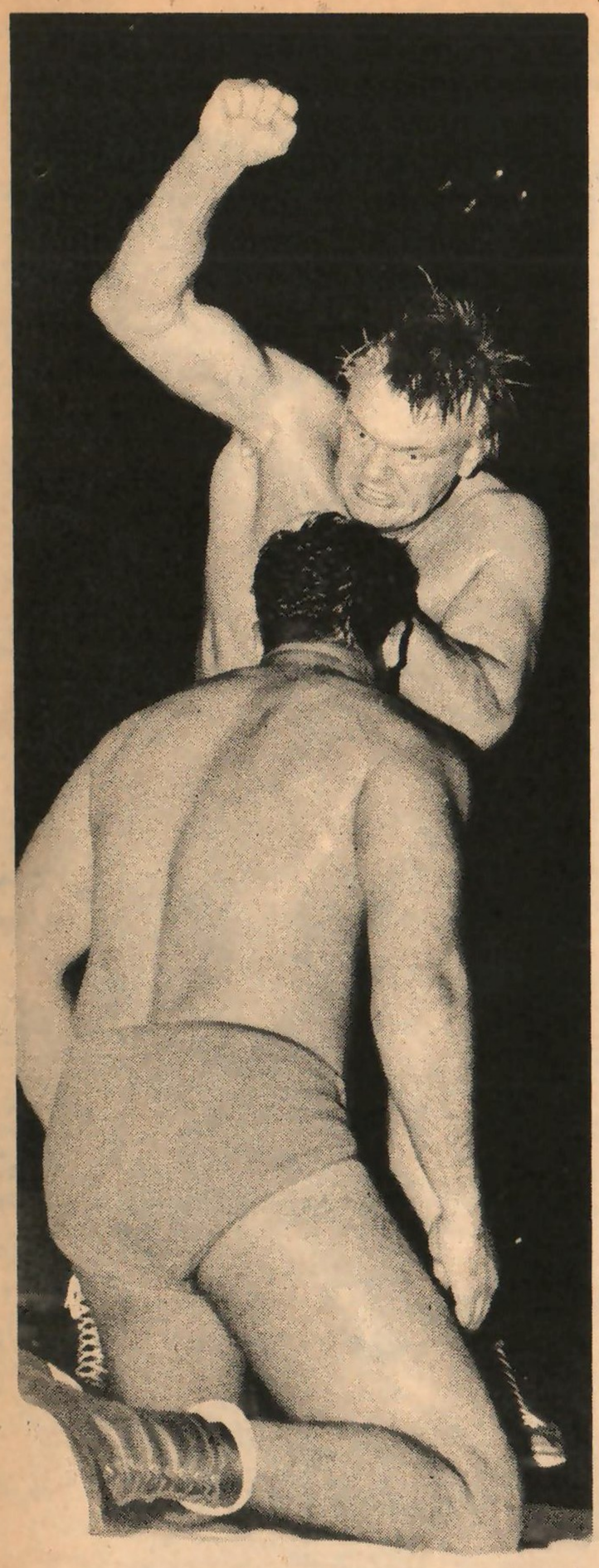
"And what about those two bloody wars you had with Tiger Jeet Singh in Toronto? In the first match you were defending your Americas' championship. The opening bell had not yet sounded. You were standing in your corner smiling to ringsiders. Your wife was there that night, and she rarely goes to see you wrestle. Suddenly, Singh leaped at you, snapped a headlock around your head and ran you to the opposite side of the ring, slamming your head into the metal ring post. When you dropped to the floor, you were unconscious. In fact, you were out cold for ten minutes. Your wife was horrified, thinking you were dead. She tried to rush to your side, but was stopped by police.

"When you finally came to, the





Valentine's body is completely off the mat as he is about to deliver crushing elbow smash to Johnny Rougeau at Montreal, 1960. Left, below: Johnny chides booing crowd as he enters Madison Square Garden ring, 1962.



Valentine's big fist about to crash into Tiger Jeet Singh's head during Toronto bloodbath.

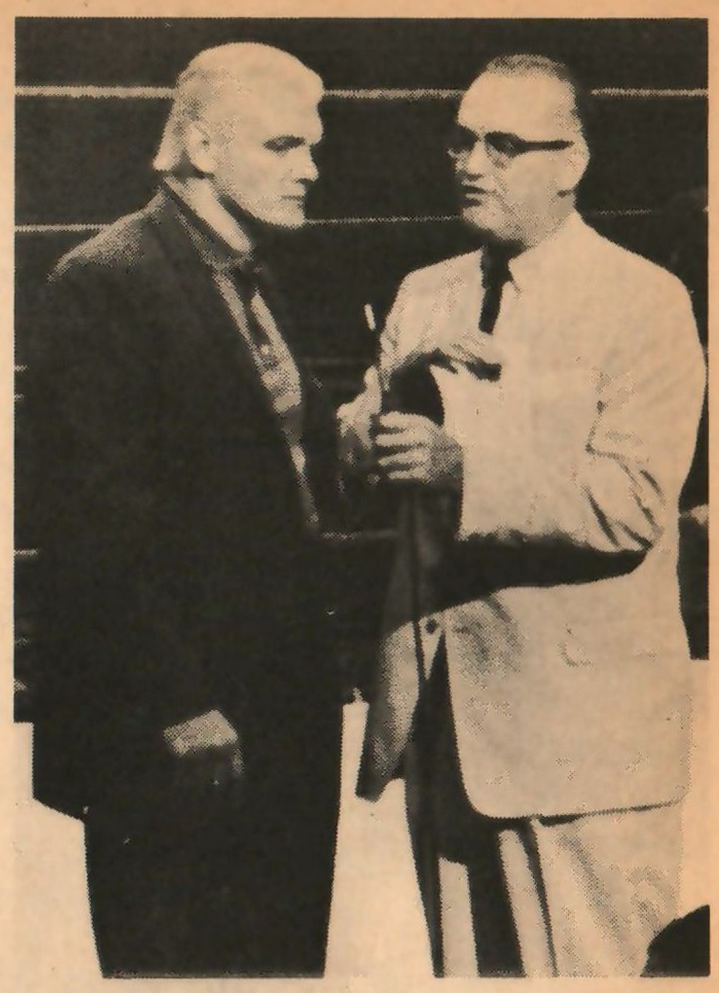
referee wanted to disqualify Singh. Although everybody in the arena, especially your wife, wanted you to leave the ring, you refused, insisting the bout go on. Later, when asked why you took such a risk, you said, 'All those people turned out on that bitter cold night to see me wrestle. I didn't have the heart to disappoint them, even though I was more dead than alive.'

"But you were so weak, you didn't have a chance. Singh easily pinned you and took your title.

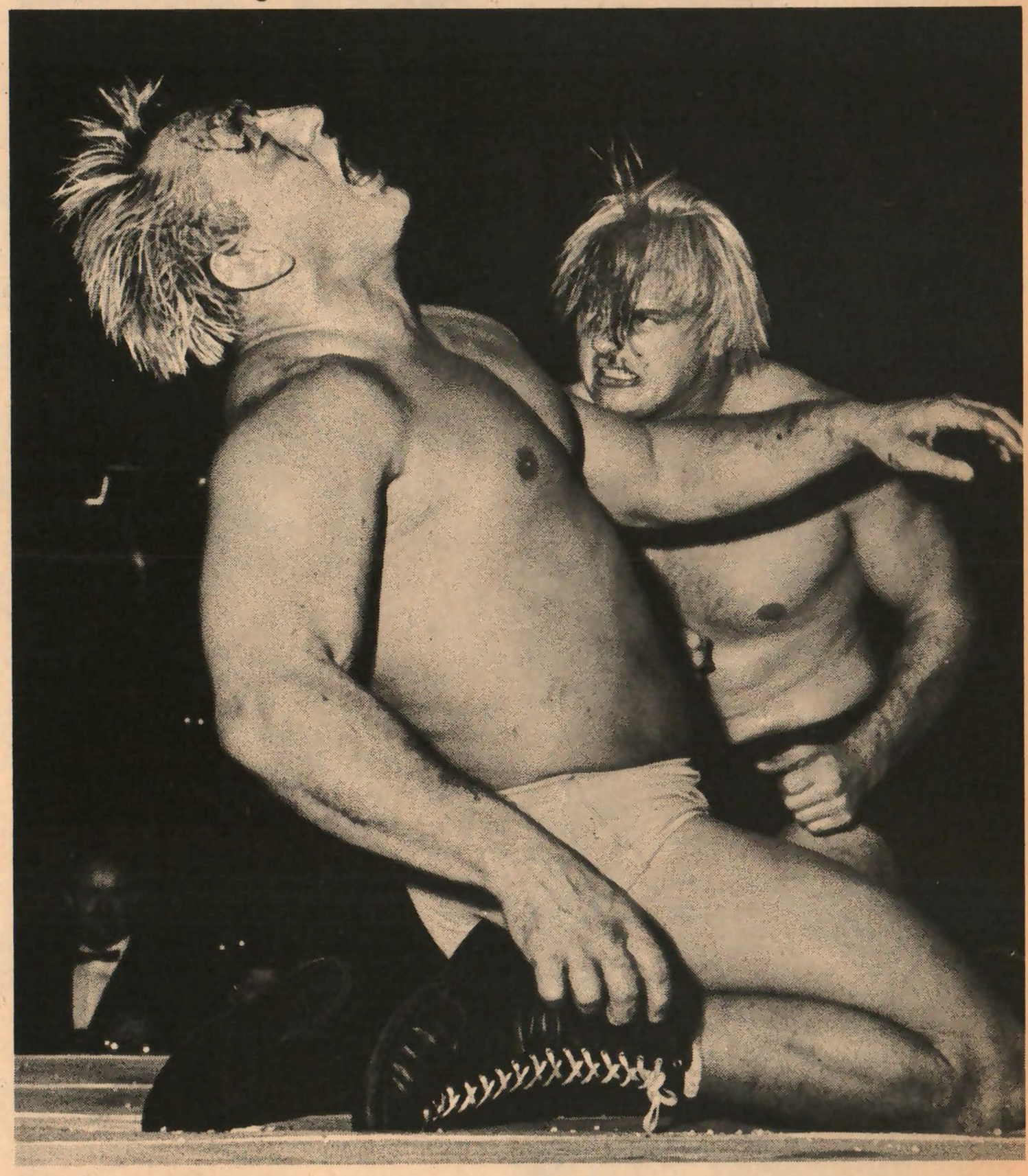
"Public opinion forced Singh into giving you a return match, Johnny. It was a bout you really looked forward to. You were wiping up the ring with Singh and about to lay him out when hard luck struck again. You had picked him up and were whirling him round and round in a perfect airplane spin. Then, all of a sudden and for no visible reason, you lost your balance. Both of you fell out of the ring and landed on the cement floor with an awful crash.

"You fell on top of him, and, filled with anger, you continued to battle. You raised your right arm to give him one of your famous elbow smashes. But when you tried to bring your elbow down across his head, Singh pulled out of range and your elbow slammed into the rock-hard floor. The impact was so great that it shattered the bone and tendons in your elbow.

"When you couldn't continue, the victory was awarded to Singh. And as if losing weren't bad



Johnny being interviewed by Ray Morgan at Wash., D.C., in 1963.



One of the wildest heavyweight title bouts of all time took place at Chicago in 1963 between defending champion Buddy Rogers and challenger Johnny Valentine. Rogers was slammed from post to post, his face was terribly cut and he was on the verge of defeat many times. But he saved his belt when he got a lucky break. Rogers is closest to camera (above).

enough, Johnny, the doctors, after carefully examining your shattered elbow, predicted you would never be able to bend it again. 'You can forget about your wrestling career. It's over,' one bone specialist said.

"The doctors were wrong. You couldn't wrestle for over a year. That's true. But you didn't spend that year sitting around feeling sorry for yourself. You spent most of the time exercising your injured arm, working the tendons until they finally unfroze. The bone mended beautifully and 12 months after the disastrous match with Singh, you were back in action.

"That is only one example of the tough luck that has plagued your career, Johnny. But you never have complained because you know that your good fortune has far outweighed the bad. You have earned a lot of money, and you've invested most of it wisely. But most important, you have a lovely home and a marvelous family.

"You met Nancy Singleton Hamner, a former beauty queen from Jasper, Alabama, while you were vacationing in Tampa, Florida. You fell in love with her and married her soon after. You have three wonderful children: John Anthony, born August 2, 1951, in San Francisco; Holly Felicity, born September 28, 1952, in Columbus, Ohio; and Brandon, born October 27, 1954, in Houston, Texas.

"Your business keeps you on the road almost constantly, Johnny, but you always find time to spend with your family. Most of your fellow wrestlers respect you as a giant among them, not because of your size and strength, but because of your devotion to the sport and your undying gratitude to the men who made it all possible, Stanislaus and Wladek Zbyszko.

"You may not yet have made Wladek's prediction about becoming world's champion come true, but as you know, Johnny, there are more important things than being champion. And you have all of them.

"This is your life, Johnny Valentine." □

Today, Johnny Valentine is recognized as one of the world's greatest wrestlers. He has improved steadily with the passing years and promoters throughout the United States and Canada bid feverishly for his services. He has earned a great deal of money and invested most of it wisely. "I have enough saved to live well for as long as I live," he says proudly.

WHY LUIS MARTINEZ BECAME APACHE LOU

For many years, Luis Martinez hid the fact that he was an Indian. No, he wasn't ashamed of it. After all, who would be ashamed to have the great Chief Geronimo as a direct relative? There were other reasons, all of which are revealed here for the first time.

HIS NAME IS Louis Martinez. He was born in the Samalyuca Desert about 75 miles south of Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, which is just across the border from El Paso, Texas.

Luis' father was white, a Spaniard from the province of Castille. His mother was a pure-blooded Apache, a direct descendant of that former terror of the United States Cavalry, the great Apache chief, Geronimo.

For years, Luis Martinez wrestled under his own name. But now he wrestles as Apache Lou, and therein lies an incredible story of change—a complete change in the personality and outlook of one man—all symbolized by the changing of his name.

"Admit it," says Apache Lou. "Most of my life I was ashamed of my Indian blood; of my mother and her background even though she's a great granddaughter of the famous Geronimo.

"Now, all that's changed. I've read up on American and Mexican history. I'm proud of the way the Apaches fought and died for their rights. Ashamed of how they were treated, both by Americans and white Mexicans. Today, I'm

Apache Lou relaxes on grounds of his Lucky Buck Gold Mine. "I find true peace here," he says.

By Bob Sabre

proud to be known as an Indian, as APACHE LOU!"

Apache Lou is 32 years old, and a bachelor. He has been wrestling for 10 years and has saved most of his money. Enough so that he has bought a ranch and deserted gold mine which he calls the "Lucky Buck." There he retreats to rest and enjoy the good life after bruising wrestling tours. He also reads a great deal—long haired stuff like ancient history and philosophy. Apache Lou is a thinker.

"I was just another poor, underprivileged Mexican kid," Lou says. "My father deserted my mother and me when I was six years old. And if God hadn't given me this great strength and physique, I'd still be just another Mexican scrabbling in the dirt to eke out a living.

"As it is, I was strong and athletic enough to become a wrestler, and wrestling has changed my whole life. For the first time—after I bought the Lucky Buck—I had a place to relax and contemplate. I've educated myself by reading and thinking, and I've become an expert on Indian culture and history. I give freely to chari-

(Continued on page 54)

Apache, his face twisted in rage, appears about to scalp Bobby Heenan.

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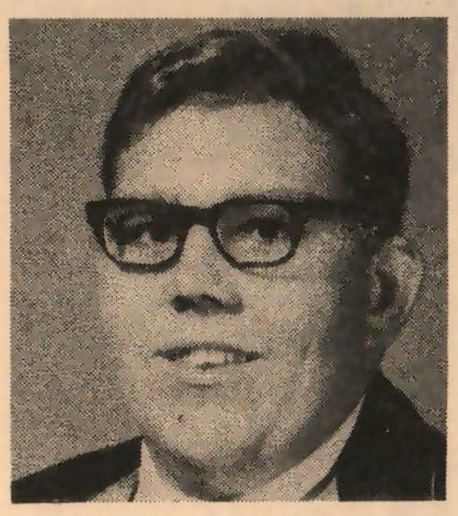

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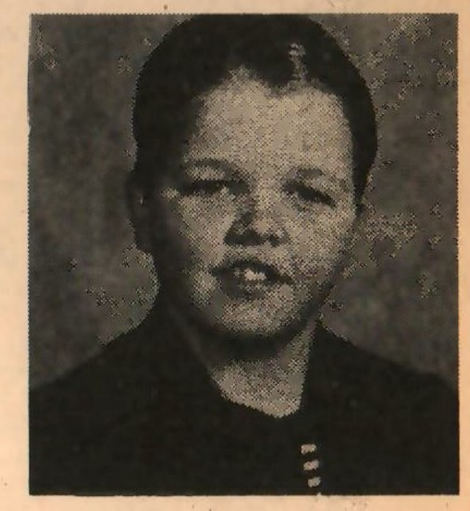
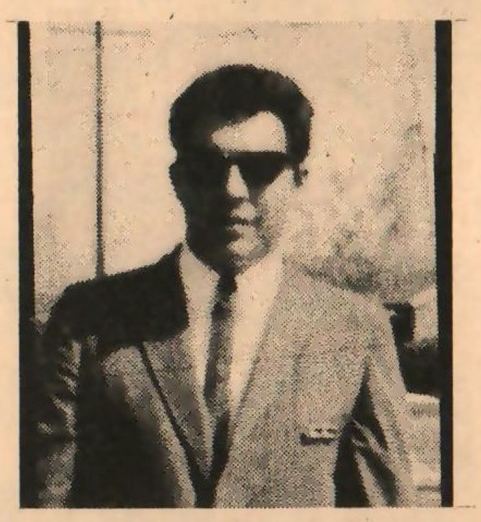
P.O. Box 214
Osakis, MN. 56360
Likes stock car racing, bowling. Favorite is Crusher. Likes good guys. Guys, 17-30, for pen pals.

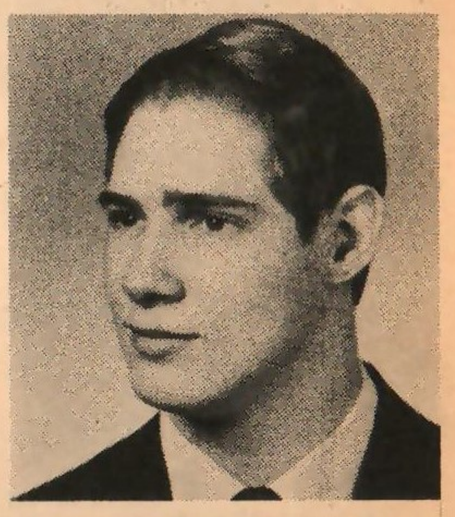


BILLY AMORE (10)
615 Scott St.
Crestline, OH. 48827
Likes all sports. Frankie Laine his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Laine fans for PPs.

DAVE DOYLE (14)
24 Wentworth St.
Malden, MA. 02148
Collects wrestling data. George Steele & Bruno favorites. Likes good guys. True fans for pen pals.



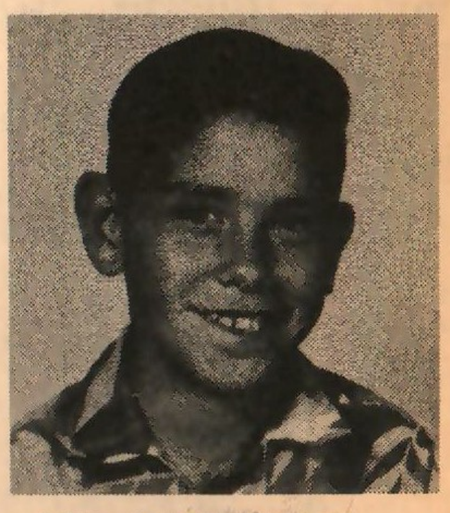
VINCENT EROSA (33)
518 Iris Ave.
Stockton, CA. 95207
Likes wrestling. Favorite is Ray Stevens. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



RUDY POZNECKI (18)
618 Tower Dorm
Eau Claire, WI. 54201
Rock collector. The Bruiser his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Nice fellows for pen pals.

SHORTY JONES (13)
1892 Watson Rd.
Memphis, TN. 38111
Likes horseback riding, swimming. Kentuckians her favorites. Anyone for pen pals.

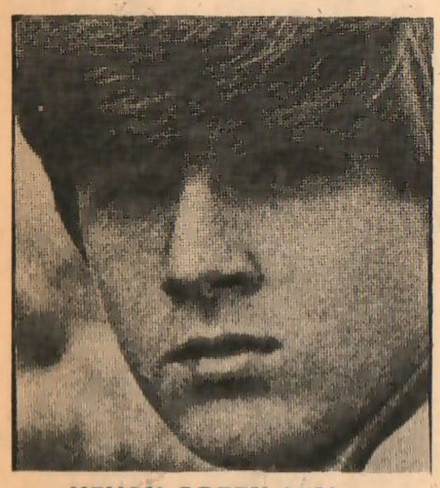
SHEILA CRONEY (15)
1873 Watson
Memphis, TN. 38111
Likes country music, travelling. Johnny Walker her favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anybody for PPs.



PAUL OHLMEIER (11)
3522 E. Harvard
Phoenix, AR. 85008
Likes wrestling. Pancho Valdez his favorite. Likes good guys. Wants boys for pen pals.

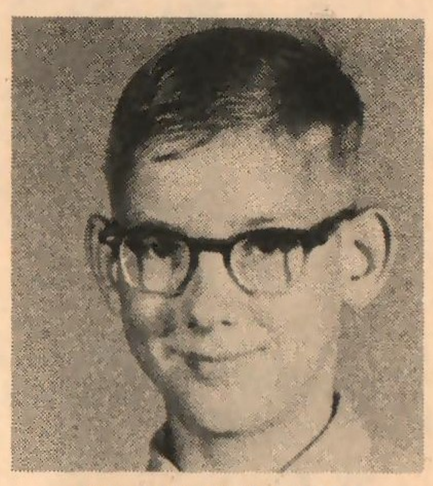
PALS

Produced by JEFFREY SUPER



KEVAN GREEN (18)
10104 N. Ashley
Tampa, FL. 33612
Amateur wrestler, drummer. Jack Brisco his favorite. Likes good guys. Cute girls for pen pals.

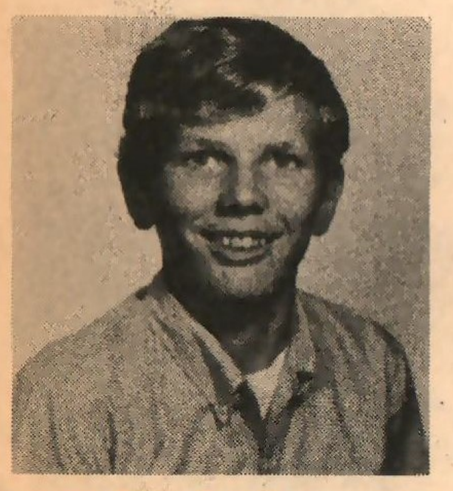
PORFIRIO RAMIEZ (19)
P.O. Box 251
Littlefield, TX. 79339
Plays volleyball. Dory Funk Jr. her favorite. Likes good guys. Wants boys & girls her age for pen pals.



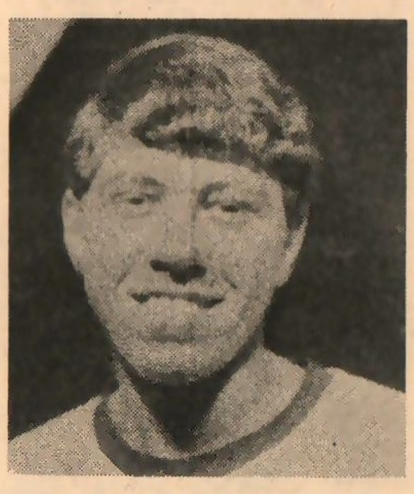
MIKE CALVERT (13)
Rt. 2, Box 412
Dora, AL. 35062
Likes skating, roller derby, girls. Favorite is Pat Barrett. Likes good guys. "Cute" females for PPs.

JENNIE LOWMAN (32)
19 East Ave. N.
Hamilton, Ont. 21
Canada
Likes night clubs, TV. Likes bad guys. Tall, dark fans for pen pals.

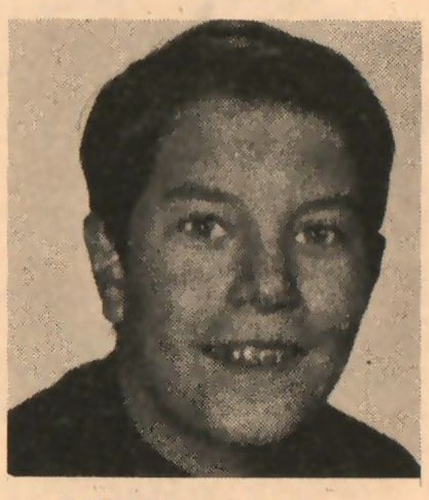
BOBBY KEUCHER (14)
512 Thomas St.
Meyerdale, PA. 15552
Likes stock car races. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.



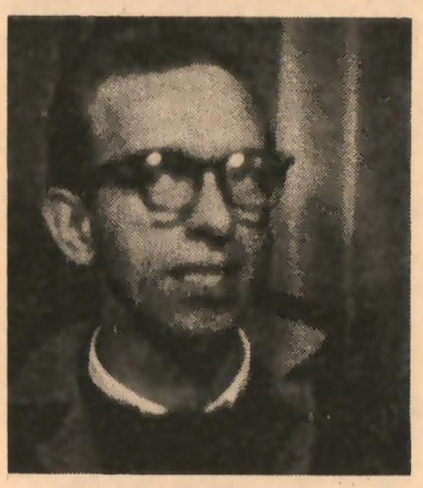
DAVE ROSE (15)
380 Northlake Dr.
San Jose, CA. 95117
Collects wrestling photos. Peter Maivia his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



GEORGE McGRAW (16)
514 3rd St.
Altoona, PA. 16602
Likes to swim. Professor Tanaka his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.

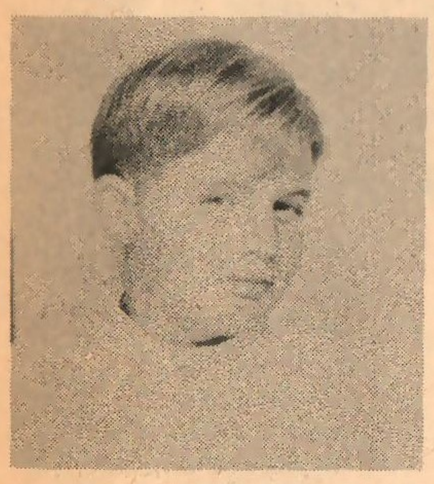


PAUL SALVER (14)
1045 6th St.
Miami Beach, FL. 33138
Likes bowling, models, girls. Favorite is Johnny Valentine. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone, 13-14, for PPs.



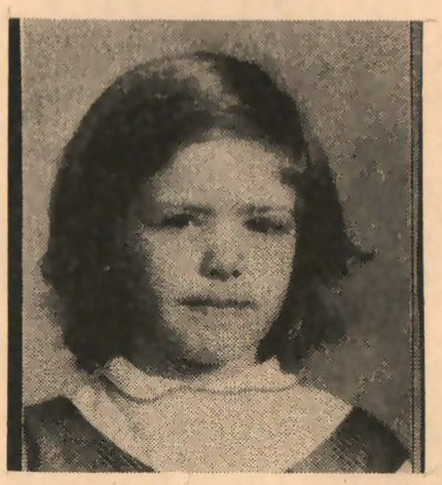
GLENN JORDAN (34)
1039 California St.
Columbus, IN. 47201
Likes photography, music. Cowboy Bob Ellis his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.

ANGELA McDANIEL (11)
Highway 70 West
Camder, TN. 38320
Likes swimming, dancing. Bearcat Wright her favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Cute boys for PPs.



DANNY QUINN (13)
7516 Madora Ave.
Canoga Park, CA. 91306
Likes girl watching, sports. Fred Blassie his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for pen pals.

PAUL CARON (12)
108 Highland Ave.
Salem, MA. 01970
Collects wrestling pictures. Antonio Pugliese his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



DEBORAH JOHNSON (13)
1101 Beach Ave.
Gulfport, MS. 39501
Likes swimming. White Eagle her favorite. Likes good guys. Wants mat fans for pen pals.

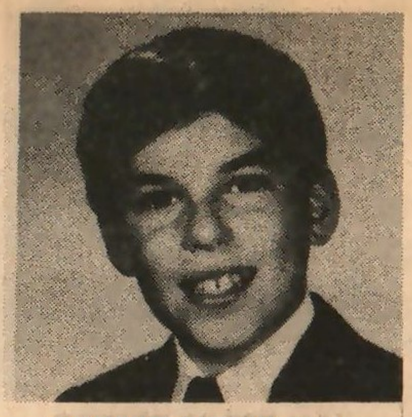
JAMES HINTON (9)
322 Lake Shore Dr.
Forest Park, GA. 30050
Likes models, fishing. The Pro his favorite. Likes good guys. Wants girls for pen pals.

THERESA RIFE (15)
R.R. 5
Muscatine, IA. 52761
Likes wildlife, sports. The Crusher her favorite. Likes good guys. Wants anybody for pen pals.

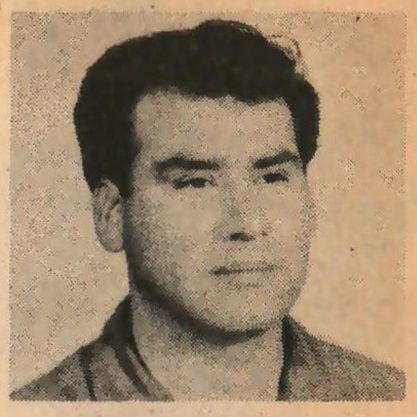
STEVE HOFFMAN (14)
973 Grandview Rd.
Brigham City, UT. 84302
Likes football, wrestling. The Dillingers his favorites. Likes good and bad guys. Canadians for PPs.

MARIA GONZALEZ (23)
719 E. Nettie St.
Kingsville, TX. 78363
Likes country music. Jose Lothario her favorite. Likes good guys. "Loyal" pen pals wanted.

MALKA RINGEL (13)
1245 Shorecrest
Chomedey, Que. Canada
Likes sports, collects records. Waldo Von Eric her favorite. Likes good guys. "Loyal" fans for PPs.



ROBERT SILBER (13)
253 Garth Rd.
Scarsdale, NY. 10583
Collects wrestling data, stamps. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Reliable pen pals.



EDDIE GUTIERREZ (30)
1600 Zacatecas Ave.
Mexicali, CA. 92231
Likes traveling, boxing, music. Favorite is Bruno. Likes good guys. Wants girls, 20-28, for pen pals.

GLORIA MORALEZ (18)
General Delivery
Armona, CA. 93202
Likes swimming, boys. Ray Stevens her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

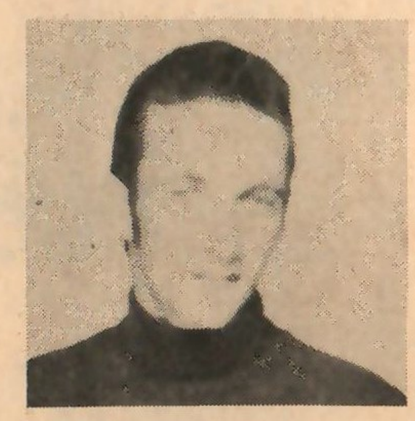
SUE HILL (19)
1978 Westfield Dr. N.
Columbus, OH. 43223
Collects records, coins. Likes good guys. Wants boys for pen pals.

GERRY GORA (13)
757 Forsythe Ave.
Calumet, IL. 60409
Likes football. Moose Cholak his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.

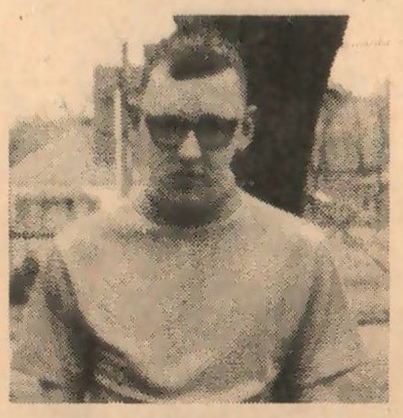
ROGER BURGESS (21)
419 Mulberry St.
Scranton, PA. 18503
Likes boxing, reading, movies. Bruno his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.

BOB TABOR (21)
215 South Valley Ave.
Olyphant, PA. 18447
Likes music, art, writing, girls. Ernie Ladd his favorite. Likes bad guys. Girls, 18 & up, for PPs.

KEN PLAKAROS (21)
655 E. Stewart
Columbus, OH. 43206
Likes football, karate, girls. Karl Gotch his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Sincere girls for PPs.



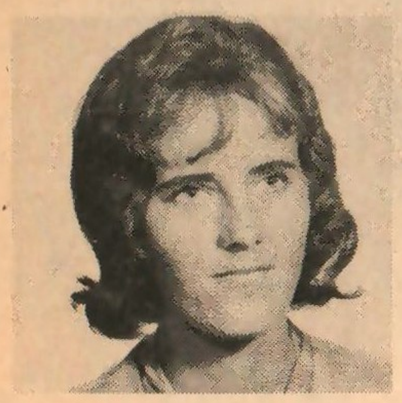
JAMES CLARK (24)
R.F.D. #2
Laurel, IN. 47024
Likes weight-lifting, track. Igor & Bruno his favorites. Likes good guys. Girls, 18-25, for pen pals.



JIMMY ROBERTSON (20)
2137 Turner Dr.
Midwest City, OK. 73110
Likes football, bowling, writing. Favorite is Victor Rivera. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

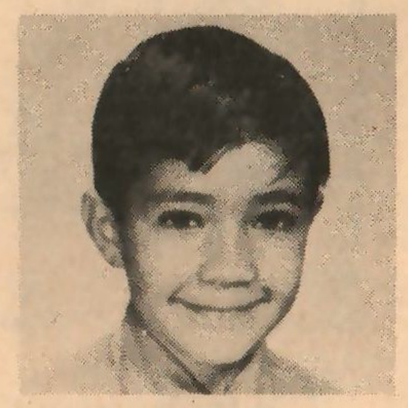
JEAN SIMS (11)
Rt. 1 Box 187
Sylacauga, AL. 35150
Collects wrestling pictures. Bearcat Brown her favorite. Likes good guys. Brown fans for PPs.

STACY FISHMAN (10)
1175 Mayfair Dr.
Watertown, SD. 57201
Likes dancing, baseball, diving. Favorite is Cowboy Bill Watts. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



DORTHEY BRITT (20)
666 Monroe
Trumann, AR. 72472
Jim Goldin her favorite. Likes good guys. "Nice People" for pen pals.

DALE CALNEN (33)
1516-105th Ave.
Dawson Creek, Canada
Collects coins, records. Sailor Art Thomas his favorite. Scottish girls for PPs.



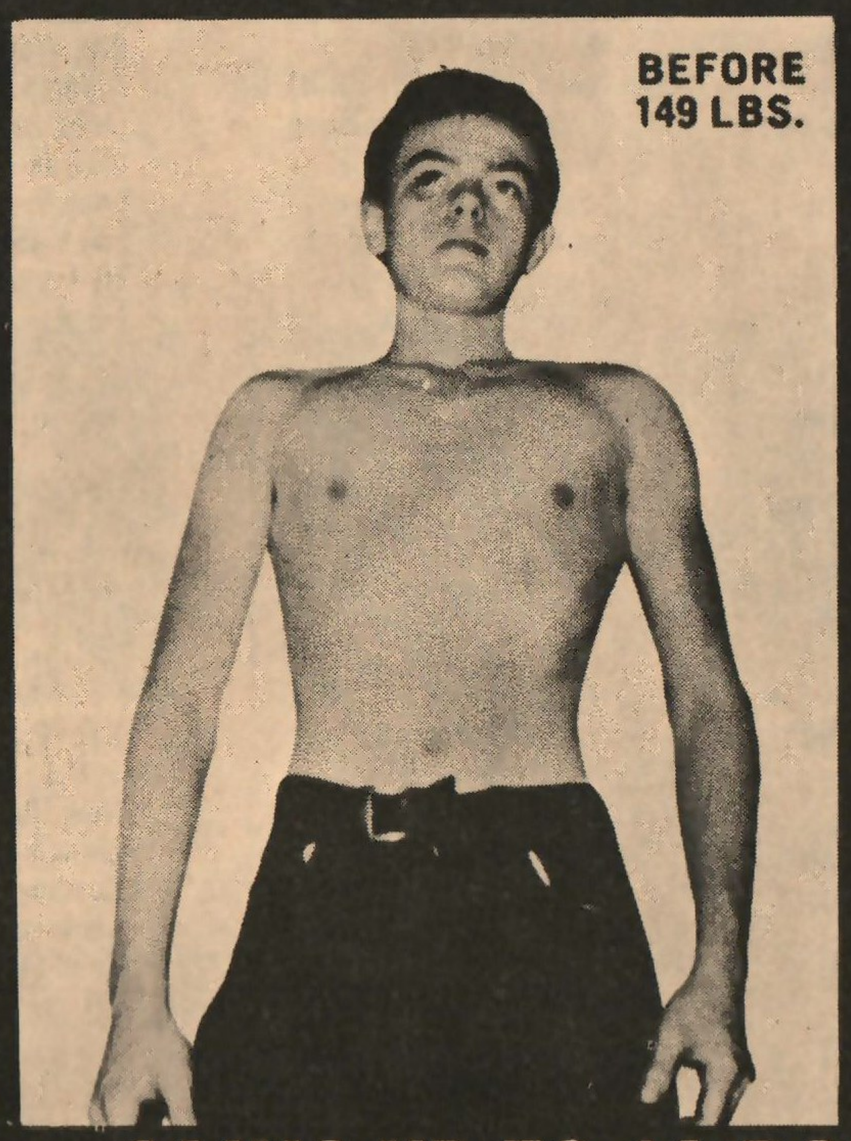
STEVE RODRIGUEZ (10)
8602 Flallon Ave.
Whittier, CA. 90606
Likes baseball, football. Mil Mascaras his favorite. Likes good guys. Mascaras fans for pen pals.

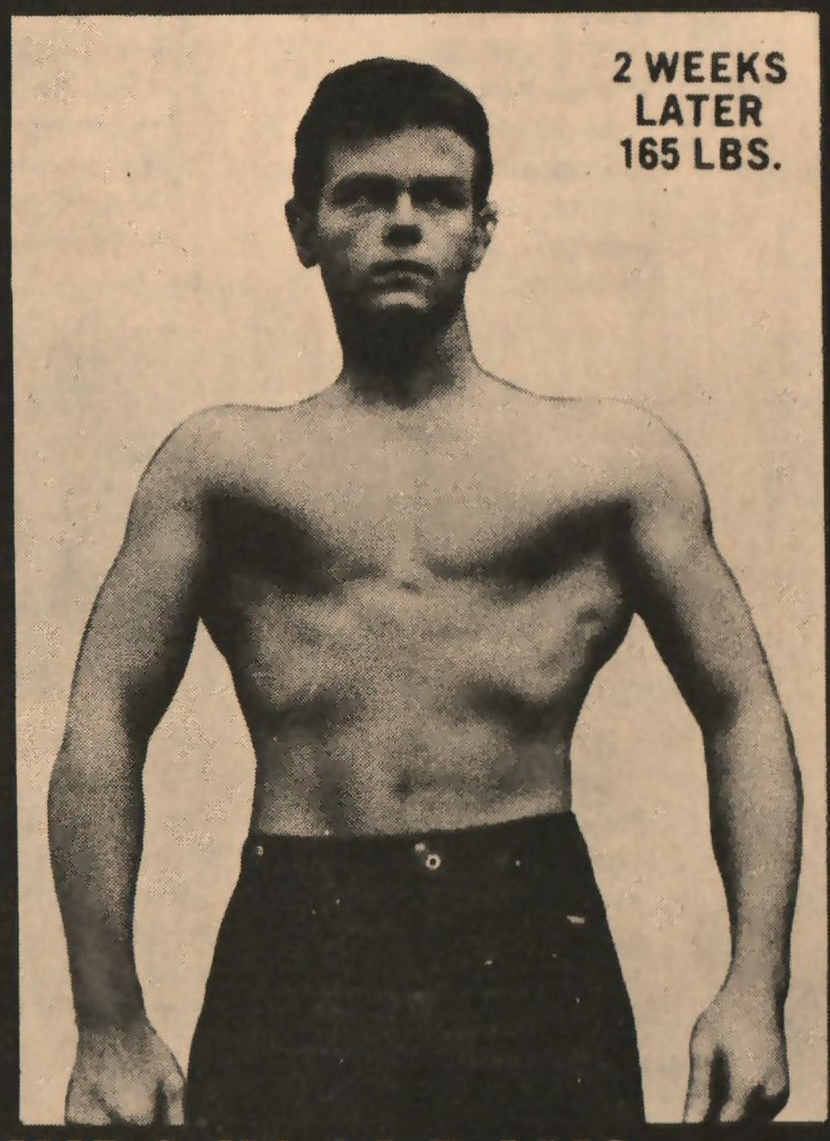
CHARLES HUDSON JR. (11)
6003 Mountain Rd.
Glen Allen, VA. 23060
Likes skating, swimming, football. Haystacks his favorite. Likes good goys. Girls, 11-15, for pen pals.

RANDY GIDEON (19)
1102 Maxfield
Torrance, CA. 90502
Black belt karate. Tammy Jones his favorite. Likes good guys. Wants girls for pen pals.

Another JOE WEIDER breakthrough:

THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY.





GAINS UP TO 16 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS—

adds 2¼" to each arm, 2¼" to his chest!

Walter Leno of Burlington, Vt. reported these fantastic gains in 14 days! Gains 16 pounds, added 2¼" to each arm, 2¼" to his chest, 1½" to each leg. See what a fresher, more exciting fun-going body he now has—thanks to **Crash Weight Formula #7.** He says, "All I did was follow the plan and drink a few small glasses of delicious **Crash Weight Formula #7**—and the improvement I made in just 14 days was beyond my wildest dreams!" **Shouldn't this happen to you?**

Nobody likes a bag of bones

Flesh out your bones. Fill out your narrow, shallow chest. Your skinny arms. And spindly legs. Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your muscle-starved, hungry-looking body. Joe Weider's **Crash-Weight Formula #7** is a new scientifically-blended milkshake-flavored drink that lets you drink on as much as up to 14 pounds in 14 days the easy, the delicious, the relaxed way. Just drink 4 zestful glasses of Crash-Weight natural organic with your regular meals and take in up to 3500 **extra** calories a day. (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) And Crash-Weight does all the work for you. Piling on the pounds and the weight as the days go by. Check the plan you want in the coupon.

Guaranteed to put weight on you and create a new—fresher—more exciting fun-going you or money back!

The Do-It-Yourself Gain-A-Pound-A-Day Kit

This is a 1 day supply of Crash-Weight, chock full of weight-gaining nutrients that can smash the weight-gaining barrier! You want to gain a pound a day? Half a pound a day? Maybe you just want to add a few pounds here and there? You want it easily—enjoyably—without stuffing yourself with heavy-as-lead foods. Now you can. It's as simple as drinking a delicious milkshake.

FREE:

Weight-Gaining and Muscle-Building Course. This 48-page illustrated Guide sent FREE with each Crash-Weight Formula #7 Kit. Crammed with step-by-step instructions in muscle-building and weight-gaining basics. Filled with all the latest ideas and how to adapt them for your own personal, fun-going weight gains!

Fill in this Gain-A-Pound-A-Day-or-Your-Money-Back Guarantee Coupon

JOE WEIDER, Dept. 209-60K10
Trainer of Champions since 1938
531-32nd St., Union City, N.J. 07087

(West of the Rockies:)
Weider Distributors, Inc.
Box 1667
Santa Monica, Calif. 90406

Dear Joe:

I want to put an end to my skinny body and have everyone compliment me on my athletic appearance and muscular gains. Rush me the "pound-a-day" Crash-Weight Formula #7 package I have checked below.

Check Plan & Flavor Desired:

☐ **7-Day Supply...$ 7.50** ☐ **Chocolate**
☐ **14-Day Supply...$14.98** ☐ **Vanilla**

If it doesn't work, I want my money back. OK?

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

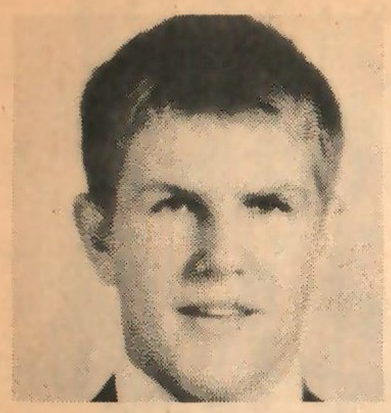
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Canadian orders filled in Canada—no duty to pay.

JOIN THE WEIGHT GAINABLES! DRINK ON NEW POUNDS—FAST! SAFELY!

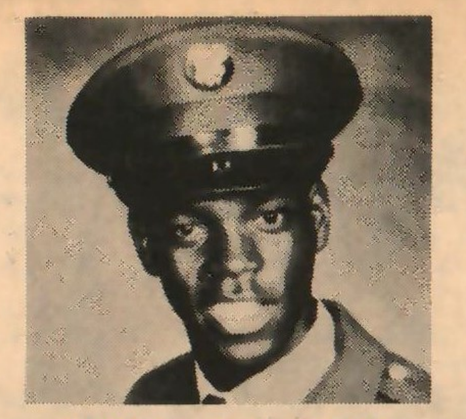
SERVICEMEN: TO SPEED YOUR ORDER, U. S. Regulations require that shipments to servicemen be prepaid — Please add indicated amount as required by your APO or FPO address.

APO or FPO	N.Y.	or S.F.
CRASH-WEIGHT (7-Day	.80	$1.75
CRASH-WEIGHT (14-Day)	1.10	2.75



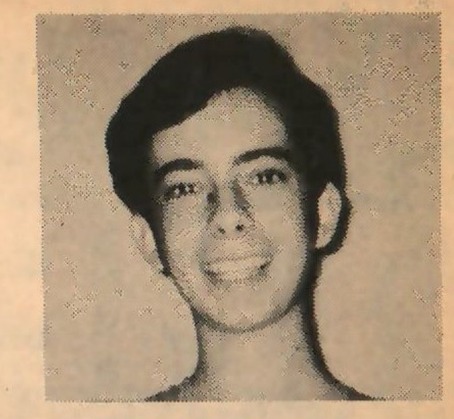
BOBBY HASTINGS (21)
482 England Ave.
Hampton, VA. 23369
Likes roller derby, bowling. George Becker & Johnny Weaver his favorites. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

JOHN KOZLOSK (12)
1637 N. 24th Ave.
Melrose Park, IL. 60160
Likes all sports. Ed Carpentier his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

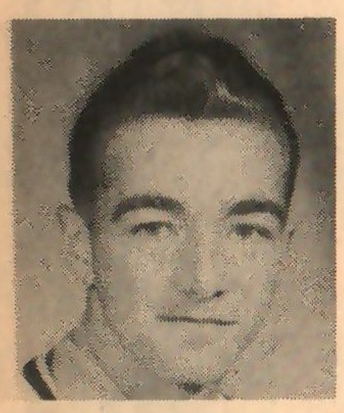


STEVEN L. MILLER (19)
578-66-7288 E-1-5
Fort Dix, NJ. 08640
Likes boxing, singing, midget wrestling. Likes good and bad guys. Anybody for pen pals.

JOY BRACEWELL (13)
Rt. 1 Box 170
Lake Wales, FL. 33853
Likes drawing, painting, baseball. Favorite is Mario Galento. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.

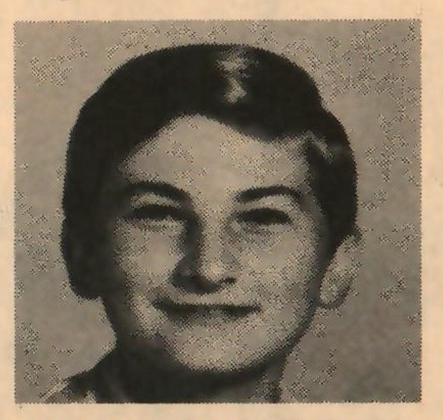


JOEL HARRIS (16)
806 Woodrow
Arlington, TX. 76010
Likes wrestling, records. Fritz Von Erich his favorite. Likes good guys. Von Erich fans for PPs.

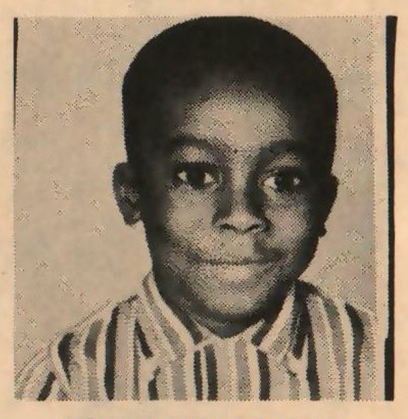


GARY HARNISH (22)
R.R. # Hubbards
Halifax, NS. Canada
Collects records, old money. Whipper Watson his favorite. Likes good guys. Wants fans for pen pals.

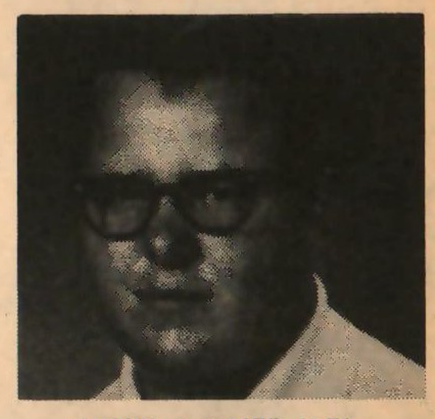
SAM DeFAZIO (24)
134, 22nd St.
Pittsburgh, PA. 15215
Likes music, girls, math. Bruno his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for pen pals.



JOHN HILDEBRADNDT (15)
650 N. 61 St.
East St., IL. 62203
Plays football, drums. Favorite is Flying Frenchman. Likes good and bad guys. Nice girls for PPs.

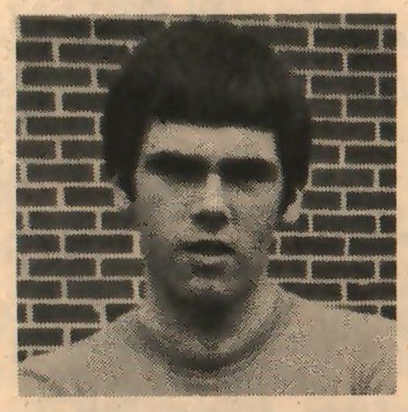


HENRY MILLER (12)
1010 Grant St.
Clearwater, FL. 33515
Likes wrestling. Favorite is Jack Brisco. Likes good guys. "Good guys" for pen pals.



STEVE J. BAIER (17)
226 S. Front St.
New Ulm, MN. 56073
Likes all sports. Cowboy Bill Watts his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.

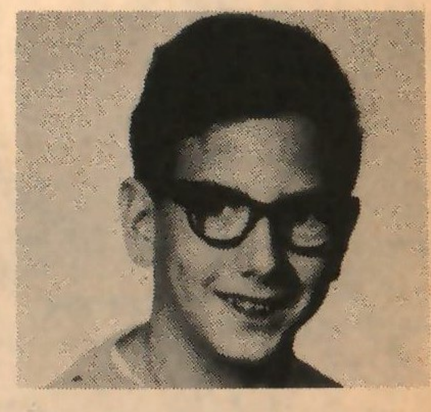
KEVIN HARMER (13)
724 Kildare Ave. W.
Transcona 25, Man. Canada
Likes all sports. Don Leo Jonathan his favorite. Wants PPs. who will trade.



DAVID LINDSAY (17)
2526 Henderson Rd.
Tucker, GA. 30084
Collects photos. Joe Scarpa his favorite. Likes good guys. Wants girls, 13-19, for pen pals.

PENNY COOKE (36)
25, Lottbridge Dr.
East Bourne, SX. England.
Likes out door life, weights.
Likes good guys. Wants guys for PPs.

TOM STEINBERG (18)
191 Marenette
Windsor, Ont. Canada
Likes novels, wrestling. Mark Lewin his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Wants "worthwhile" PPs.



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14100 Cloverdale
Oak Park, MI. 48237
Likes all sports. Whipper Watson his favorite. Likes good guys. Prefers wrestlers for PPs.

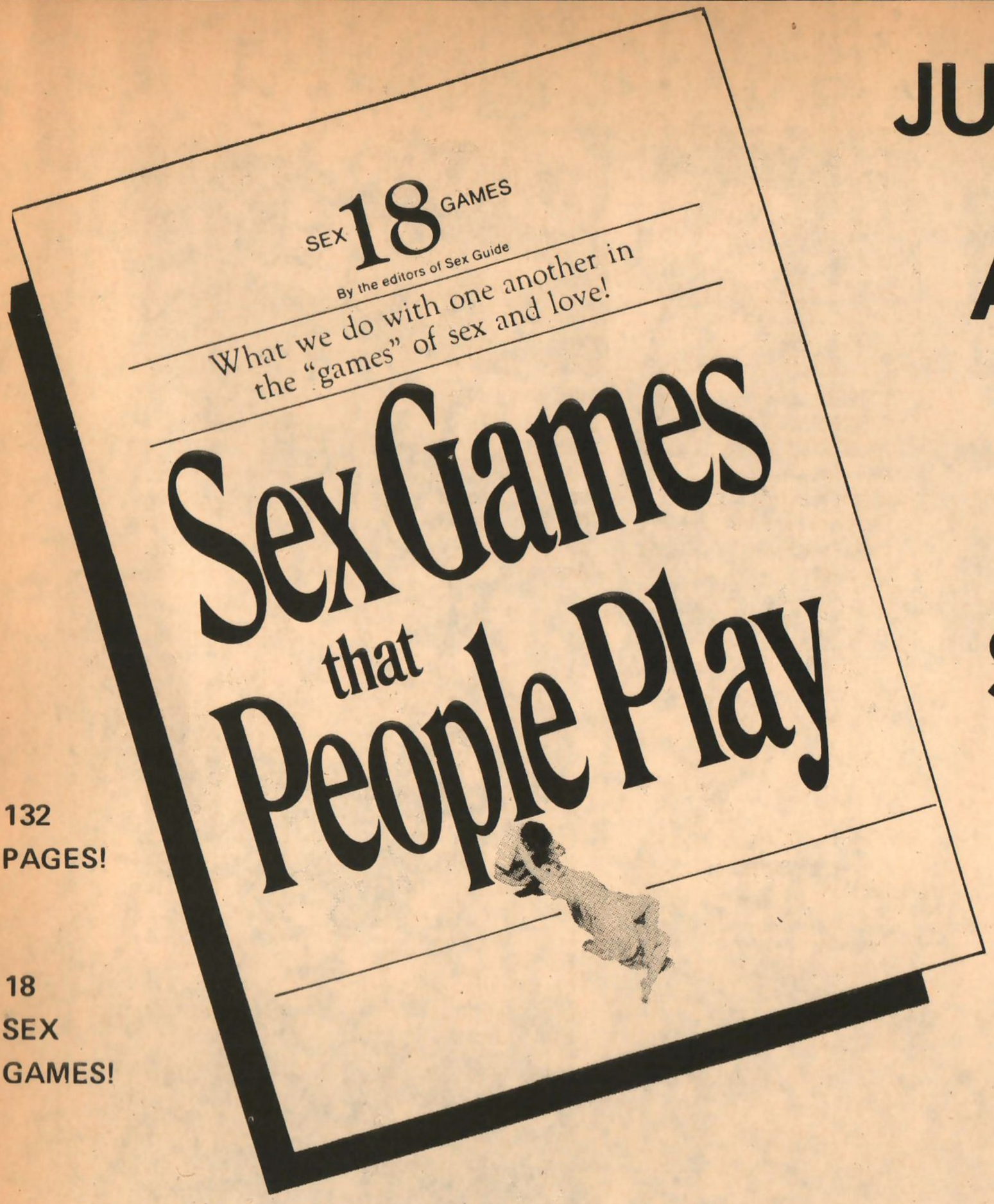
WILLIAM HOGUE (9)
725 E. 99th St. Clair
Cleveland, OH. 44108
Builds box cars. Bobo & Igor his favorites. Likes good guys. Nice people for PPs.

SP/5 RONALD MERCER (20)
D Co 19th Engr Bn (C)
APO San Fran. 96317
Likes hot rod cars, sports. Bobo his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

GEORGE BATSON (19)
Rt. 1 Box 316
Federalsburg, MD. 21632
Plays pool, girl watcher. Favorite is Bruno. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.

DAVID MITCHELL (16)
8744 Clinton Macon Rd.
Clinton, MI. 49236
Likes karate, judo, basketball. Bobo his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

T.J. HUTCHINGS (25)
R.R. I Box 130
Frisco, TX. 75034
Likes music, girls. Johnny Valentine his favorite. Likes bad guys. Wants girls for pen pals.



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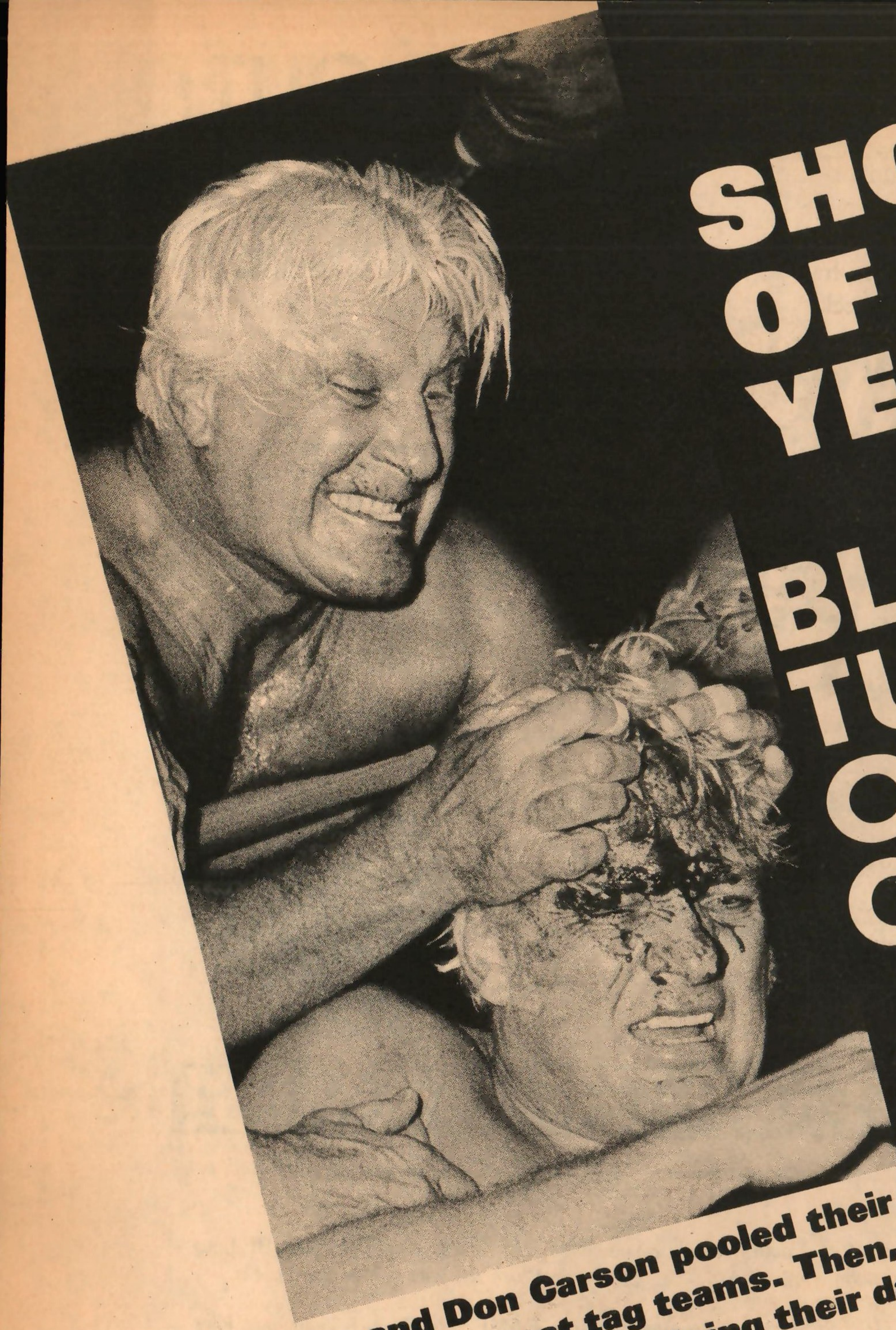
SHOCKER OF THE YEAR!

BLASSIE TURNS ON CARSON!



Fred Blassie and Don Carson pooled their rare skills to form one of the world's great tag teams. Then, all of a sudden and without warning, they were doing their damnedest to murder each other. Here's why . . .

DON CARSON AND Freddie Blassie seemed to be as close as twins. They borrowed each other's clothes, gave each other money, and even exchanged girl friends. Beyond that, no man hath greater love. Now, they are bitter enemies!

Blassie gave Carson his start as a wrestler, and together they went on to win the National Wrestling Alliance Tag Team Championship. But then, all of a sudden, they sacrificed everything rather than stay together.

"So far as Blassie teaching me about wrestling," Carson says, 'I'm frank to admit my debt. Beyond that, I don't owe him a damn thing! He took the major cut of all our purses, and gave me only walking-around-money. I only put up with it because he could

(Continued on page 50)

"About a year ago I was a salesman for a biscuit company. No kidding. I got out of high school, worked at different odd jobs, and ended up selling biscuits. I drove around all day, listening to the radio, and decided that the disc jockey on the radio had to have a better deal than I had. I decided to check it out, and discovered some interesting facts. For example, I learned that about 85% of all disc jockeys and announcers are only high school graduates like me. I also found out that almost all TV announcers started out in radio first and worked their way up. And I discovered that you could go to broadcast school and learn to be a disc jockey. So I enrolled with Columbia School of Broadcasting. Studied and practiced when I wasn't working. Nine months later the School put me and the radio station together, and here I am."

This is how Michael Miller became a disc jockey

If Mike Miller can do it, you can. To receive the same information as Mike, the free brochure about Columbia School of Broadcasting, mail coupon

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(Continued from Page 48)

get us some good matches, against opponents I couldn't have wrestled myself because I was too inexperienced at the time. But now, I'm as big a drawing card as Blassie, yet he still kept treating me like a slave. He even slapped me across the face when anything went wrong.

"I'm fed up! If Blassie wants to make something of it, I'll meet him in the ring anytime. Sure he's got some thing I want, The Americas' Championship. But it belongs to me! I'm a better wrestler than Blassie ever was."

"That's gratitude for you!" Blassie exploded. "I picked Carson up off the street, fed and clothed him and paid his rent. I also taught him how to wrestle and put him in the big money.

"He eats steak three times a day, drives an expensive car and buys diamonds for himself and his girl friends. Who who put him there? Me! Fearless Freddie Blassie!

"So now he thinks he's outgrown me. He not only wants to go on his own, he wants a crack at my championship!

"Well I'm not going to give him that chance. Let him go out and earn a reputation for himself first. Where would Don Carson be today if it wasn't for Freddie Blassie? Nowhere!"

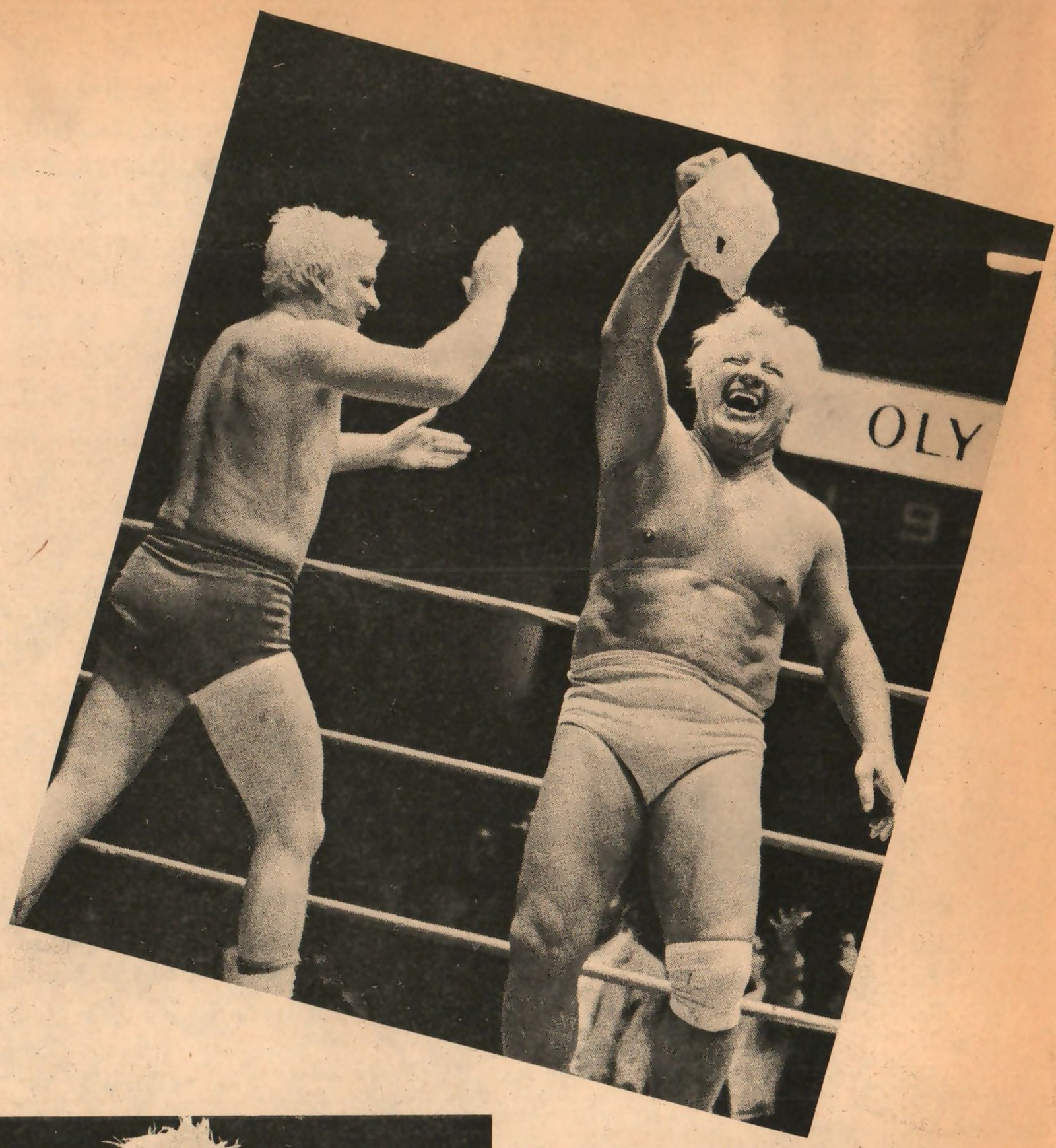
"Nowhere?" Carson echoed angrily.

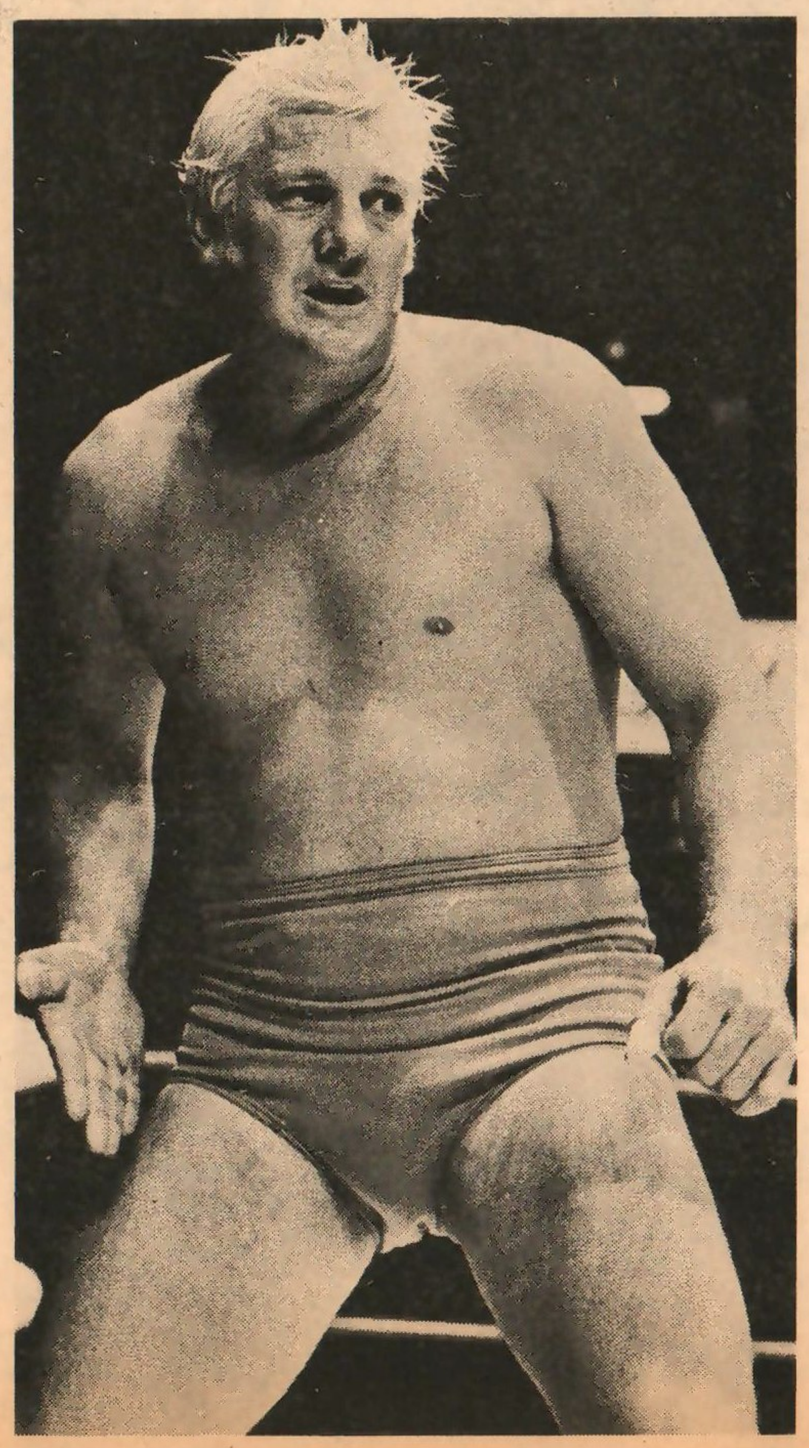
"I should have got rid of that bum long ago. I'd have made him defend his title by now.

"To tell you the truth, he's afraid of me. He knows I'd win the title—and murder him besides!"

The fans and even Promoter Mike LeBell of Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium also thought Blassie was scared to wrestle Carson, and they put the pressure on Freddie.

The heat was too much for Blassie. Afraid of losing his reputation and power as a drawing card, even though still champion,





Above: In one of their last bouts as a team, Blassie holds mask he ripped off The Medic as Carson applauds. Left: Carson about to attack Blassie.

he finally agreed to wrestle Carson. "But with this provision," he insisted: "I'm not defending my Americas' Championship against him. He doesn't deserve that chance. It's not that I can't beat him, but too many accidents could happen which might help him."

Carson was gleeful when he heard the news. "Just get us in the ring," he chortled. "By the time I'm through with him, it won't matter whether he's champ or not. Everybody will know Don Carson is the better man. This is gonna be a war!"

The fans knew it, too. When they met on the night of last April

(Continued on page 52)

Trim off those excess inches the fast, sure, easy way athletes do.

WAIST-AWAY™ reduces stomach bulge for Men and Women.

Singer TONY MARTIN
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But suppose you don't want to lose weight all over your body. Suppose you just want to reduce your waistline or heavy thighs. How can you get the fast, positive results of the sweat-suit method right where you want it?

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In order to concentrate body heat in the desired area, a special material had to be developed, of rubber-like composition. Light enough to be comfortable . . . pliable enough to fit body contours closely . . . properly textured to hold the heat while permitting the pores to breathe. You'll know it's something special the minute you feel the unique WAIST-AWAY material!

Wear it while you work, exercise, loaf

WAIST-AWAY works while you mow the lawn, do housework, go jogging, engage in sports, do calisthenics, or just sit and read or watch TV. Moving about or exercising speeds up the effect. The more you wear it, the faster you get results.

You'll be amazed and delighted when you see those excess inches shrink. If you've ever tried strenuous exercise or massage and have seen how long it takes to achieve a little weight reduction after so much effort, you'll see a big difference after you wear the WAIST-AWAY Belt just a few times.

No weights to carry

Some reducing belts use weights to work on the fatty tissue. The WAIST-AWAY method does not depend on weights or other gadgets. You don't tire yourself carrying around a load of metal because WAIST-AWAY *contains no bulky, cumbersome weights.*

You feel light, comfortable and relaxed when you wear WAIST-AWAY. That means you can wear it longer and more often, so results come faster. Never before was a spot-reducing method so easy to take

Quick and easy to put on

An important feature of WAIST-AWAY's ingenious design is the fastening. You just wrap it around (next to your skin), place the ends together and presto!—it's on. The Velcro fastening provides several inches of adjustment without straps, buckles, or snaps.

The WAIST-AWAY belt comes in men's and women's sizes. Be sure to specify which you want on the order form below.

Waist-Away designer Ike Berger Olympic champion

Holder of two Olympic gold medals for weightlifting, two World Champion gold medals, and winner of numerous other championships. World record lift of 336 pounds made him the strongest man, pound for pound, in the world.

Together with his associate, he developed the WAIST-AWAY and the IBEM Thigh Belt, based on his long experience with the rubber sweat-suit in reducing to his weight class.

Mr. Berger's activities as a physical fitness consultant showed him the widespread need for an effective method of spot-reducing. After extensive development and trial, the WAIST-AWAY was perfected and is now available for business and professional men, housewives, athletes.

WAIST-AWAY aids posture and comfort

Firmly but gently, WAIST-AWAY's support induces better posture. It also provides a slight massage action as you move about, which relaxes and reduces waist tensions. Reduce in comfort!

THE BEST QUALITY

Only the very finest materials and construction are used in making the WAIST-AWAY Belt. IBEM does not compromise on quality because we believe that the fast results and greater comfort you enjoy with the top quality WAIST-AWAY Belt are worth the cost.

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Whatever method of thigh reducing you've tried without success, don't give up. IBEM's new method produces the same effective slimming results on upper thighs as WAIST-AWAY does around the stomach.

Special composition material

IBEM Thigh Reducer Belts are made of soft, pliable, rubber-like composition. They're easy to put on. The adjustable Velcro fastening keeps them snug as your thighs get thinner. (Be sure to indicate your *upper* thigh measurement on your order.)

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CSG-258

(Continued from Page 50)

3rd, the Olympic Auditorium was packed.

Hank Metheny was the referee and he had his hands full as the two blond giants went at each other with every intention of committing murder.

At first, Blassie's experience seemed to give him the edge. He trotted out every trick in his bag, legal and otherwise, gouging, biting and punching Carson at will. But the latter had said, 'I'll know every move Blassie has, and I know how to anticipate him and counteract everything.

Now Carson began to prove it. He not only proved himself as rough as Blassie, but equally scientific, displaying a dazzling array of armlocks, toeholds and scissors which he alternated with airplane spins that flung Blassie out of the ring, landing him on his head and splitting it open.

Blassie began to bleed like a stuck pig. And the sight of blood seemed to madden Carson. He rubbed his day's stubble of beard in Blassie's wounds to make the pain unbearable. There was blood all over the wrestlers, the referee and those seated at ringside.

Referee Metheny finally called in Dr. Bernhart Schwartz, who examined Blassie's cuts and advised the referee to stop the match. Carson was declared the winner.

Carson roared with delight. "I beat him and all you fans know it!" he yelled.

"All that blood. Blassie's blood. It's beautiful!"

"He never would have won, but for that cut," Blassie roared.

But Carson had proved himself, and Blassie and everybody else there knew it. Blassie had no choice but to agree to a rematch; this time with his America's championship at stake. They met again on April 17th.

The fans knew it would be a second World War, and came in droves to see it. They weren't disappointed.

Carson twists in agony as Blassie's sharp fingernails dig into his face.

Most of that return match was an even more thrilling repeat of their first bout. Except that this time Blassie wasn't cut. They slugged, bit, kicked and kneed each other, without either seeming to gain an advantage. Rarely had the crowd seen two more evenly matched wrestlers. The end came unexpectedly and with sudden finality.

Both men raced across the ring toward each other, heads lowered like charging bulls. Their heads collided with a crash that could be heard at the rear of the Auditorium. Both were knocked cold. Referee Hank Metheny counted them out as they lay there while the fans went wild at the dramatic ending.

Freddie Blassie had both won and lost. He said, "I'm still the champion. Right?"

But gone was the arrogance he oozed when he had claimed Don Carson wasn't in his class. He had taught Don how to wrestle well. Too well for his own good. □

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BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!
THERE'S THAT BIG STIFF AGAIN, SHOWING OFF IN FRONT OF GRACE AND THE CROWD. WELL IT'S MY TURN THIS TIME!
WHAM! - NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY!
OH, MAC! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

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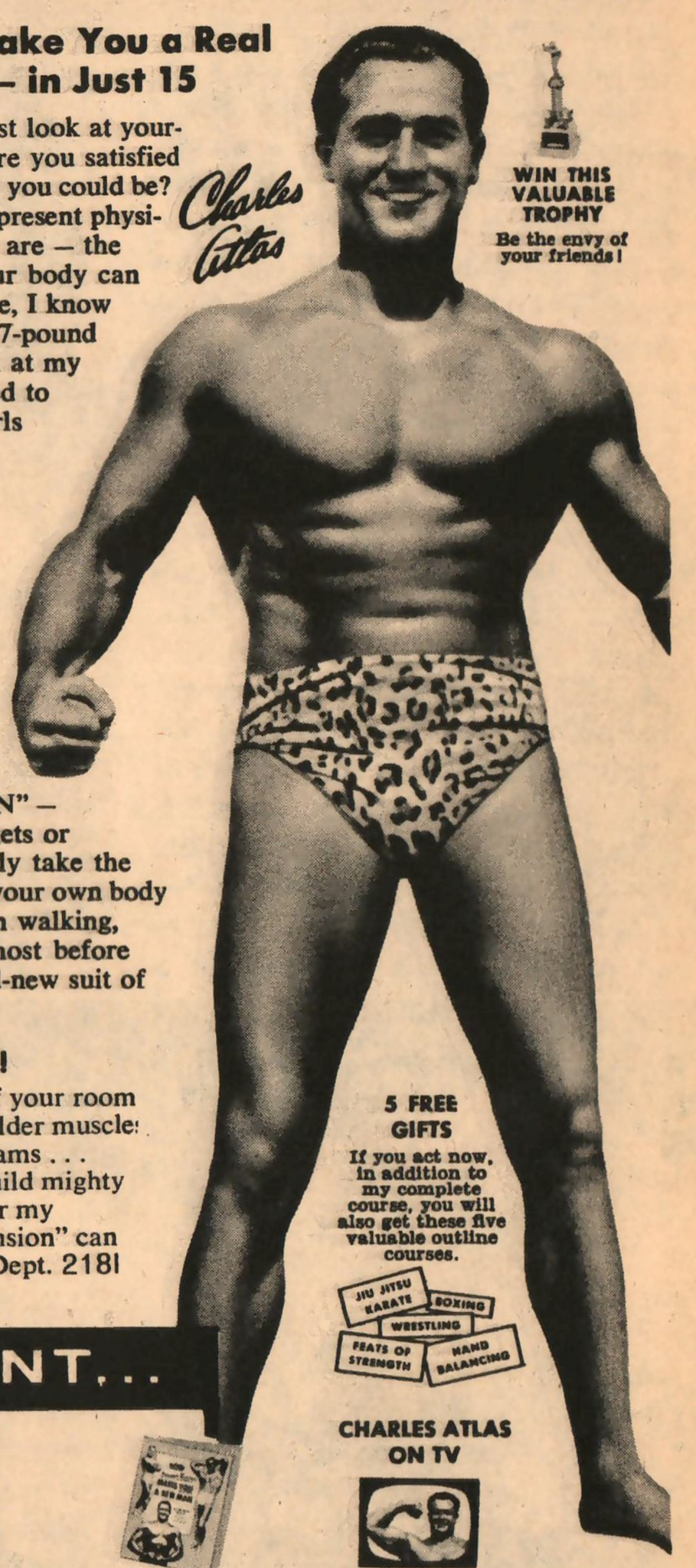
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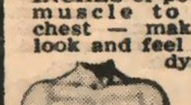

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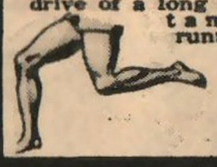

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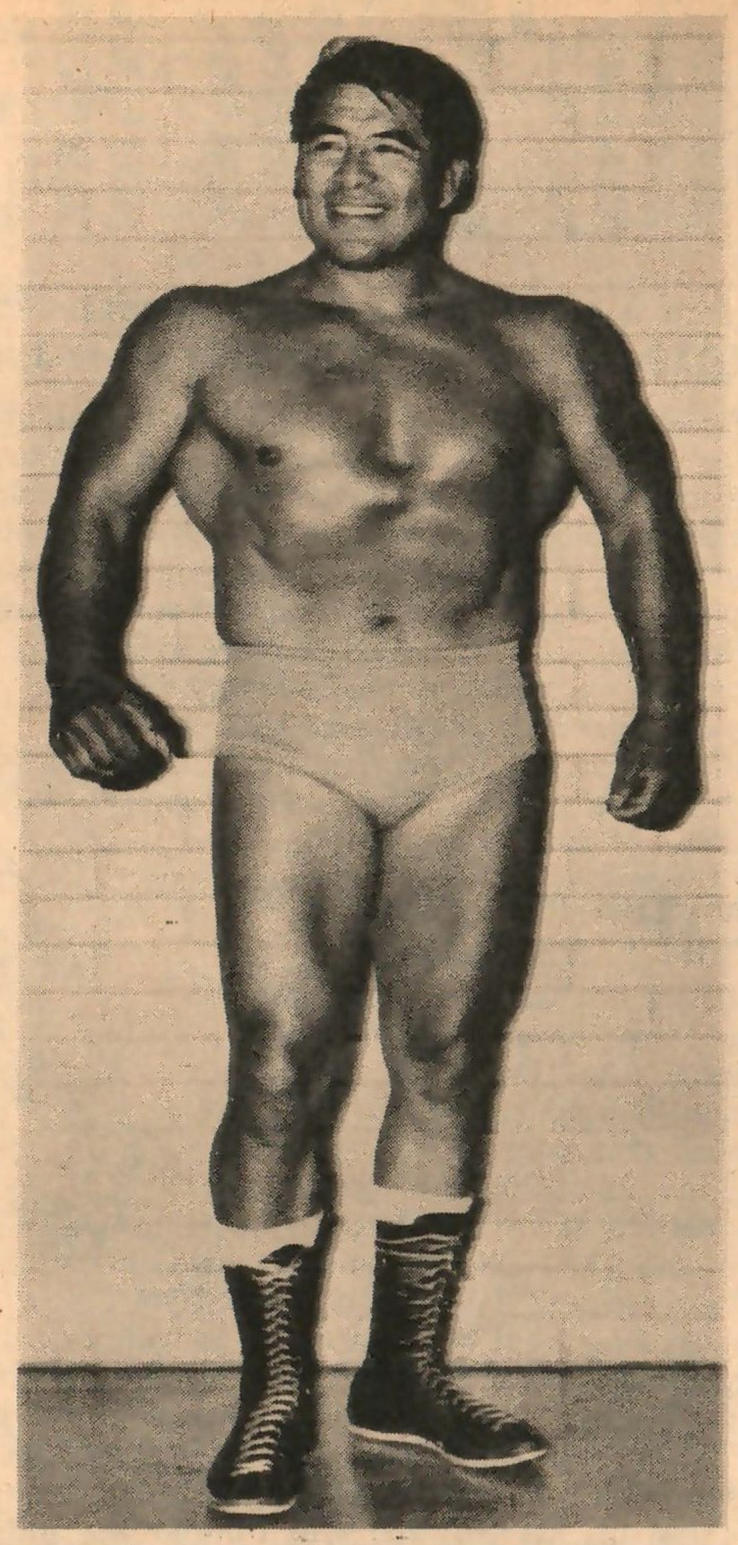
WHY LUIS MARTINEZ BECAME APACHE LOU

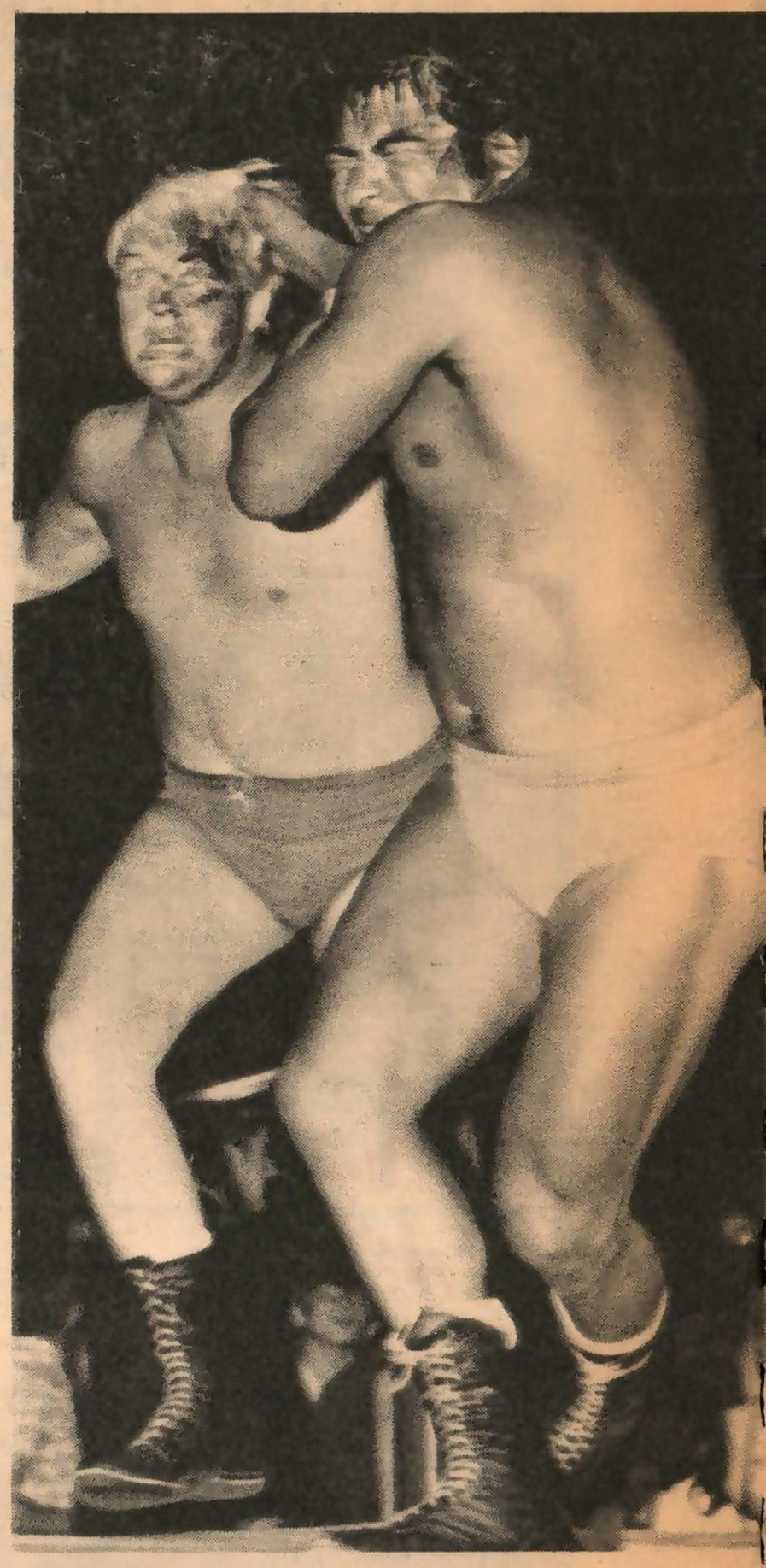
(Continued from Page 41)

ties which help both the American and Mexican Indians, and when I retire from wrestling I'm going to devote my entire life to helping them get back what the white man stole from them. After all, America and Mexico were their countries before the white man came."

But Apache Lou doesn't plan to retire from wrestling for quite a while. His 5 foot, 10 inch frame is packed with 220 pounds of solid muscle, but he is agile as a jackrabbit. Just ask wrestlers like Mitsu Arakawa and Bobby Heenan.

Part of Apache Lou's mystic philosophy was acquired while he was in the Orient. He spent two years wrestling in Japan and, more important, studying the art of judo. Last May, he demonstrated his skill and knowledge of that intricate sport by taking on one of the world's great judo masters, Mitsu Arakawa. According to experts, Apache is the only North American wrestler who knows enough to tackle Arakawa in a judo match.





Apache airplane-spins Bob Heenan (left), and sets Heenan up for slam into ringpost (above). "I win anyway I can," Lou says.

The historic match took place at the North Side Armory in Indianapolis, Indiana, and Apache, with a remarkable exhibition, proved good enough to hold The Master to a draw. Neither man was able to gain a fall during the half hour bout.

Apache's match with Bobby Heenan in Hammond, Indiana, a short while after his classic with Arakawa, was an entirely different kind of affair and proved

(Continued on page 56)

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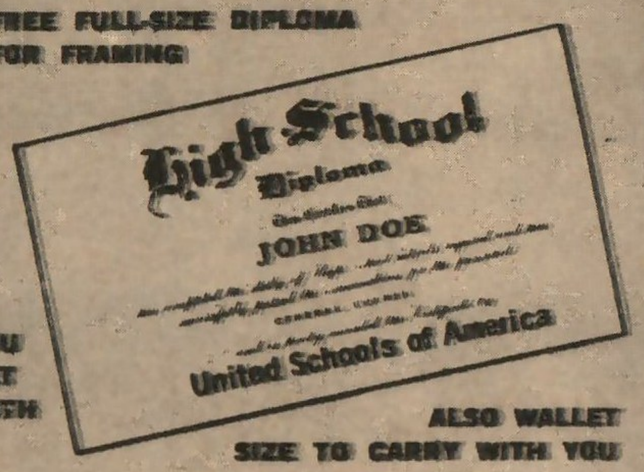

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WHY LUIS MARTINEZ BECAME APACHE LOU

(Continued from Page 54)

Apache's marvelous versatility.

Bobby Heenan, as everybody knows, became famous as the flamboyant manager of Blackjack Lanza. But when Bobby became sick and tired of sitting on the sidelines, he started to divide his time between managing and wrestling. "I just had to get in there and fight," Bobby said. "Why should I let Lanza get all the kicks?"

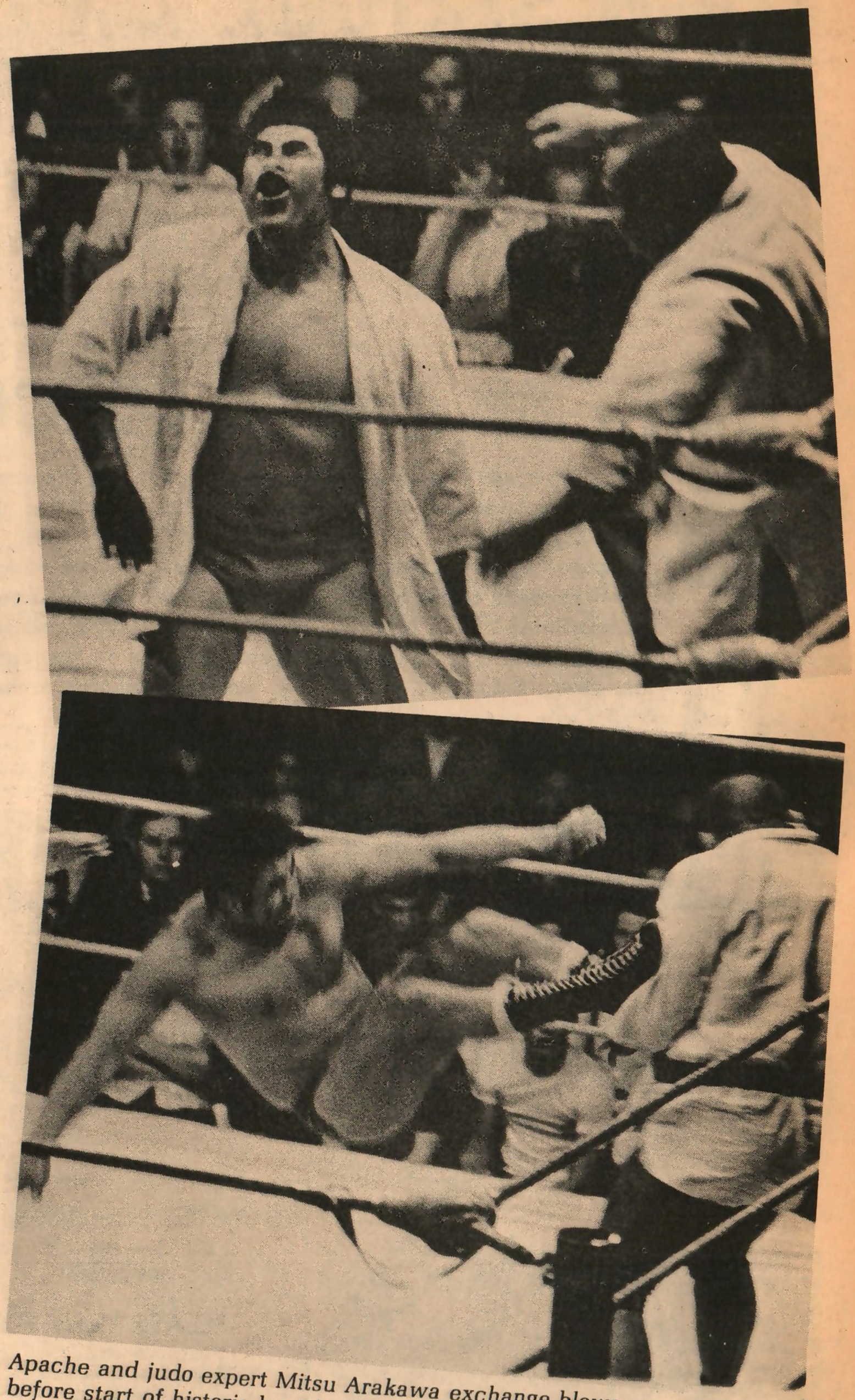
So Heenan began getting some of the kicks himself. One of the first opponents he tried to take apart, in typical Blackjack Lanza style, was Apache Lou. It was a bloodbath! "The guy is a maniac," Apache said as a doctor stitched up the three deep cuts in his head after the match (which ended with Heenan's disqualification).

Heenan, in return, had this to say about Apache Lou: "He's just a 'Teepee Indian.' But he makes some pretty good moves. Next time, I'll eat him up!"

There hasn't been a next time yet, but if it comes, you can be sure Apache will welcome it. "I hate to have a bout end in a disqualification, even if I come out the winner," Lou says with typical Indian pride.

Apache is determined to become the first Indian to win the world's heavyweight wrestling championship. "The closest one of my people ever came to being champion was Chief Little Wolf," Apache says. "Wolf was a tremendous wrestler as well as a tremendous man. He was in his prime during the 1930's and he gave the real great ones like Jim Londos, Strangler Lewis, Dick Shikat and Gus Sonnenberg plenty of hell. There is no doubt that Wolf was discriminated against because he was an Indian, and that he probably would have won the title had he been white."

Apache believes that when he becomes champion he will in some way be getting sweet revenge for Chief Little Wolf.



Apache and judo expert Mitsu Arakawa exchange blows before start of historic bout in Indianapolis.

"When they hand me the belt," he says, "the first thing I'll do is have this statement engraved right on the main panel: 'Dedicated to Chief Little Wolf, the man who helped make my success possible'."

May we suggest that Apache add this statement to his championship belt: "To Chief Geronimo, who also helped make it possible." □

ROCCA VS. ROGERS

(Continued from Page 27)

I felt his neck crunch as his head hit the mat and I got a little scared because, after all, maybe I don't like the guy, but I don't want to kill him."

Rocca did not win any of the title matches he had with Rogers, although he did get five draws.

While Buddy likes to talk about the bouts held in Madison Square Garden, Rocca prefers to remember the match they had in Chicago in 1961.

"I had him licked," Rocca said, slamming his big hands together in anger. Then he added sadly, "But I let him get away."

The pictures on these pages show what happened in the fifth world championship match between champion Rogers and his top challenger, Antonino Rocca, on Aug. 18, 1961, in the Chicago Ampitheatre. It went six minutes short of one hour and Rogers was declared the winner and still champion when the rubbery Argentine suffered a torn cartilege in his left leg and was unable to continue.

"It's a funny thing," Rocca said, recalling that dramatic night. "I went into the ring with a sprained left ankle. I wanted to keep him away from that bad left foot, so I tried to fool him by wearing a heavy elastic protector around my good foot—the right one. I figured the elastic protector would make a good decoy. But he fooled me. Or, I should say, somebody double-crossed me and told Rogers what I was doing."

Rocca is still trying to track down the rat who betrayed him in Chicago four years ago. So far he has boiled the suspects down to three people: the dressing room attendent, Johnny Barend, one of Rogers' "pals," and one of the Chicago promoters who Antonino believes wanted Rogers to win.

"I should not have worn that bandage," Rocca said dejectedly. "It just goes to show that when you try to be smart, you wind up getting hit in the head."

Not in the head, Antonino. In the foot! □

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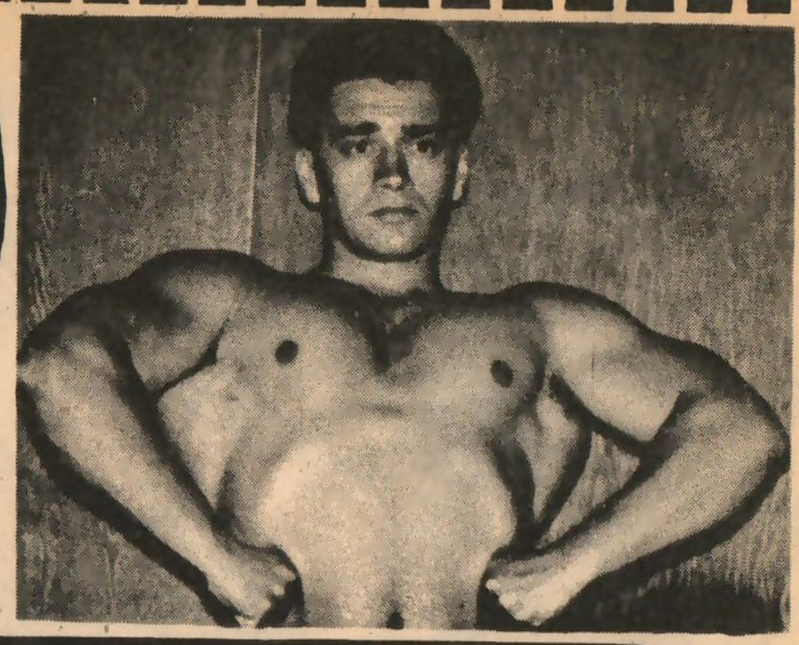

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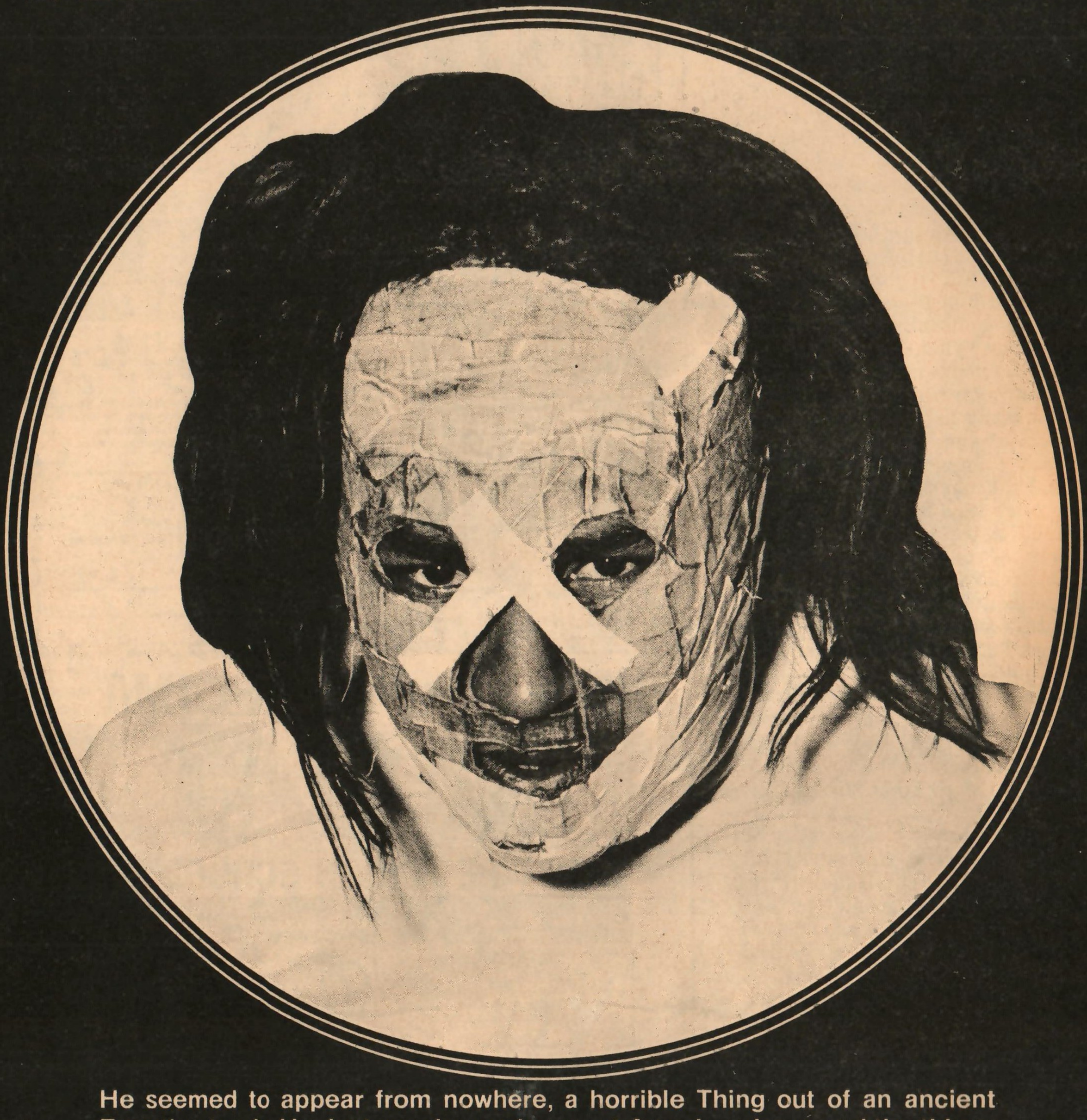

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(Continued on page 60)

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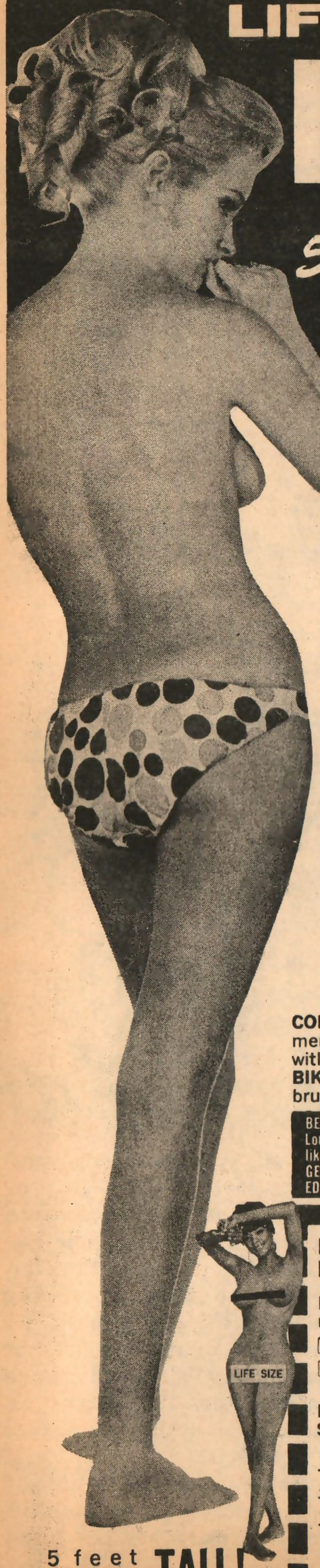

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(Continued from Page 58)

action, strangely fascinated by this unearthly creature.

You remember the first night you saw him. It was back in 1962, at the Cow Palace in San Francisco when he wrestled Jerry Kozak in his American debut. The fans had driven him out of South and Central America and Mexico with threats to kill him.

"*Muerte a Mummy*!—Death to the Mummy!—thousands had screamed as they surged toward him in Mexico City one night.

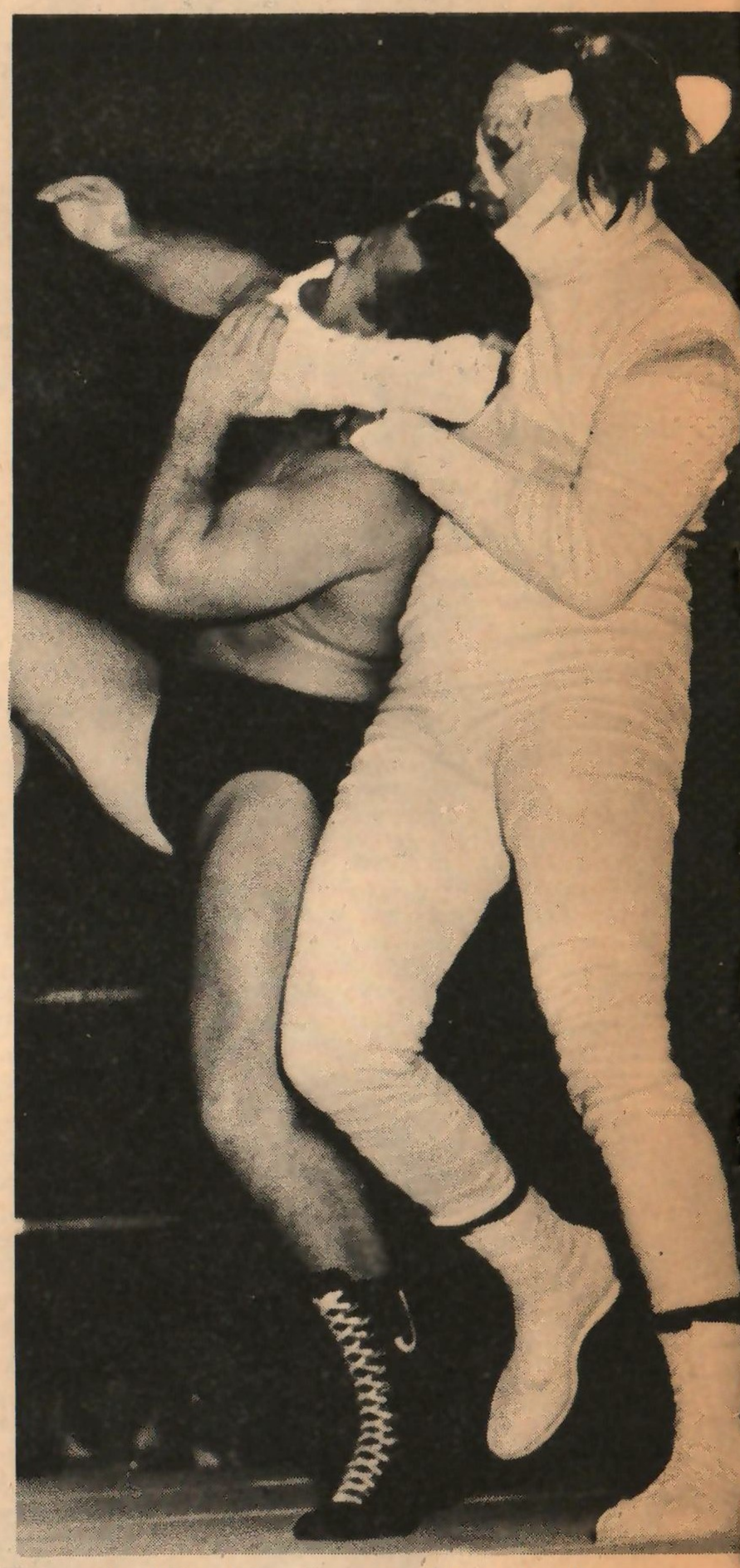
Latin Americans are ever emotional, you thought to yourself as you waited for The Mummy to wrestle Kozak. It couldn't happen here. But The Mummy himself had boasted, "I'll soon be the most hated man in the United States."

The semi final match had ended in a draw, and now a hush fell over the crowd as they waited for The Mummy to appear. They turned in their seats and their necks craned as they peered through the smoky gloom. "Here he comes!" someone yelled.

The Mummy was like an apparition as he emerged from the darkness. He moved down the aisle slowly, as if in a trance—walking stiffly—the arms and legs as rigid as in *rigor mortis*. He was wrapped from the neck down in strips of muslin, like a mummy from the tombs of ancient Egypt. The white strips were black with dirt and stained with blood!

A mask covered his face, except for the eyes and nose and

Nick Kozak looks like a bucking bronco as he tries to unloose himself from The Mummy's deadly stranglehold.



mouth. His skin appeared rotted, like a cadaver. Adhesive tape patched the rips in his mask. A lick of jet black, stringy hair, like the souvenir of a headhunter, hung straight down as a weed through the top of his mask. An uneasy murmur ran through the crowd as this thing advanced down the aisle. "My God!" exclaimed a man in the seat next to me, "what is it?"

The Mummy passed by me and the sick-sweet smell of death filled my nostrils. I was absolutely

(Continued on page 62)

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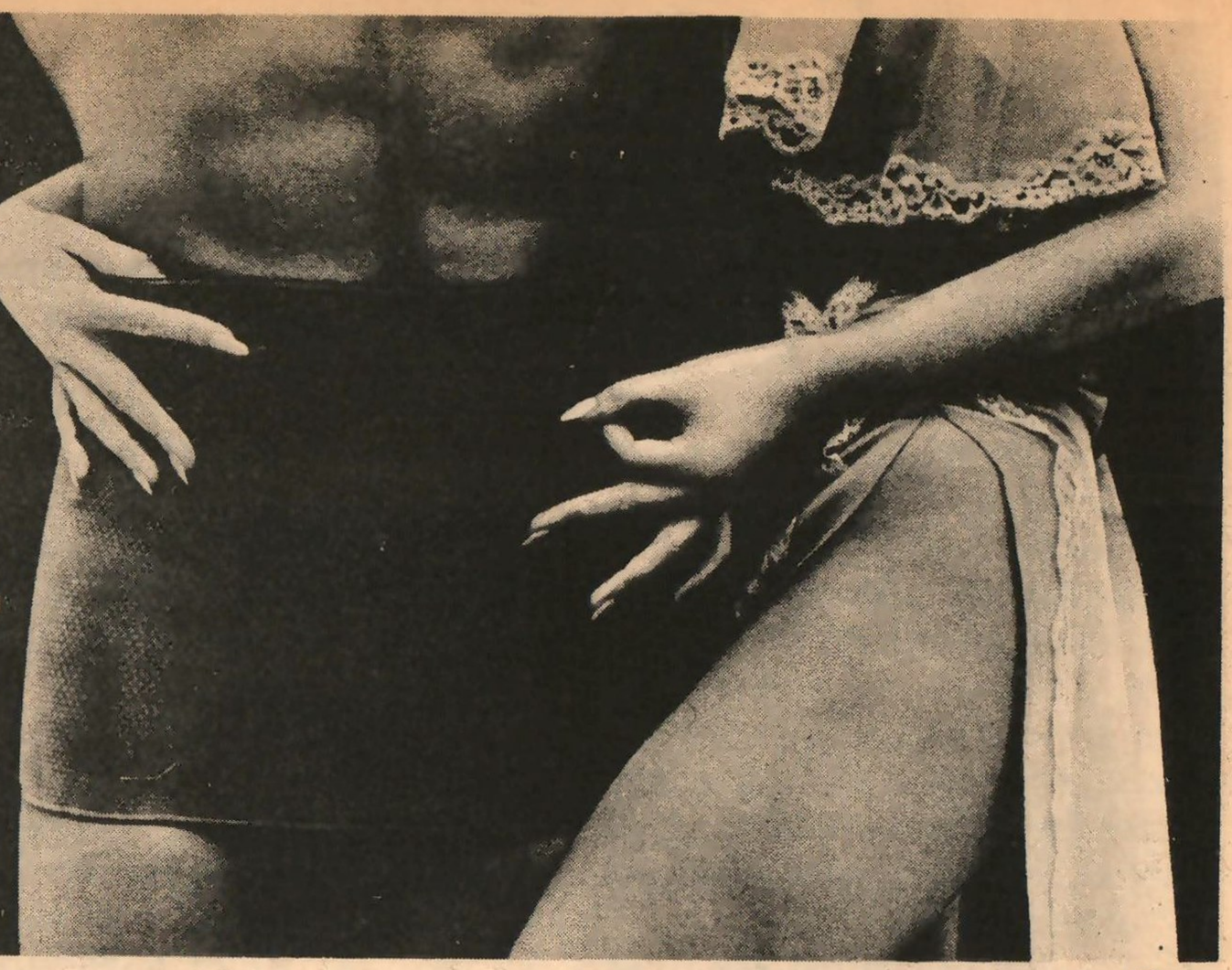

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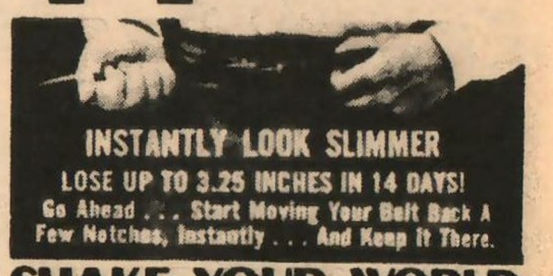
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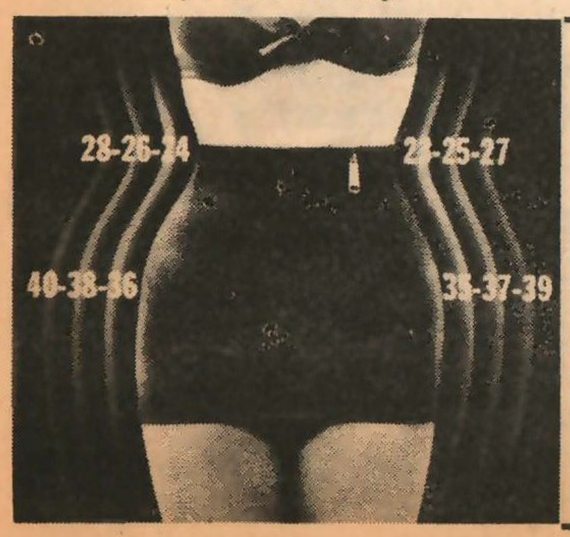

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(Continued from Page 60)

horrified.

Jerry Kozak leaped over the top rope into the ring—handsome, clean-cut, smiling with confidence—until he saw The Mummy! You could see the fear widen in Jerry's eyes, and when the bell rang Kozak circled the ring swiftly, keeping as far away from The Mummy as he possibly could.

The Mummy advanced like the inevitability of Death. He is big—6 feet 3, about 250 pounds. His huge arms stretched out toward Kozak, the fingers flexing and curling like the tentacles of an octopus. His hands were huge and knotted with muscle.

Kozak back-pedalled as fast as he could. Someone yelled, "The Mummy'll get you, if you don't watch out, Jerry!" The crowd began to boo Kozak. But the ring is only 24 feet square, and Kozak couldn't avoid those menacing hands for long.

The Mummy lunged. His hands darted forward, swift as a snake. They closed around Jerry's neck and drew him close. He held Kozak like a helpless rag doll.

The Mummy's talon-like fingers gouged and ripped open the skin, bloodying Kozak's face and neck. The Mummy arched Kozak's back over the top rope, then he leaned over and bit Kozak on the neck. Then The Mummy sucked Kozak's blood!

"Kill him! Kill him!" the angry crowd roared. Then fans surged toward the ring. A bottle was hurled into its center and shattered into a thousand pieces. The referee managed to pry The Mummy's hands off Kozak's neck, and the mob quieted as workmen swept the broken glass from the ring. Then The Mummy began to rip, batter and bite Kozak without letup.

He seized Kozak in what looked like a stranglehold, his thumbs and fingers sinking deep into Kozak's throat. Jerry's eyes bulged and his face turned purple red.

The crowd screamed its protest at the stranglehold. The referee tried to push The Mummy away, to pry his fingers loose from Kozak's throat, but The Mummy shouldered the referee away and applied still more pressure. He was obviously trying to strangle Kozak to death!

"For God's sake, don't kill him!" a woman shouted. A dozen fans then tried to climb into the ring, but were turned back by special police.

Kozak's whole body stiffened as, with one mighty effort, he tried to break free. Then he went limp—unconscious! The Mummy continued to apply pressure. Death seemed to possess him!

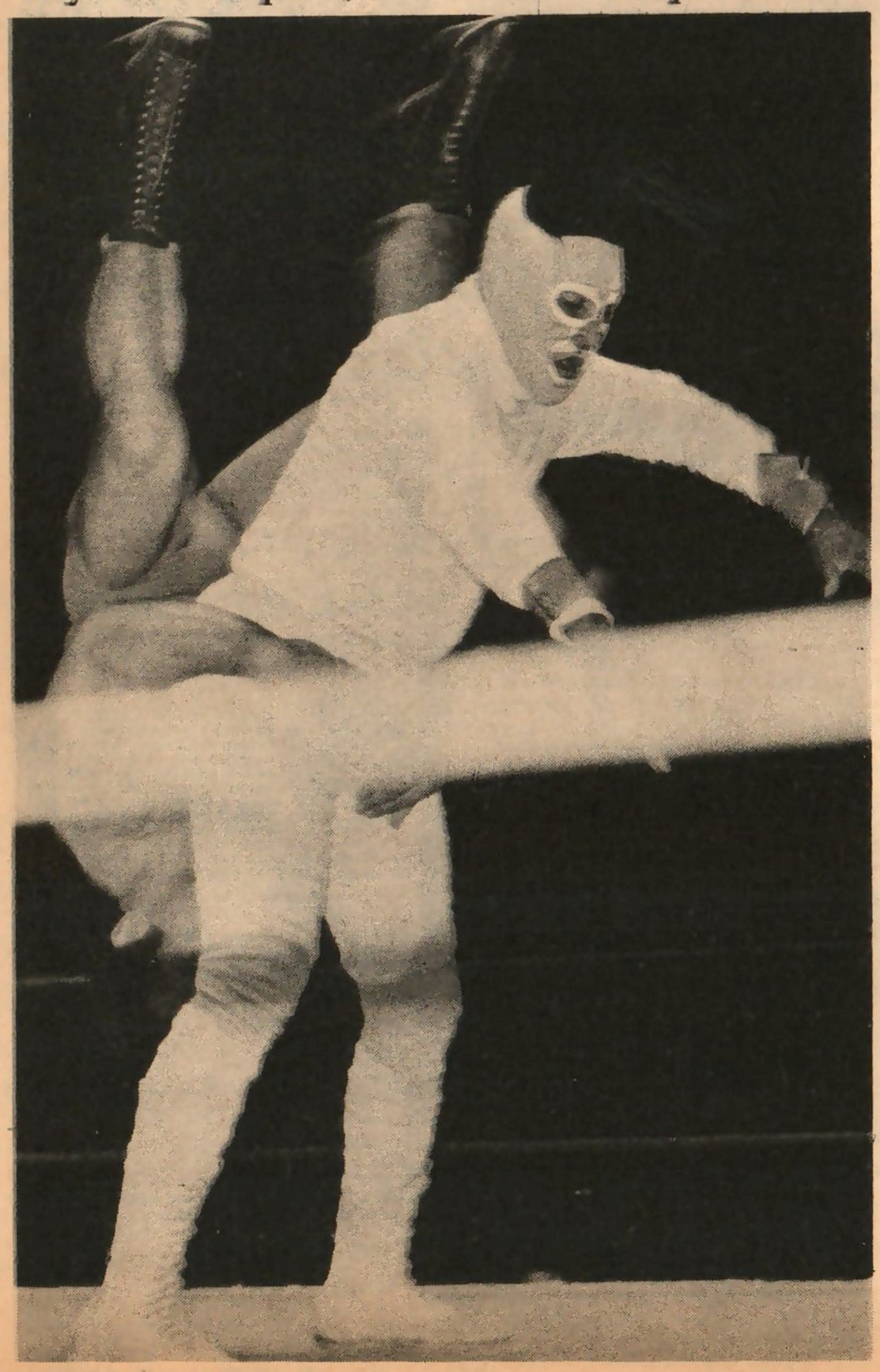
The referee had no choice. He lacked the muscle to break The Mummy's death grip, so he disqualified him.

When The Mummy, who doesn't speak English, understood what had happened, he released Kozak, and Jerry fell to the mat like a sack of flour. The Mummy then started toward the referee. But he suddenly changed his mind, turned and left the ring. The crowd, somewhat settled by now, drew back in frightened huddles as The Mummy passed them by on his way to the dressing room.

What is this Thing? This ghastly It? Where does It come from? There have been many rumors: It was resurrected by black magic from an Ancient Egyptian crypt; It is a zombie—one of the Walking Dead of Haiti, brought back from the tomb by Voodoo. What is the real truth about The Mummy?

We tried to interview him

(Continued on page 64)



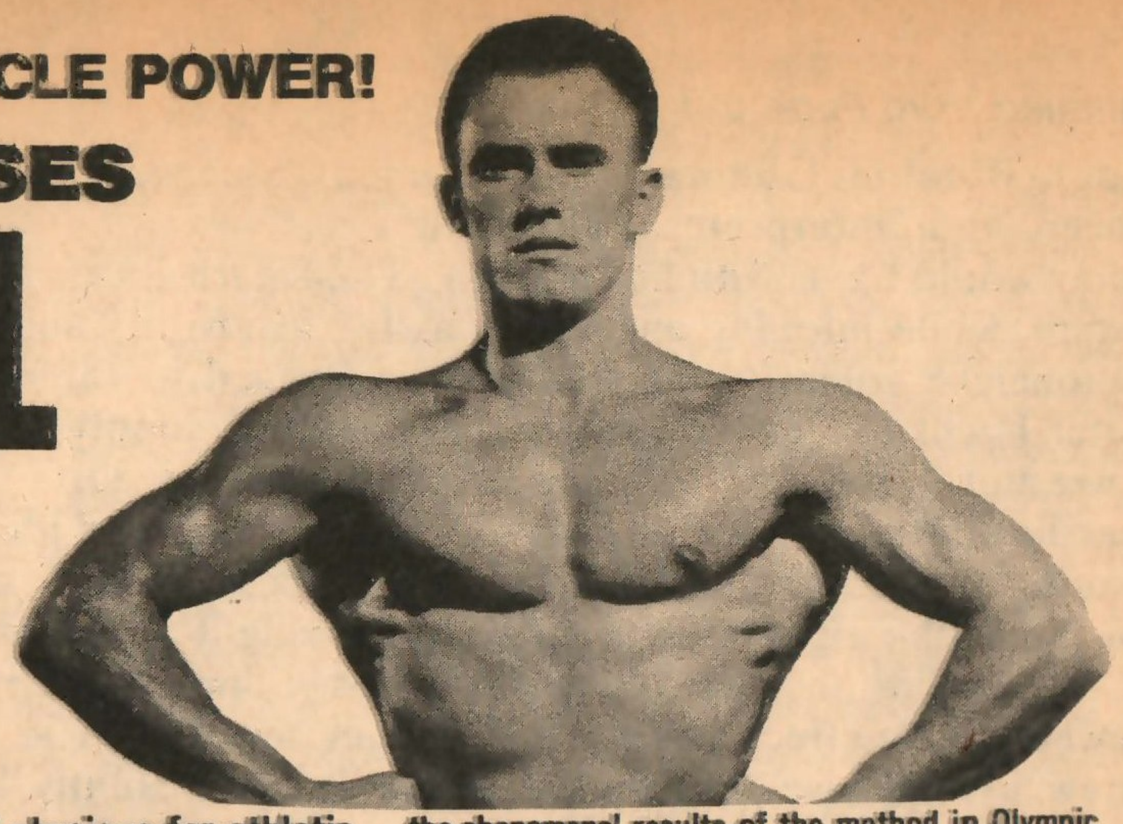
Buddy Moreno clings desperately to The Mummy's waist to keep from getting his brains knocked out on the floor. Feverish action took place during recent match in San Francisco. Notice how The Mummy's hair juts out from opening in his head mask. Said one woman: "It looks like he has a plant growing out of his head!"

Here is the world's fastest way to MUSCLE POWER!

ONLY ONE METHOD PROMISES

POWERFUL MUSCLES

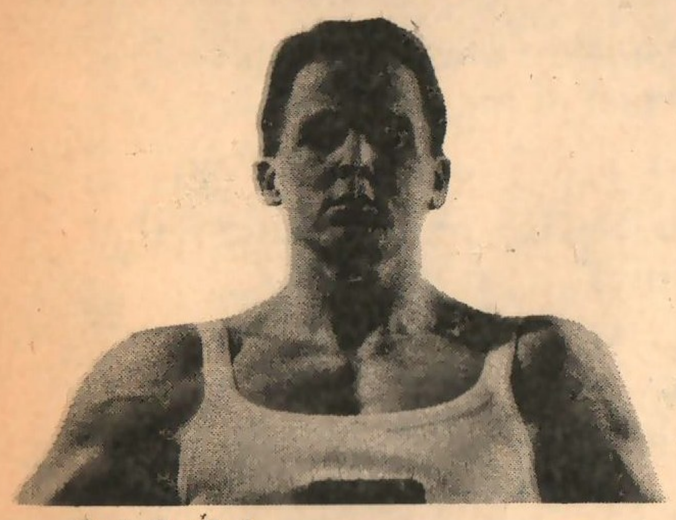
IN JUST 77 SECONDS!



Read this remarkable story if you are trying to develop a powerful physique for athletic competition—or if you are just interested in building up certain muscles, increasing your vigor, and toughening your stamina. It will change your whole idea of body-building exercise.

When the TENSOLATOR Method was first tested by athletes and coaches around the world, it changed traditional training methods drastically. The German Olympic Team used the new method and achieved an outstanding medal-winning record in the games. An average weight-lifter, Louis Reike, switched to TENSOLATOR in secret training and stunned the competition with a world record snatch lift, capturing the light-heavy title in the U.S. Senior Championships at the age of 40! After extensive tests with consistent success, the TENSOLATOR method was presented to the public. Results were astonishing with men of all ages and in all kinds of activities: sportsmen, executives, salesmen, students, professional men, truck drivers.

IT TAKES MORE THAN ISOMETRICS



Gert Koelbel,
Inventor of the Tensolator

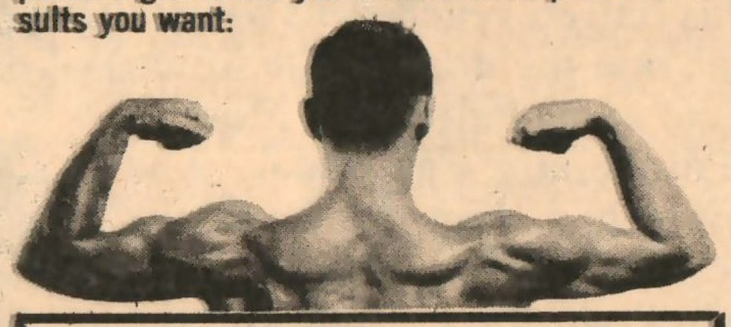
Tensolating is based on a new principle—a unique idea that exerts each muscle up to its full capacity in only a few seconds. This is the Isometric effect.

The benefits of Isometric Contraction are now well known. But Isometrics is only part of the TENSOLATOR story...

In designing the TENSOLATOR, the inventor ingeniously devised a method of supplementing the Isometric effect with a **dynamic Isotonic** tension. That combination of **Isometrics and Isotonics** develops super-powerful muscles that do not bunch up in knots, but form smooth, tough-as-steel sinews that work efficiently in exerting maximum power, and shape your body into clean, well-proportioned lines.

BUILDS UP—TRIMS DOWN

The special TENSOLATOR effect lets you concentrate on individual muscles. TENSOLATOR builds impressive shoulders....trims the flabby bulge around the **waistline**....toughens and flattens the **stomach**. Got a weak **back**? Tensolate it with special exercises—maybe 15 or 20 seconds a day. Want powerful **wrists** or a trip-hammer **forearm**? Toughen your **legs** too. TENSOLATOR pumps power right where you want it. Just pick the results you want:



1. Build a powerful, manly physique.
2. Strengthen legs.
3. Broaden shoulders.
4. Reduce waistline.
5. Increase stamina.
6. Develop strong, supple wrists.
7. Expand and deepen chest.
8. Put power in arms.
9. Strengthen upper and lower back.
10. Increase all-around fitness and vigor.

FAST? IT'S THE FASTEST

If you have no time to exercise, TENSOLATOR is for you. Imagine a full daily routine that builds you up all around in LESS THAN 2 MINUTES! Each exercise takes **only 7 seconds** for maximum effect.

Typical daily exercise routine

Chest muscles	7 sec.
Back muscles	14 sec.
Shoulder muscles	7 sec.
Stomach muscles (outer)	7 sec.
Stomach muscles (inner)	7 sec.
Biceps	7 sec.
Triceps	7 sec.
Underarm	7 sec.
Calf muscles	7 sec.
Thigh muscles	7 sec.
	77 sec.

FOR CHAMPION ATHLETES —AND YOU

Naturally, champion athletes all over the world have adopted the TENSOLATOR device after seeing the phenomenal results of the method in Olympic and other world championship events. We'll send you glowing testimonials from athletes, coaches, doctors.

World champion weightlifters, prize fighters, and football stars use it to get into top form and to build up their bodies to take the punishment of hard competition.

ALL AGES—ALL SIZES

Of course, TENSOLATOR is ideal for young men. But if you are 45-50-60, don't give in to the aging process. There is no reason you can't develop strong muscles and durable stamina. In fact, men over 50 who exercise regularly with TENSOLATOR can **outperform men 20 years younger** in strength and endurance.

You don't exhaust yourself working with TENSOLATOR as you do with weightlifting or other devices, because it needs only 7 seconds to do the job.

FAST RESULTS GUARANTEED

TENSOLATOR gives you results fast. We GUARANTEE you'll get stronger muscles and feel new vigor in only 10 days or your money back. You can't lose.

You will not only see the results in the size of your muscles, you'll also be able to **measure** your growing strength on the TENSOLATOR muscle-power gauge.

TAKE NO RISK

Send the coupon with only 25¢ (for postage and handling) to get a big, full-color illustrated book showing the TENSOLATOR method, step by step. Do it today.

IT'S A SCIENTIFIC WONDER

If you're interested in how a marvelous device like the Tensolator got developed, here's the story: Scientists at the world famous Max Planck Institute in West Germany studied how different kinds of stress affect muscles. As a result of their studies, they discovered the ideal way to apply isometric contraction to build powerful muscles. The Tensolator Method was designed according to the principles they developed. So you get the benefit of their discoveries now.

THOYLO CORPORATION P.O. Box 1509, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

☐ Please send brochure and photo. I enclose 25¢.

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(Continued from Page 62)

through Blackie Guzman, his manager and interpreter. The Mummy would fix us with his lifeless stare, while intoning answers in a toneless voice. "Muerte!.. Muerte! I will kill every American wrestler!" We couldn't help feel as he muttered that he was measuring us to determine whether we were the right size to fit into the coffin he had hidden somewhere. The effect was eerie. It threw us off base. We finally gave up the interview. We would follow The Mummy's career at a distance.

We checked records in Latin America and learned he had started wrestling in Caracas, Venezuela, but that he kept constantly on the move to stay alive—if you can call it that.

In Guatemala City, Guatemala, he had been shot twice in the left arm and once in the right leg by a homicidal fan. In San Jose, Costa Rica, a mob blasted him with large paving blocks. And when a mob got a lynch rope around his neck in Mexico City before police saved him, he took off for San Francisco.

In the United States, his publicity was equalled only by his bizarre personality and unorthodox tactics.

"American wrestlers are not afraid of me because they do not yet know me," he said at his first interview. "I will put them all in a crypt of death!

"I do not bleed. You cannot kill me! I am not human!"

In this country, The Mummy wrestled Ali Bey, Tony Perez, Lou Thesz, Mr. Moto, Fred Blassie, Ciclon Negro, Buddy Moreno and many other top stars. If he had one weakness, he showed it when someone tried to rip off his mask. None succeeded, but that seemed to upset his poise and make him forget himself. Only Ed Carpentier, Blassie and Buddy Moreno beat him. Each tried to rip off his mask, causing The Mummy to become so upset that he failed to get them with his famed "Sleeper," or Death Rattle."

The Death Rattle is also known as the "Carotid Clutch," because it is applied to the carotid arteries, which supply blood to the brain from the aorta of the heart. The Mummy used it twice against Dory Dixon, to win and retain the heavyweight championship of Texas. Some referees allow him to get away with it. Others disqualify him instantly. But it is only one of his many foul tactics which have made his prediction come true—that he would become the most hated wrestler in America.

This hatred reached its violent climax one night after The Mummy had wrestled Pedro Morales in Pasadena, California. The Mummy had done an especially merciless job on Morales, although Pedro finally had won the bout with a roll-up and shoulder-stand pin. As The Mummy started back to his dressing room, he found himself encircled by 1,300 angry fans. "Lynch him!" they screamed. "We'll see whether he bleeds or not!"

Suddenly, The Mummy felt a searing, stabbing spasm of pain in his stomach. He looked down and saw the protruding hilt of a knife, its blade buried deep into his abdomen.

The blood gushed forth, and as The Mummy doubled up in agony, a gnomelike little old man pulled the knife blade from his stomach and disappeared with it into the crowd.

Police rushed The Mummy to Huntington Memorial Hospital where, after it was discovered that he had suffered a knife wound three inches deep, the doctors performed emergency surgery. Meanwhile, the police arrested a 100-pound, 79-year-old man whom they discovered trying to hide a bloodstained fishing knife in the arena. As he was booked on suspicion of assault with intent to commit murder, his 78-year-old wife complained, "Wouldn't you think that at his age he would calm down a bit? But he gets so excited. He really hates that Mummy!"

The Mummy waves his finger in protest at the referee.

At last The Mummy had met his match! But he survived to wrestle again, although some of those fans who loved to hate him, hated him somewhat less since it had been proved that he was human enough to bleed.

The Mummy was identified, for police and hospital records, as Benjamin Ramirez, age 33, a native of South America, who owns a large cattle ranch near Bogota, Colombia. There, on a plaque above the fireplace in his living room, is written a legend. It reads: "Tomb, Sweet Tomb. This is eternal home for The Mummy."

Every wrestler in America would rest much easier if The Mummy would go home to his ranch and stay there! □

NOW THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTING SECRETS CAN BE YOURS...

THE SUPREME GRAND MASTER OF THE

BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY

brings you the forbidden secrets of

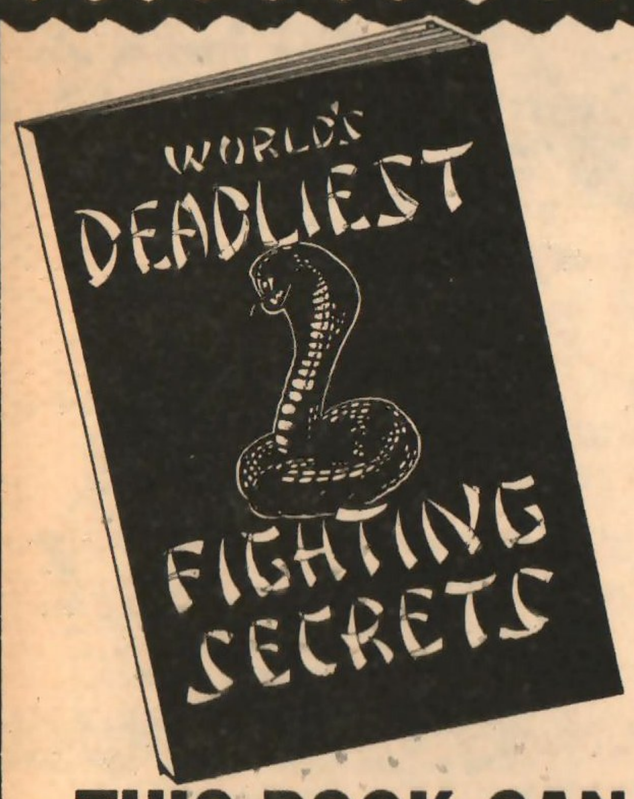
DIM MAK

"The Death Touch"

in this exclusive book!

"THE DEADLIEST MAN ALIVE!"

Bringing to you these forbidden and secret fighting arts is the Supreme Grand Master of all the fighting arts — Count Danté who won the World overall Fighting Arts championship (Master & Expert Divisions) after defeating the top Judo, Boxing, Wrestling, Karate, Gung Fu, Aikido, etc. masters in 'Death Matches'. On Aug. 1, 1967 the World Federation of Fighting Arts crowned the Count — "The World's Deadliest Fighting Master."



THIS BOOK CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE

The FORBIDDEN and SECRET training manual of the BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY has never before been available to anyone outside of the Society. Recent attempts for regular publication and public exposure have been rejected as the contents were considered HORRIFYINGLY DANGEROUS and BRUTALLY VICIOUS.

Yes, this is the DEADLIEST and most TERRIFYING fighting art known to man — and WITHOUT EQUAL. Its MAIMING, MUTILATING, DISFIGURING, PARALYZING and CRIPPLING techniques are known by only a few people in the world. An expert at DIM MAK could easily kill many Judo, Karate, Aikido and Gung Fu experts at one time with only finger tip pressure using his murderous POISON HAND WEAPONS. Instructing you step by step thru each move in this manual is none other than COUNT DANTE — THE DEADLIEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED.

BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY

The BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY is the WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTING ORGANIZATION which has included in its closed membership the top fighting experts of the DREADED CHINESE TONG SOCIETY — the oriental, and more vicious counterpart of the Mafia. Its members, who are the world's top Masters in the oriental fistic and grappling arts, train in the most SECRET and FORBIDDEN aspects of the DEADLY Chinese fighting arts of GUNG FU, TAI CHI CHUAN, CHUAN-FA, KEMPO, HSING YI, PA-KUA, SHAOLIN BOXING and DIM MAK.

Until recently the forbidden training secrets of the society have been closely guarded by the members who were sworn to secrecy and joined together thru their **initiation ceremony of blood.** Breaking of the oath to secrecy meant **death by torture** to the offender.

Now for the first time their FORBIDDEN SECRETS OF TERROR can be shared with you.

BREAK A BRICK

Included in the manual is a GUARANTEED method of brick and board breaking enabling anyone to break a brick or board after only minutes of training. THIS IS NO EXAGGERATION. THERE IS NO TRICK OR GIMMICK. There is nothing to be held in the hand, or any hand brace needed; and no special stunt bricks or boards are needed. This is the same method that many famous Karate Masters use.

POISON HAND

Considered by many as **evil** and **cruel;** the **lethally savage ripping, tearing, slashing, clawing** and **gouging** techniques which comprise the POISON HAND ARSENAL are used to attack (by strike, touch or pressure) the nerve centers, pressure points, major blood vessels and vital organs of the body. You will learn the original 77 "POISON HAND" techniques of ancient China in actual photographs showing them in application. These are not photos of drawings, but actual photos of COUNT DANTE applying these **torturing** techniques which are meant to **maim, disfigure, cripple** or **kill** and have been used by oriental terrorists and assassins to MURDER!

OUR $10,000 GUARANTEE

We cannot guarantee to make you a Fighting Arts Master or even an expert, as this is up to you; but we can make a $10,000 GUARANTEE that this book is DEADLIER than any other book, manual or course ever printed anywhere, at any cost and that it was, as mentioned before, refused for past publication due to its extremely FEROCIOUS nature. We also guarantee that the "WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTING SECRETS" contains the most SECRET and FORBIDDEN **attack** and **defense** methods ever devised by man and that the DIM MAK and POISON HAND techniques are completely authentic and the WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTING FORMS. Last we guarantee that you can break a real, authentic brick or board WITH NO GIMMICK — just your hand, using our method AFTER ONLY MINUTES OF TRAINING. If you are not satisfied; return the book in good condition and you will receive a refund. MAIL COUPON NOW! AIR MAIL REACHES US OVERNIGHT.

FREE BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP

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Rush my copy of **"The World's Deadliest Fighting Secrets"** in plain wrapper immediately. I enclose full payment of $4.98 and there will be nothing to pay on delivery. If for any reason I am not satisfied, I may return the book in 7 days for a full refund. I pledge never to use the deadly techniques of the manual as an aggressor (only to defend myself) and will never abuse the trust placed in me.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

As a special bonus for those ordering early an authentic I. D. card (silver thermographed on black) of the Black Dragon Fighting Society will be sent — while they last.

I put 2 full inches on my arms– 3 inches on my chest and trimmed 4 inches off my waist in just 7 weeks...

thanks to the Joe Weider Musclebuilding Course!"—

WHY NOT YOU?

SAYS MOVIE AND T.V. STAR, ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER,

"Mr. Universe" winner. He believes you, too, can easily duplicate his musclebuilding success with the Weider Course.

Why only the Joe Weider "MR. AMERICA" muscle-building course can MUSCLE YOU UP — SHAPE YOU UP—TOUGHEN YOU UP—FAST in just 7 short weeks—and in the privacy of your own home.

It makes no difference whether you're fat, skinny, scraggy or flabby, young or not-so-young—whether you're an office worker, laborer, executive or schoolboy—the WEIDER SYSTEM will pack 4 inches on your chest, 3 inches on each arm—give you football-player shoulders, muscularize your waistline, sock your legs with strength and speed—and "powerize" your entire body—IN JUST 7 SHORT WEEKS—OR LESS!

Only the WEIDER SYSTEM can do this for you because it is based on **scientific** principle—and **proven** by the hundreds of thousands of Champions it has developed since 1938. Practically every Mr. America, Mr. Universe and other "perfect man" title winners used the WEIDER SYSTEM to build their muscle-studded bodies.

NO OTHER MUSCLE-BUILDING SYSTEM ON EARTH CAN MATCH THIS FABULOUS RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENT—AND NOW THAT SAME SURE-FIRE SYSTEM IS ENTIRELY WITHIN YOUR REACH!

Just rush in free coupon and I will send you proof that you too can own a new "Wildcat Take-Charge" body in just 7 short weeks—It's free, while the supply lasts!

FREE! BIG MUSCLE-BUILDING BOOK!

MAIL THIS COUPON TO ME TODAY AND I'LL RUSH YOU MY NEW BIG 34-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK — FREE! It's jam-packed with **proof** that you can become an athletic, virile, "Take-Charge" He-Man **in just 7 WEEKS—OR LESS!** It's loaded with photos, tips, suggestions that will help make your fondest musclebuilding dreams come true—just as it did for Arnold Schwarzenwegger and over 2,000,000 other successful students! **SEND FOR IT NOW—IT'S ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

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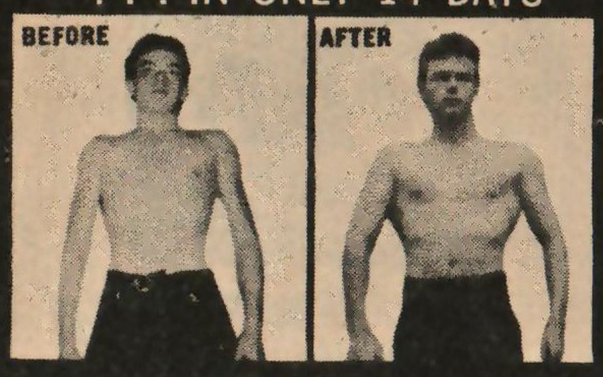
No other instructor in history can come close to this fantastic record!

HERE'S LIVING PROOF HOW FAST MY COURSE WORKS!

. . . IN ONLY 14 DAYS



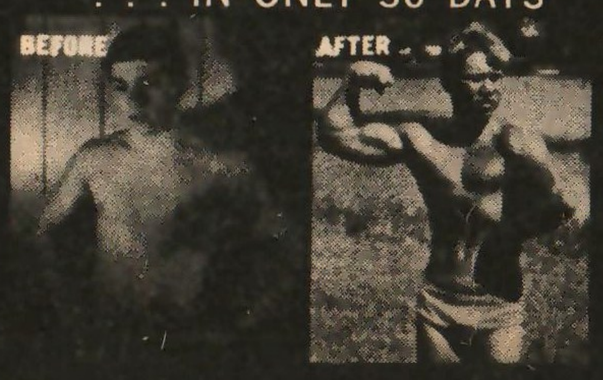
HE GAINS 16 POUNDS

BEFORE: Walter Leno, Jr. was weak and "under-nourished" looking—ashamed to be seen anywhere in public.

AFTER: Walter used Weider methods and in just 14 days put on 16 pounds, 2¼" on his arms and 2¼" on his chest!

IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU, TOO!

. . . IN ONLY 30 DAYS



HE GAINS 25 LBS.

BEFORE: Paul Carmody weighed a skinny 135 lbs. with "toothpick" arms and a shallow chest. He longed to be big and strong.

AFTER: Paul put himself under Weider methods and gained 25 muscular lbs. in 30 days, adding 1½" to his arms, 5 to his chest!

WHY NOT YOU?

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

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Dept. 209-60A
531 - 32nd Street
Union City, New Jersey 07087

Dear Joe: Okay, sock it to me! Rush me your Free musclebuilding information and Free "Muscle Up" book that I can use right away to build a handsome new "Take-Charge" body—in just 7 short weeks—in the privacy of my own home. I'm enclosing 25c to cover mailing and handling costs. I'm under no further obligation.

NAME (please print clearly) AGE

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CITY STATE ZIP

YOU'RE UNDER NO OBLIGATION — NOTHING TO BUY!

THE STRONGEST, MOST VIRILE AND ADMIRED MEN ARE BUILT BY THE WEIDER SYSTEM–FAST!

Dreams of others have come true

"Duraclean brought me security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as $3,000 on a single job." Blanche B. Mass.

"The professional quality of Duraclean Service has earned the respect of carpet dealers and wholesalers. I've earned $117.50 in an eight-hour day." R. W. Ohio

"Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as $1,300 in a single week, as much as $2,700 on one job." J. S. Fla.

Your Dreams *Can* Become a Reality with your own Duraclean Franchise

Hundreds of men—previously working for salaries or wages—now enjoy greatly increased incomes, personal independence, and secure futures as owners of their own businesses under the Duraclean Franchise

Unthinking men may tell you that the day is past when an individual can build a successful business of his own. The fact is that Franchising has opened a wonderful new world of opportunity for such men. The "mama and papa" grocery store, and the corner druggist have succumbed to the gigantic chains. But, in their place an exciting new kind of business abounds with big profit opportunities for the individual.

For twenty years the "service industry" has been growing with fantastic speed. Let the chains have the retail store business. Even a small business providing an unusual service can bring profits to the individual that were unheard of in the old days. And, unlike the chains, the service business today, is thriving under Franchising.

What is the difference? Just this: A chain is a large number of stores in a chain all operating under the same plan; under the same well-known name; *but* are owned by one corporation. In Franchising, the individual uses tested and proven plans for starting his business and building it; he operates under a Nationally Advertised and well-known name, he has step by step guidance *but he owns the business.* He enjoys the advantages of chain recognition, but he keeps all the net profits for himself.

The Duraclean Franchise is such a business. No store to rent. No fixtures to buy. No inventory or stock of goods to pay for. No office or work-room required. And, no special education or experience is needed for success. Men of almost every educational level have made glowing successes with the "know-how" furnished by our Company. They've worked from their homes as all Duraclean Service is given on the premises of the customer. In the beginning they've used the family car as all equipment can be carried in the trunk. Their only investment has been a cash outlay of less than a $1000.

What is Duraclean Service. It is a modern method of cleaning *and reviving color and resilience* of carpets, rugs, upholstered furniture and auto interiors—a method that has almost unbelievable superiority over the old way of harsh scrubbing with water, strong detergents, and power driven brushes. Tests made by an independent laboratory show that the Duraclean "Absorption Method" removes twice as much dirt and soil removed by machine scrubbing. And, the carpets and upholstery are dry and ready to use a few hours after cleaning. In addition to cleaning and reviving, you have five other equally superior services to increase profits. The improved Duraclean process has proved so superior that Duraclean Services are now available through a world wide organization.

Who are the customers? The finest homes in your community, yes. But, of equal importance hotels, motels, schools, shops, stores, offices, theaters, hospitals, and institutions. The commercial business is big and because much of this work can be done evenings or Saturdays, many men have started in spare time without giving up their jobs or pay checks. When they have seen from actual experience that Duraclean could pay them many times their former salaries, they have resigned the old job and become independent businessmen—with all the added respect and standing that a businessman has in his community.

If you've ever had a really strong desire to "some day own your own business" the Duraclean Franchise is well worth investigating. We have no salesmen to try to influence you. The entire Duraclean Opportunity is explained in detail in a 24-page book. This book will be mailed free to any man sincerely interested in a future of security and independence. Just your name and address is all that's needed. Send it today. After reading all the facts, if you decide to take the next step, you can write again and let us know.

We'll help you with financing, with training, with equipment, and with all our years of experience in showing other men how to make their dreams become realities. To investigate costs nothing and does not place you under the slightest obligation. Is this something you should do for yourself? Today?

Ford Marsh
President

DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
O-7P8 Duraclean Bldg. Deerfield, Ill. 60015

Ford Marsh, President, DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
O-7P8 Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015

Please mail details of the Duraclean Franchise opportunity. I will read your 24 page book. Then if I am interested I'll let you know. It is understood that I am not under any obligation and that no salesman will call to influence my decision.

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Address_____

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Your quick, easy way to spare time earnings, top-pay jobs, or business of your own;

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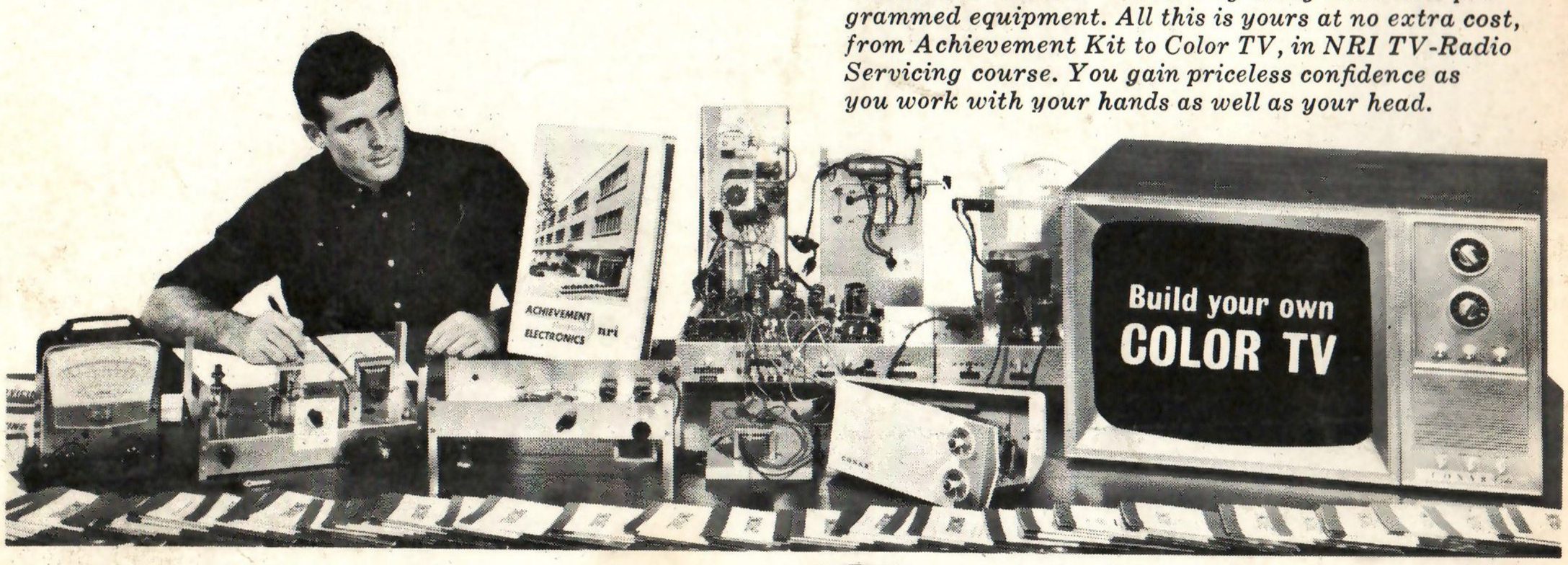
TRAIN AT HOME — *Learn-by-doing with NRI programmed equipment. All this is yours at no extra cost, from Achievement Kit to Color TV, in NRI TV-Radio Servicing course. You gain priceless confidence as you work with your hands as well as your head.*



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Regardless of your educational background, you can learn the Electronics field of your choice the practical, "hands on" NRI way. The NRI color Catalog, sent to you FREE and without obligation, tells you how you can qualify quickly to be a part of the fastest growing industry in this land. It shows you how you can train at home in your spare time for top-pay positions in industry, in business, or with the government. You'll read how you can get into the exciting field of broadcasting or how you can start a business of your own as a skilled TV-Radio Technician — either part-time or establishing your own full-time shop.

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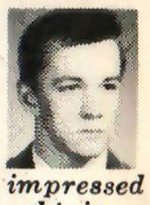
TRAIN WITH THE LEADER

Tens of thousands of NRI graduates are proof it is practical to train at home in your spare time. NRI gives you a choice of 12 training programs. Five of them include FCC License preparation. *You must pass your FCC License exams or NRI refunds your tuition in full.* Decide *now* to move ahead in Electronics. Mail the coupon for FREE NRI CATALOG. No salesman will call. NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Washington, D.C. 20016.

"I am an engineer at KSTF-TV and also run a part-time repair business. I have more sets to fix than I can find time for. NRI has changed my whole life and at least doubled my income." Gene Cochran, Scottsbluff, Nebraska.



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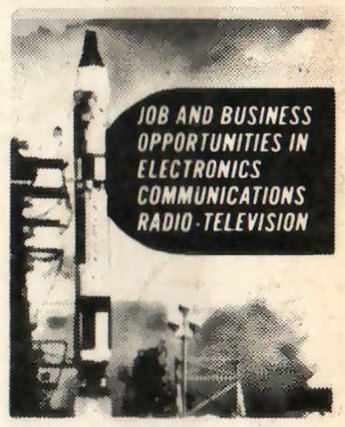

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